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# HAZELDALE.

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A POEM,

BY

W. PESTERLING HUMPHREY.

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MAIN

# HAZELDALE.

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Oh, who that has an eye to see,  
An ear to hear, a tongue to bless,  
Can ever undelighted be,  
With nature's magic loveliness.

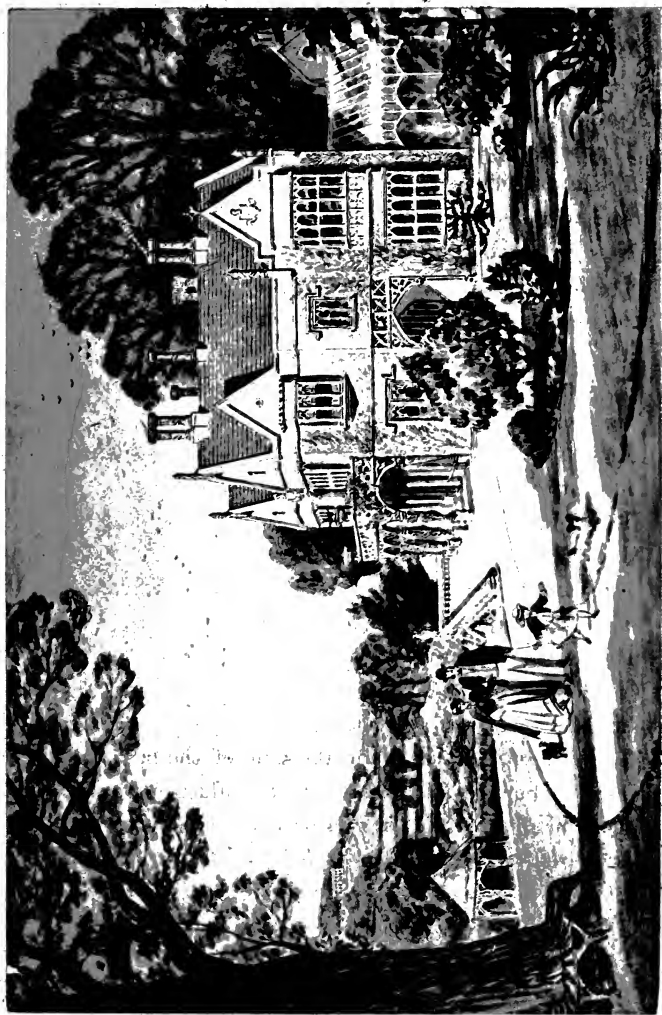
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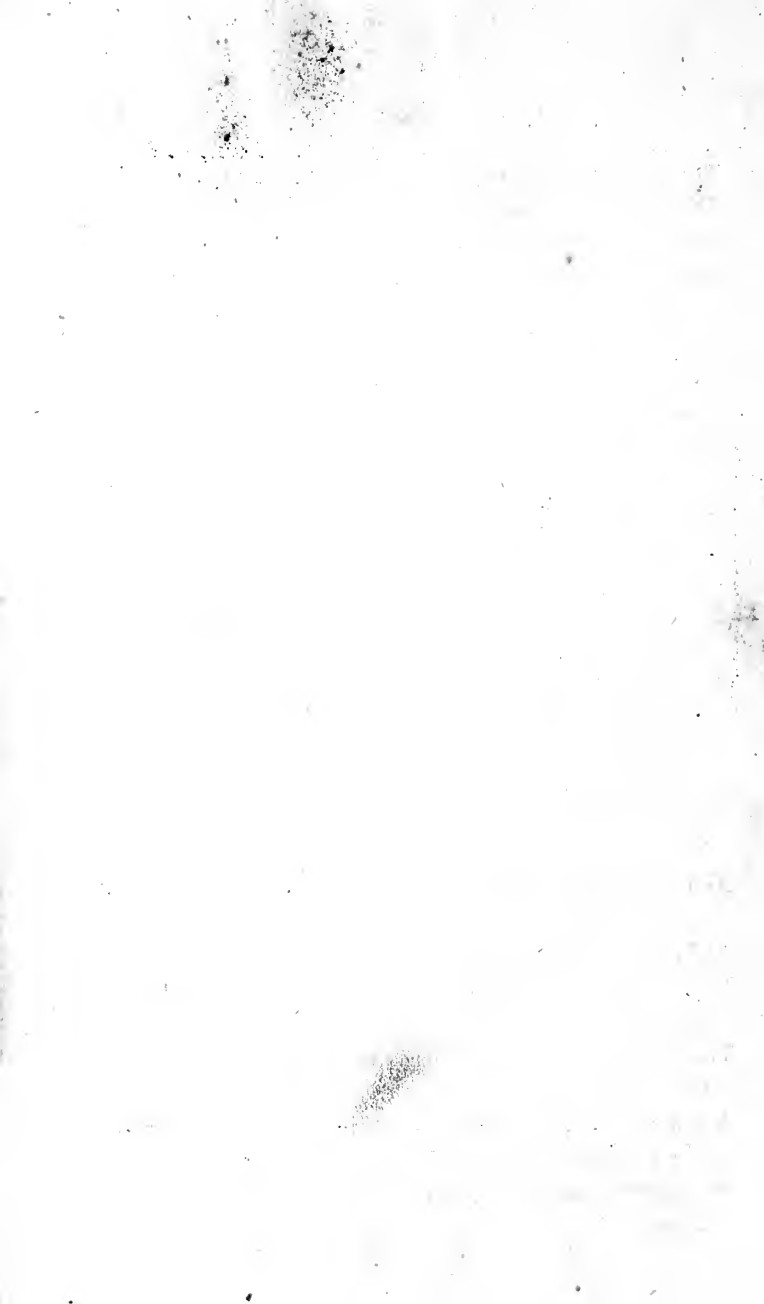
OH England, old England, the queen of the roses,  
Where, where can we go to see lilies as thine,  
Where else for the lip which the honey-bee poses,  
And cheek where the roses and lilies combine;  
What to me now the perfume of lilies of Shinar,  
Or Cashmere's vale garden or fruits of Cathay,  
Their flow'rs may be fairer, their fruits may be finer,  
But welcomer dearer, thy hawthorn and May;  
Ye cowslipped meadows, and corn dimpled uplands,  
Ye heather clad hills, where the grouse is at home,  
Ye banks of white vi'lets, and thrush-haunted woodlands,  
How sweet again over and by you to roam;  
And bluebells and daffodils, old friends of childhood,  
And daisies and buttercups, ever a joy,  
To the yellow and sere, the infant and manhood;  
The pure and the virtuous never can cloy;  
And gorse green and armed, and golden and sunny,  
The fortress for linnets from magpie and jay,  
Above the wild thyme and the store-cups of honey,

In purple heath blossoms for bee and for fay :  
And old primrose lane with its clustering bushes  
Of hazel, and elder, and black and white thorn,  
And the pond in its meadow where grow the tall rushes,  
Our mat-making gipsies transmute into corn ;  
The birds I've seen sport in the forests of Candy,  
The palm and the peepul in far Hindostan,  
The roll and the rush of the waters in Fundy,  
And fur mantled Tartar in cold Astrachan ;  
I've see the vast forests of camphor and sandal,  
And tall dammar pine on the steep Behra Doun,  
The fair plain of Troas, and waters of Stambol,  
And Lebanon's snows, and its emerald crown :  
But home is the best, and the sweetest, and dearest,  
A rose 'mongst the thorns, and a fount 'midst the sands,  
A gem from the mine, and the richest thou wearest,  
The warm and the earnest, the faithful of friends ;  
A sound of deep music amongst the vibrations  
That come from the chords of the strings of the harp,  
Which nature, impartial to all ranks and stations,  
Resounds as she's weaving her web with her warp ;  
It's the dew and the breath of the morning on roses,  
The shade of a tree and a rock from the sun ;  
It's the evening star, and the tow'r where reposes  
The wounded, the worn, and the wearied one ;  
Now again for the hum of the bee in the foxglove,  
The song of the blackbird, the linnet, and lark,  
The sough of the breeze and the coo of the ring-dove,  
And carol and whistle of boys at their work ;  
And the long crooked lanes, so green and so flow'ry,  
With caroling birds by their dear mossy homes,

And that lovely chaplet 'mongst nature's bright  
dowry,  
Our glorious orchards now radiant with blooms ;  
And the perfumed hayfield, so jocund and merry,  
The sharpening hook and the rustle of corn,  
The fruits of October for cider and perry,  
And old Christmas carol, a Saviour is born ;  
And the pearl'd laurestinus, and ivy and holly,  
Bedecking the church on the morning so dear,  
And the mistletoe bunches for Thomas and Dolly,  
And old merry Christmas and happy New Year :  
And bright, happy faces, so eagerly looking,  
Towards the fair fruits of the rare Christmas tree,  
Grandpa and Aunt Lucy preside o'er the picking,  
And children with merriment soon well agree :  
Here's the ivied tower, with the green winged dragon,  
No longer a myth, but a weather-wise vane,  
With the face of its clock as the wheel of a wagon,  
Stuck up in the ivy, the sere 'mongst the green ;  
And the grey Norman church, the butt of all weathers,  
Yet taking no notice of time and his sands,  
With the spirits of evil cast out by the fathers,  
All turned to stone as example to fiends :  
And the sweet, and the chaste, and unique English  
Sunday,  
With peal and the chime of its musical bells,  
And the long train of scholars, with Jonathan  
Boundy,  
Their superintendent, and red cheeks and smiles ;  
A hundred and ten marching up on the pavement,  
And cluster of farmers about the church gate,

With flow'rs in their button-holes—tacit agreement,  
Perfuming dear zephyr, the soft and the sweet ;  
Now welcome and welcome, ye orchards and meadows,  
Thou'rt sweeter than Auburn to me, Hazeldale ;  
And sunshine thou'dst be, tho' all round were shadows,  
And welcome, thrice welcome, my own Isabel.  
Now for rambles again in the wood round the castle,  
The old Norman castle whose day is gone by,  
And on the old paths by the barley's sweet rustle,  
And down by the brook thro' the clover and rye ;  
The brook with the overgrown bank and the willows,  
Its sedge and its rushes, and alder, and coot,  
And its deep silent pools, and its murmuring shallows,  
And otters and kingfishers looking for loot :  
The goldfinch, and blackcap, and chaffinch, and linnet,  
Are caroling sweetly as in the old time,  
And now by my window on branch of the walnut,  
A robin's responding to one on the lime ;  
How often it happens in ev'ning of summer,  
You're sat, may be, down on the trunk of a tree,  
'Midst the balm and the peace of nature's low murmur,  
The sigh of the breeze and the hum of the bee ;  
When a burst of rich music comes suddenly on you,  
From over your head from a branch and a twig,  
From red-breasted robin—*il flauto magico*,  
At home—independent—not robin to beg ;  
As if he said welcome, old friend of December,  
I'll see you anon when the snow's on the ground,  
But now I've a fam'ly which I must remember,  
When children are hungry, the food must be found.  
The daisies seem brighter ; the aspen leaves quiver,





The vi'lets and hawthorn to me are more sweet,  
The lake and the fall, and the brook, and the river,  
As ancient acquaintance and friends I now meet;  
There's a softness and sweetness at home 'mongst the  
daisies,

You look for in vain midst the glare of the east;  
The love of the beautiful grows and upraisies,  
In presence of beauty thou lovest the best.

'Bout half-a-mile from Hazeldale, and three fields from  
our river,

Is a large antique dwelling-house, in style a semi-Tudor,  
The front and sides all cover'd o'er with myrtle and  
with rose,

A quere old place; but where content, and love, and  
peace, repose:

A Doric colonnade in front, with flow'rs so mantled over,  
That in the spring and sunny June each pillar has its lover,  
For there, amongst the starry blooms, the goldfinch  
builds; and sings

No doubt about his happy home, and other pleasant  
things;

And sometimes golden-crested wrens, and always their  
brown brother

And other denizens of air, live here in peace together,  
Not caring for to-morrow's wants, their instinct teaches  
them,

That the same hand which feeds to-day, to morrow 'l do  
the same:

A lawn in front studded with shrubs, rose pillars, and  
flow'r baskets,

So beautiful are some of them, they look as gemmed  
caskets;

And by the side azaleas and other peers are plac'd,  
Which in the summer all the day with butterflies are  
grac'd.

The emperor, the queen of Spain, and many a winged rover,  
Mingle amongst their sister flow'rs and o'er them sail  
and hover;

As butterfly in human life, hov'ring about the flowers,  
To-day for sweets excelsior, to-morrow for its sours;  
Winding 'mongst rock work, flow'rs and shrubs, and  
blossom'd em'rald arches,

A gravel'd carriage drive runs up, for horse and *mailla*  
marches,

And paths diverge, and thro' the sward and by the  
shrubs and flow'rs,

You're led by them to honeysuckle, rose, and myrtle  
bow'rs,

For shady covert when the sun his jav'lines on thee pours;  
And further on's a labyrinth of paths that seem quite  
endless,

By standard roses, grassy mounds, and flow'rs with  
beauty boundless,

And beyond these a wilderness of shrubs and flow'ring  
trees,

Where you may saunter in the spring 'mongst wild  
anemonies;

And lady birch and virgin's bower, hawthorn and per-  
fum'd lilac,

Above them and the violets, with laburnums and shumac;

And further on, gay as a bride on morn of day of days,

An orchard, with its beautiful and joyous golden frieze,

And next to it the rookery, and then the fields and  
uplands,



An undulating hill and dale of grass, and corn, and  
woodlands;  
And then the heath'ry purple hills, rimmed at times with  
gold,  
The pure refin'd, from nature's mint, which can't be  
bought and sold;  
And far away, massed with clouds, grey, indistinct, and  
dim,  
Mountains, as shadows or as myths, in the far distance  
loom.  
Such is my Eden, happy home, my paradise and Goshen;  
What want I more? pleasure is free, and not the slave  
of station,  
I have enough and some to spare, I envy no man's lot,  
Would it increase my happiness if millions I had got?  
I doubt it much, with increased wealth would come  
increase of trouble,  
And after all, what would it be, but rainbow'd empty  
bubble;  
It's my belief that life and death are 'bout the same to all,  
And indiscriminate the cups of pleasure and of gall,  
Station does not command the first, nor poverty the  
latter,  
Cheerful content with crust of bread is better than gold  
fetter;  
Our happiness in part we make by going towards the light,  
Justice and mercy, love and truth, will lead us up to it;  
Much of our misery the same, but say its fate and nature,  
And sometimes blasphemously lay the fault to our Creator;  
But much of sorrow and of grief, and sighs, and tears,  
and woe,

Are but a nat'ral consequence; we reap that which we sow;  
I'd not exchange my happy home for all Golconda's  
treasure,

If with the barter I should get nothing but earthly  
measure,

And dwindling down of mind and soul, like those who  
can't refrain

From worship of the sensual; whose God's the god of  
gain :

Give me love of the beautiful, the true and priceless  
treasure,

The beautiful of virtue, and the beautiful in nature;

Perish the love and lust for gold, if it destroys the germ  
Of that which rises man above—matter, whate'er its  
form;

'Midst of my lawn a fountain stands,

With golden fish and yellow sands,

Circled by drooping birch;

Three clustering nāaids form the fount,

From which the crystal waters mount,

And form a pearled arch :

Round it a pool in summer wed

To water lilies on its bed,

And rimm'd with rocks and flow'rs ;

A picture of the beautiful,

To him where love of it does dwell,

And who its spirit bears ;

Some minds are constituted so,

That beauty dwells where'er they go,

They've nature's magic glass ;

While unto others nature's face,

And nature's smiles have nought of grace,  
Their beautiful is dross;  
Grubbing and turning o'er the earth,  
And counting all but little worth,  
Except to pamper self,  
To feed the craving sensual,  
And gratify the animal,  
And maunder o'er their pelf,  
Nature, our mother and our guide,  
(Tho' many oft will step aside,)  
Has given some their lot;  
Where Plutus is the reigning king,  
And golden gain the angels wing,  
And to be—to be not;  
But tho' each man should do his work,  
And not procrastinate or shirk,  
His due allotted task;  
And act as such while yet 'tis day  
And not put off 'til time turns grey,  
And in the sunshine bask;  
Still there's a danger lest the lust,  
For bubbles and for golden dust,  
Will make the mental blind,  
And quench and utterly destroy  
The principle of harmony,  
That's latent in the mind,  
Betwixt man and the beautiful,  
That is the sunlight of the soul,  
And germ of true and right;  
And that the little flick'ring flame,  
Which with attention would have came,

T' have been a lamp of light,  
May die with undiscover'd face,  
Without a name, without a place,  
But that of darkest night.  
Near the village green, our antique church,  
In its quiet beauty stands,  
With its magnificent Norman arch,  
And tow'r which a view commands,  
Worth coming a hundred miles to see  
In May, or beginning of June,  
When the glorious blooms of the apple tree  
With the flow'rs and the birds are in tune,  
It's ivy clad to the very top,  
Except the small belfry light,  
And the large old clock about half way up,  
Which is oft'ner wrong than right;  
Our sexton's a wooden-headed man,  
Without either reason or rhyme,  
Who altogether ignores the train,  
And its Greenwich, London time;  
Every morning the clock's put right,  
By the hands of our watchmaker,  
But very often wrong before night,  
By the hands of Thomas Beer,  
We scarcely know what to do with him,  
We lecture and threaten in vain,  
But now and then some person looks grim,  
By being too late for the train;  
We don't allow him to hold the keys,  
But he's ever on the watch,  
And its quite a mystery some days,

How he contrives us to match :  
We think that he bribes the boys to get in,  
But we have no proof at all,  
I almost wish : I hope it's no sin,  
That he was a *sus per col* :  
No doubt it seems very ridiculous  
That he should our time command,  
But come down and stay for a week with us,  
And bring time's hour glass and sand :  
Near the church two enormous yew-trees  
stand,  
As old as itself, maybe,  
But looking as green, and stalwart, and grand,  
As if still youth was their fee :  
And a large graveyard with linden and elm,  
Encircling as with a belt,  
The numberless host of the narrow realm,  
Who have had their portion dealt ;  
And evergreen and deciduous shrubs,  
As cypress and weeping willows,  
Mourn over the tombs of gentles and grubs ;  
The grave makes all of us fellows ;  
About the tombs are numerous flow'rs,  
And clean swept gravel walks,  
I've spent there hundreds of pleasant hours,  
Amongst the departed folks ;  
Within the church is an antique screen,  
Which with age is almost black,  
With carved figures of holy men,  
Who defied the dungeon and rack,  
We have an altar and masterpiece,

A painting of Valentin's,  
We value it much at that high price,  
Which none but a master wins :  
I've stood and gazed many an hour,  
And many a tear I've shed,  
At the almost superhuman power  
That's in our picture display'd ;  
The subject is Christ in the judgment hall,  
And the time when he turn'd around :  
Oh, the love of that mournful look which fell  
On his weak and unstable friend.  
We've a carv'd oak pulpit, an antique font ;  
Some ancient figures in stone ;  
A stain'd glass window of not much account ;  
Six bells of musical tone ;  
We've a National and a Sunday School,  
A Baptist chapel ; and room  
Which we dignify as mechanic's hall,  
And an aged widows' home ;  
There's a grand old cross near the churchyard gate,  
Cover'd o'er with passion flow'r,  
And our village gossips early and late,  
More or less are sure to be there :  
We've three village doctors, the senior  
Has a practice far and wide,  
The others are waiting to drop the tear,  
And into his practice glide :  
And a weird cadav'rous solicitor,  
Who often puts me in mind,  
Of the one we read of, killing the viper ;  
Shocking—to kill his own kind :

And several shopkeepers who sell pins,  
And needles, and nails, and tape,  
And tea and sugar, and mousetraps, and fans,  
And Tincture of Rhubarb and soap,  
And ginger, and jalap, and grocery,  
And mustard, and pitch, and books,  
And beehives, and lanterns, and drapery,  
And feathers, and chimney crooks,  
*Et cetera*, much too num'rous to say,  
You can see all in their bills,  
Which they paste on our giant walnut tree,  
That's down by the fulling mills.  
Come down here amongst us in glorious spring,  
When the apple and pear trees are blossoming,  
And flowers are everywhere,  
And the birds are singing from hedgerow and tree,  
And the lambs knee-deep in the pastures at play,  
And a myth and mere name is care ;  
And our cottager's gardens are in their flush,  
And the fruit hangs thick on the gooseberry bush,  
And the strawberries are in bloom ;  
And golden chains as laburnums they call,  
Hang over the green mantled lily bell,  
And the pansy and yellow broom ;  
And the beautiful od'rous lilac flow'rs,  
Are scenting the breath of the morning hours ;  
And the balls of the guelder rose  
Are waving about in the wanton breeze,  
And the pear, and plum, and the cherry trees,  
Are a mass and sheet of blows ;  
And the lavender and the rosemary,

And thyme and sage, for themselves and the bee,  
And large beds of marigolds,  
Their yellow petals as soft as silk,  
To put in the breakfasts of boiled milk  
They give the lambs of their folds ;  
And hyacinths, lilies, and broomstock, stocks,  
And handsome, imperial hollyhocks,  
Sweetwilliams and London pride,  
*Distingue* tulips, *la creme de la creme*,  
Carnations and pinks ; and continuous stream  
Of roses of every grade,  
From the rose d'amour to the damask and white,  
The yellow, and that which is sweetest at night,  
And moss with its infant bud ;  
And mignonette from the earliest spring,  
Till the emigrant swallows are on the wing,  
And bright is the golden rod ;  
And the last bright smile of autumn is come  
In the glow of the hardy chrysanthemum,  
As varied as beautiful ;  
Altho' there is always a smile for him,  
And the fields of nature are never dim,  
To those who love there to dwell :  
And their windows are full of geraniums,  
And myrtles are trained around their frames,  
With white and gold jessamine,  
And they sometimes cover the whole of their camp,  
With roses, or flow'rs of a similar stamp,  
From nature's exhaustless mine ;  
But often a vine takes the place of the flow'rs,  
Or a tree of pippins or Burgundy pears,



Or a gage or Orlean plum,  
And in our warm summer the fruit that they bear  
Would make a Welshman or northerner stare,  
And a Frenchman think of home ;  
And a thrush or a blackbird singing away,  
And hailing with rapture the peep of day,  
And on 'til the evening comes ;  
Or a lark as if he was far above earth,  
Or a goldfinch as full of music as mirth,  
Or a linnet with soft sweet tones,  
Is hung about at a number of doors,  
Amongst the roses and other bright flow'rs,  
Festooning the front of the house ;  
And a squirrel at times in a rolling cage,  
Around and around in his play or rage,  
Anon as quiet's a mouse :  
Or a dirty ragged and cunning jackdaw,  
Who's no great admirer of honesty's law,  
On top of a wall or stack,  
Shaking his feathers and raising his crest,  
And looking as knowing as Mag at his best,  
As cunning as he is black ;  
Or a tailless magpie on top of a block,  
Continually anxious to know what's o'clock,  
As if mocking old Thomas Beer ;  
And Simon Dare has a cockatoo,  
Rejoicing in yellow, and scarlet, and blue,  
In a cage just above his door ;  
And a tabby, black, or tortoise-shell cat,  
Looking full of prosiness, comfort, and fat,  
Often squat on the window sill,

With its eyes half shut, as if thinking o'er  
The follies of youth and the past no more,  
And the action of mind and will;  
Ev'ry dog has his day, ev'ry day has his dog,  
It's with us I think; but they're mostly incog.,  
To Lipscombe the tax-gatherer,  
For ever fighting and worrying cats,  
Or yelping, or howling, or biting brats,  
They're a horrible pest and bore;  
Within a cupboard of china and glass,  
A clock with the moon and stars on its face,  
And a dresser with cups and plates;  
Some biblical pictures stuck on the wall,  
The prodigal son; conversion of Paul;  
Or the present and future states;  
A semplar, the figures on which would do,  
For a bear, a dog, a horse, or a cow,  
Work'd by Jane or Mary Anne;  
An old arm chair, and a stool with three legs,  
Some hats and bonnets hung on some pegs,  
And a gridir'n and frying pan;  
A tea kettle singing the same old song  
Its ancestors sung when their race was young,  
And sometimes a pistol or gun:  
Six chairs and a table of beech or oak,  
A boiler, a saucepan, and three leg'd crock,  
Two han'dogs supporting the fire;  
A pair of bellows oft wanting a nose,  
A block that has led a lifetime of blows,  
And a go-cart with mammy's dear;  
A chest of drawers occasionally,

And some pewter dishes and plates maybe,  
And a rack with bacon and hams ;  
A friend of a settle more upright than pleasant,  
A chimney corner with grandfather present,  
Smoking, or nursing the lambs ;  
Some bunches of ears of the last gleaning time,  
And clusters of apples, perhaps eight or nine,  
Hanging down from the bacon rack,  
And a warming pan kept for ornament,  
Except when for sickness its sometimes lent,  
And last, but not least, the Book ;  
A lime and sand floor with a hole here and there,  
A hatch and a latch with a string to the door,  
And a mop hung up to a nail,  
And children, *ad libitum*, girls and boys,  
All fun and mischief,—making dirt pies,  
'Til they go to the village school ;  
Then the pies are left out, and more mischief put in,  
And wholesome administration of cane,  
With occasional hoist for birch ;  
Then birdkeeping comes and driving the plough,  
'Til into manhood they gradually go,  
And then the courting and church ;  
The consequence, children and dirt pies again,  
And by-and-bye father's to grandfather's come,  
As the wheel goes round and round ;  
And so has it been, and so will it be,  
'Til time is absorbed in eternity,  
And life's reality found ;  
And the dream is past be it pleasant or sore,  
And the veil drawn back from the evermore,

As from an eclipsed sun ;  
And truth and virtue and purity's reign,  
Absolv'd and freed from the earth and its stain,  
Be the ever and ever on ;  
And their peas and beans, and potatoes and fruits,  
And cabbage and carrots, and onions and leeks,  
Make a Goshen at Hazeldale ;  
And those patterns of industry, hives of bees,  
And poultry as many as ever you please,  
Eggs and honey never fail ;  
And sober and honest, and hardworking men,  
And their wives industrious, careful and clean,  
And children a picture of health ;  
And our farmers are most of them just and true,  
And few there are but are rigidly so,  
In their search and pursuit of wealth ;  
'Tho the west country lab'rer generally,  
Is a serf and a slave ; all work and no play,  
And wages the minimum ;  
From seven to eight shillings a week his dole,  
From six in the morning 'til night his toil,  
And a wretched place his home ;  
The reason they're far better off with us,  
Is the good example at Hazeldean house,  
And the gen'ral and farmer Dell ;  
Miss Adair's and other kind charities,  
An acre of garden each cottage has,  
And a striving to excel ;  
For give him a chance, and the laboring man  
Will pride himself on his garden and home,  
And his children well fed and clean ;

But the slave is a brute, be he black or white,  
A plague spot on earth and a shadow in light,  
And his master about the same ;  
But we've our drawbacks ; drink, horrible drink,  
Is root of all evil amongst us I think,  
But still its confin'd to the few ;  
But they form a nucleus, which oft draws in,  
As a maelstrom the weak and the wavering :  
Strong beer's oft a sorrowful brew ;  
But still it's with us fast dying away,  
And our drunkard's seem sham'd of the light of day,  
And know and feel it's a crime ;  
And when crime hangs its head and sin is a shame,  
And the man who indulges look'd down upon,  
There's hope of health and reform ;  
About a mile from Hazeldale,  
Over the bridge and past the mill,  
And leading from the Plymouth road,  
Hazeldean park and castle wood,  
And castle lake ; the triple chain,  
For which we special beauty claim,  
Lie near each other, link by link,  
Each resting on the other's brink ;  
A noble park is Mr. Blount's,  
With fern-clad hills and sylvan haunts,  
And streamlets, rills, and thymy knolls,  
And copse, and brake, and wild rose dells ;  
A lodge stands by the entrance gates,  
O'er which a blossom myrtle creeps,  
And covers it almost entire,  
Except the windows and the door,

Round which the small red monthly rose  
Mingled with starry jasmine grows :  
The Gothic windows, oaken door,  
With lattic'd porch, all cover'd o'er  
With honeysuckle, fuschia,  
And trumpet flower'd bignonia :  
Each side of it are box-edg'd beds  
Of flow'rs which tempt our village maids,  
On Sunday morn to ramble out,  
Across the fields and by the brook,  
To beg a nosegay of kind John,  
Who prides himself in culling one ;  
And back they walk thro' primrose lane,  
Before the bells have done their chime,  
And scent the church with mignonette,  
Carnations, pinks, and brompton stock,  
And bloody warriors as they're call'd,  
But such as never fought or brawl'd ;  
But almost all, both young and old,  
In spring and summer bring fine gold,  
That in the garden has been cull'd,  
And if a sacrifice of flow'rs  
Was offer'd during summer hours,  
A hetacomb there'd surely be,  
Especially in sunny May,  
When we've a perfect galaxy ;  
An undulating carriage road,  
Bevil'd and winding, bold and broad,  
From the park gate for near two miles,  
Over and round the hills and dales,  
Runs up to where the mansion stands,

Brow of the hill amongst the ferns,  
And grand old oaks, which there have stood  
As *avant* guard of castle wood,  
Century after century,  
While generations live and die,  
And peace and love, and war and strife,  
Have come and gone in human life;  
And crowns been lost and crowns been won,  
And man trod down his brother man,  
And pow'r and state's been bought and sold,  
For gold is pow'r and pow'r is gold :  
But still the oak lives on the hill,  
And rain, and wind, and snow, and hail,  
And night and day pass by and go,  
While that we plough, and plant, and sow,  
And bubbles make and bubbles chase,  
'Til we and death meet face to face :  
Has it sensation ? does it know  
And feel the axe of woodman's blow,  
The kiss of peace of southern breeze,  
Fanning its green and quiv'ring leaves,  
The tempest's rush and winter's blast,  
When heav'ns artillery goes past,  
Or strikes its proud and tow'ring crest ?  
Each side the road a double row  
Of giant elms and chesnuts grow ;  
Most of their trunks are ivy clad,  
And it will cure thee if thou'rt sad,  
And spring and summer past and gone,  
And gorgeous autumn has put on  
Her jewel'd robe and jasper crown,

To go into the park and see,  
The em'rald trunk and canopy,  
Of branched gold, of the fine tree ;  
Truth here does beggar phantasy :  
'Bout half way 'twixt the house and lodge,  
Is an old ivied one arch bridge,  
Thrown o'er the river which below,  
Sometimes with cadence soft does flow ;  
At other times a troubled stream,  
As human life throughout its dream ;  
Winding thro' trees and flow'rs and grass,  
Quite thro' the park its waters pass ;  
It then sweeps round our Hazeldale,  
And flowing thro' the golden vale,  
It meets the sea at Otterdale.

Willow and birch and sycamore,  
And alder, limes, and virgin's bow'r,  
Grow on its grassy side ;  
And woodbine and wild roses meet,  
Twining about in dalliance sweet,  
As beauty and his bride :  
And where the pools are still and deep,  
And where the river loves to sleep,  
They in its mirror clear,  
Reflected lie as if they lov'd  
The quiet calmness of the flood,  
And dwelt in spirit there ;  
The house a massive tho' elegant pile,  
Of that magnificent middle-age school,  
The Gothic Venetian,  
Is built on the brow of a wooded hill,



Commanding a view of the golden vale,  
As far south as Bishopston ;  
The present possessor of Hazeldean,  
Is a sterling and noble-minded man,  
With a brain and heart in tune,  
With justice and mercy, and love and truth,  
Which are all bound up in his life and breath,  
With him they're ever at home ;  
A widower upwards of sixteen years,  
The quivering lip and the starting tears,  
Oft tell their tale of the past ;  
He can't hear the name of his early love,  
Without that the shadow does by him move,  
And cloud o'er his happiness ;  
His only son, Hubert, now twenty-one,  
A thorough and true English gentleman,  
And gazelled-ey'd Genevieve,  
The pride of his heart and pride of his home,  
Our young and our beautiful village queen,  
In whom his lost wife does live ;  
She's as charming as Hebe, and is as sweet  
As the first early rose with the dew on it ;  
As fair as queen Gunever,  
But as chaste and as pure as the asphodel,  
With a ringing voice, as a silver bell  
Which gladdens the heart to hear ;  
And the smile never leaves her dimpled cheek,  
Except it's when pity o'ershadows it,  
As wing of a turtle dove ;  
And when on the lid of her dark-blue eye,  
Gentle Mercy does in a tear-drop lie,

With her kindred spirit, Love :  
But it's not mere beauty of form and face  
That exquisite makes her as darling Pysche,  
    Tho' beauty is Nature's smile,  
But traits of a better and higher kind—  
The beauty and grace of a noble mind,  
    The love of the merciful ;  
The quiet soft hand and the gentle voice,  
Which are balm to the suff'rer's restlessness,  
    And dearer than golden coins—  
The hand which the poor ne'er looks to in vain,  
And to which the sick and the hungry come,  
    And the worn and wearied ones.  
Pleasant is beauty of face and of form,  
Whether clad in a home-spun or silken gown,  
    In our land's chief ornaments ;—  
And that of the trees, and of birds, and flow'rs,  
Amongst the green fields and our woodland bow'rs,  
    And our shady, mossy haunts :  
The splendour and depth of a starry night,  
Or when the fair queen is moving in might,  
    O'er mountain, and valley, and sea—  
When her glorious beauty dims the stars,  
And alone in her pow'r she her argonaut steers,  
    In silent sublimity ;  
Or crescent is hung on the sapphire sky,  
Or when cloudlets over or past her fly,  
    Or when she shines thro' the trees.  
The beauty of gems, and of shells and pearls,  
Of crystals, of metals and minerals,  
    And corals of Southern seas ;—

And of insects and animalculæ,  
Of herbs, of shrubs, and the giant tree  
Of summer, and autumn fruits ;—  
The glow-worm's lamp by the side of the lane,  
In a summer eve, and the fire-flies' flame  
As light of ten thousand jets ;  
The silv'ry rill through the daisied turf,  
And the sea with its foaming mane and surf,  
And the glist'ning waterfall—  
And the flooded river and cataract,  
And the shining stream and the rivulet,  
And the fern-clad bubbling well ;—  
And the thunder-cloud, when its crashing boom  
Gives birth to the arrowed lightning ;  
And cloudlets of sunset hour,  
When crimson—and rose—and purple—and gold,  
Give beauty which tongue nor pen never told,  
But that the tale should be more :  
The mountain tarn, and the mere, and the lake,  
And the silv'ry mist, and the crystal flake  
Of the lightly falling snow—  
Cov'ring all o'er with its flocculent sheet,  
And bending the branches down with its weight,  
And cresting the mountain's brow ;  
The glist'ning dew and the feather'd hoar frost,  
And the cold night's breath on the em'rald grass,  
And the pendant icicle :  
And the roar of the storm amongst the trees,  
And the gentle voice of the summer breeze,  
With its lulling cushat tale,  
The germ, and the bud, and blossom, and leaf,

And the springing corn, and the golden sheaf,  
All have their own tale to tell,  
Of the circling glory of that fair land,  
To which thou hast but to stretch thy hand,  
To taste of the beautiful.

Give glory and praise, where glory is due,  
To God, the Giver of beauty in you,  
If it dwell within thy heart,

For beauty is lost, or senseless and dull,  
Except a deep love for the beautiful

Is with thee an active part :  
Take heed and not crush that glorious germ—  
The *butterfly's wing* in the crawling worm—

The spark of life in thy breast,  
By the lust of pride and the lust of greed,  
Lest the flow'r be smother'd and kill'd by the weed,  
And die in unworthiness.

Our farmers are mostly substantial men,  
And bring up their families well,  
But their prince and their councillor, tongue and pen,  
Is farmer Nathaniel Dell ;

Of the pleasant smile and the generous heart,  
And the hearty care-killing laugh,  
And the grasp of a hand that's their counterpart,  
And to poverty oaken staff ;

And Allen his son is exactly the same,

Nature's noblemen are they both,  
Far better be so, than to bear the mere name,

Tho' bound up with rank and wealth ;  
You'll ne'er get a gentleman made by mere gold,  
Any more than a gem from glass,

Men may imitate nature's signet and mould,  
But gold can't be made from brass ;  
An accomplish'd scholar is Allen Dell,  
For his father has ample means,  
And within the deep sound of Christ-church bell,  
He drank at the silvery streams,  
From fountains which Homer and Virgil rear'd,  
And Plato and Zenophon,  
Where Bacon and Newton mounted guard,  
Each adding his carved stone,  
With other peers of humanity,  
Of the pow'rful mind and pen,  
Bright gems on the signet of history,  
Whose light shines for aye and amen ;  
Gold is delusive, and beauty must fade,  
And life's but a tale that is told,  
But the stars of humanities astrolabe  
Will sparkle tho' time gets old ;  
Time is the lord of the physical,  
But mind is the master of time,  
The book of nature its ritual,  
And the infinite its home :  
And both of them live in our sweet Mary Dell,  
(Who's our queen, barring Genevieve,)  
With her dark brown eye and her conquering smile,  
Like the ray of a summer eve ;  
He lives on his own patrimonial estate,  
And employs thirty laborers,  
So at reckoning time on Saturday night,  
He's a house full of visitors ;  
And a thorough good master he's known to be,

Full wages and work at all times,  
All he wants in exchange is sobriety,  
Perseverance and freedom from crimes ;  
If any get ill, or their children or wives,  
There's money, and med'cine, and food :  
No fear for a laboring man who strives  
For his own and families good ;  
At harvest time his fields are not rak'd,  
Nor the loose ears taken away,  
And many a dozen of loaves are bak'd  
From the glean of the waif and stray ;  
No wonder the poor almost idolize him,  
And Mary and Allen as well,  
If better than gold is a true and good name,  
That name has Nathaniel Dell.  
*Petite* in figure and classic in face,  
With a form and mien as those of a grace,  
And ebon and glossy hair,  
And dark brown eyes that are almost black,  
And a fairy's waist and a houri's neck,  
And a smile as bright as pure,  
With a voice as sweet as tidings of good,  
Or the turtle dove's to her new fledg'd brood,  
And a kindly word for all,  
And a nut brown cheek on which grows the rose,  
And a full red lip and a Grecian nose,  
Is our charming Mary Dell ;  
Completely bewitch'd is Hubert Blount,  
Tho' its mutual witchcraft by all account,  
And if marriage is made in heaven,  
And if it be true that unerring fate

Has meted for each, appropriate mate,  
There could not be fitter giv'n ;  
But I fear there's a counteracting pow'r  
That now and then parts the ready made pair,  
If we can judge from events,  
Tho' we scarcely can tell ; perhaps its as well  
That pepper and vinegar should at times dwell  
Beneath life's gipsy tents ;  
Spread out to-day, taken down to-morrow,  
It's but a breath, be it joy or sorrow,  
It's but a wave of the hand ;  
It's but as the flutter of caged birds,  
It's but as the echo of passing words,  
A breaking wave on the strand ;  
A finger held up, or a shake of the head,  
Gives to Mary's sweet cheek a rush of hot blood,  
And her silken lashes fall ;  
But she's such a truly loveable girl,  
That thanks to that and due lectures from Bell,  
I seldom those blushes call :  
And dear friends are Mary and Genevieve,  
So warm is their love, that I fully believe,  
Mary would Allen give,  
Her only brother ; tho' it does seem strange,  
And Genevieve, Hubert, would give in exchange,  
And neither a moment grieve ;  
But thorns amongst roses are life and its day,  
We can't take the roses and bid the thorns stay  
'Til a more convenient hour ;  
Together they grow, and together they come,  
But the thorns will stay, tho' the roses are gone,

The sweet often leaves for the sour ;  
I fear that their morning so clear and so sweet,  
The blue sky above, and the flowers 'neath their feet,  
Will be as transient as bright ;  
For fathers sometimes have a few words to say,  
And obstinate heretics oft will say nay,  
When yes would be sun and light :  
Mr. Blount does not for a moment suppose,  
That his choicest treasure, his one moss rose,  
Should be pluck'd by a farmer's son ;  
He's pleasantly dreaming, but when he awakes,  
His pride will receive such a series of shocks,  
That I fear will make it more firm ;  
He's a man of a liberal, gen'rous heart,  
But lib'ral and generous often gets warp'd,  
By wealth and station and birth ;  
It forgets the " old gardener and his wife,"  
It forgets that the gold and the gems of life  
Are virtue and moral worth ;  
Its easy to blame and to call men hard names,  
And to put all things right in their hearts and homes,  
By saying how would you act ;  
Believe it not, its a myth and a dream,  
Positions exchang'd, you'd perhaps do the same,  
As him that you're railing at :  
A man with ten shillings a weeks may say,  
If I had his money I'd give half away,  
And no one should want a meal ;  
And all have employ at double the wage,  
Give me the needful, and I will engage  
To look to the general weal ;



It's all idle talk, for he'd be a new man,  
And thoughts that he knows not are latent in him,  
And waiting for circumstance,  
To call them up from the depths of the mind,  
Into life and action, to cast behind

All what he now says or thinks ;  
But still I have faith in his excellent heart,  
And tho' he may take the instinctive part

His passions may lead him to,  
His pride in the end will be sure to give way,  
And love will recover its sceptre and sway,

And the right, and just, and true :  
Let them exercise prudence, and patience, and hope,  
It will carry them over the mountain top,

What cannot constancy do ?  
It can gain the prizes in lot'ry of wealth,  
It can make both the body and spirit's health,  
If to God and nature true :

It has gained empires and battles won,  
It has mov'd away mountains stone by stone,

It has won both laurel and bay,  
It's girdling the earth with the wing of thought,  
It's the motive power of the truly great,

It's to-day link'd to yesterday.  
And down beside our glitt'ring mere  
Runs far and wide a woodland fair,  
Of richest sylvan character ;

With bubbling founts and thymy knolls,  
And lovers' walks in flow'ry dells ;

Pan here may dwell by sparkling rills,  
And play his pipes of river reeds,

To dancing fauns and hamadry'ds ;  
Nought but the birds sweet interludes,  
Breaks on the quiet of the woods,  
And water music low and sweet,  
From the bright singing rivulet,  
Which with its gentle melody,  
Over the pebbles makes its way,  
By foot of ancient mossy tree ;  
Or broken stick from foot of fox,  
Or rabbits rustle in the copse,  
Amongst the brambles and dead leaves,  
Or surging wind in tops of trees :  
Midst of the wood, noble and grand,  
The ruins of a castle stand ;  
A relic of those warlike days,  
And troubadours and minstrels' lays,  
When Norman William beating down,  
With mailed hand the Saxon thane,  
Rivetted firm the iron links,  
Of that strong chain his serried ranks,  
Had thrown broadcast o'er Anglia's tow'rs,  
O'er Anglia's fanes and Anglia's bow'rs ;  
Three stalwart tow'rs almost complete,  
Stand there as if old Time to greet,  
Or mock at him in proud contempt,  
His threat'ning scowl and locks unkempt,  
His glitt'ring eye and icy hand,  
His jagged scythe and falling sand ;  
Deep indentations in the walls,  
Seemingly made by cannon balls,  
Tell a mute tale of war and siege,

Attack, defence, and battle's rage ;  
The wall built of large granite blocks,  
Looks still as if 'twould stand the shocks,  
Of time's allies the elements,  
Till ends the volume of events ;  
It seems to have no history,  
No legendary yesterday,  
No tale to tell of warp and weft,  
Of human life that came and left ;  
That there had laugh'd, that there had wept,  
When hooded hawks and maidens bright,  
And page, and servitors and knight,  
And prancing palfreys sallied forth,  
From out the gates with bounding mirth :  
And tournaments for ladies love,  
When death rode on a scented glove ;  
And battles fought for holy rood,  
With stole and crosier bath'd in blood,  
For him the gist of whose last sigh,  
Was, learn of me to bear and die ;  
On all that age was pomp and pride,  
A living man with death his bride,  
For underneath were skeletons,  
And rottenness, 'neath gilded tombs,  
And coarse brutality and fear,  
'Twas velvet rich spread on a bier ;  
The red-cross flag may wave on high,  
And proudly float the *fleur de lis*,  
The crescent pale may wax or wane,  
Fade the green flag or brightness gain,  
When billows meet at Ascalon ;

It's as a myth, it's as a dream,  
As puppets dancing on a scene,  
A mere phantasmagoria,  
Ashes and dust and scoria ;  
Time passes by, and passes on,  
And we are here, and there, and gone,—  
And as 'tis said in holy book,  
A tale that's told, a leaf that's shook,  
And driven on before the wind,  
Which never resting-place can find ;  
There's but one resting-place on earth,  
The only one of lasting worth,  
And that's the one which faith and love,  
Engend'ring hope for rest above,  
Make in the heart and brain of them  
Who in that book have found their home.  
As sheet of lucid chrysolite,  
Transparent, clear, and silv'ry bright,  
Reflecting from its sides of rocks,  
Deep in the waters beetling blocks ;  
And floating clouds and forest trees,  
And castle walls, as mirror lies,  
Our placid lake, with its green isles,  
Its water fowl and snowy sails ;  
A wooded mountain's at its top,  
Whose cliffs and pinnacles run up,  
And look as if they'd been strong hold  
Of giants in the days of old ;  
There tow'ring high above the wood,  
Nature has in romantic mood,  
Built up a battlemented wall,

With lofty tow'rs and citadel ;  
A staff is plac'd on highest crag,  
From top of which a silken flag  
Floats proudly in the wanton breeze,  
While far below amongst the trees,  
A monolith its granite rears,  
For ever pointing to the stars ;  
The lake on side towards the vale  
Is rim'd with trees, stalwart and tall,  
Of oak, and plane, and ash, and beech,  
And elm, and sycamore, and wych ;  
Some vista's clear'd of underwood,  
And arched glades with daisies strew'd,  
Run up a mile from the lake side,  
Where oft I either walk or ride,  
Especially in summer time,  
Beneath the canopy of green,  
In the cool shade ; except where drops  
Fall on the grass in golden splots,  
Which play about as the leaves move,  
Amongst the tracery above ;  
Six fairy isles begem our lake,  
As emeralds or malachite,  
Planted with shrubs, and flow'rs, and trees,  
Making a paradise for bees ;  
And there are banks of od'rous thyme,  
And honeysuckles intertwine,  
With the wild rose ; and columbine,  
And lady smock and foxglove bells,  
Are 'mongst the grassy elfin dells ;  
They could be call'd the flow'ry isles,

So rich are they in nature's smiles ;  
And birds ! ! ! ! it almost seems to sing,  
They special come on morning's wing,  
To hold a feather'd jubilee,  
A tournament of minstrelsy ;  
Ye little reck the joys ye lose,  
The paradise which ye refuse,  
Ye loiterers on lazy beds,  
With fev'rish pulse and aching heads,  
Who nothing know of summer morn,  
Or mantling rose, or jewel'd thorn,  
Or nature's early hymn of praise,  
To him the God of love ;—the wise ;  
When all the teeming air is full  
Of incense ;—rich ;—ambrosial,  
And ev'ry flow'r is rich and bright,  
And radiant in the rosy light,  
And with its clear and gladsome eye,  
Looking up cheerly to the sky ;  
Nature is redolent with joy,—  
Refined gold, without alloy.  
I have a boat, a semi-yacht,  
Which is laid to and moor'd by night,  
    In a small creek or bay,  
Which runs up 'mongst the forest trees,  
And there unwatch'd and safe it lies,  
    As if 't'were lock'd away ;  
And often with the rising sun,  
Myself and Isabel go down,  
    And stay until 'tis eve,  
Cruising about with Geraldine,

Our blossom and our only one,  
Now bordering on five ;  
And there we spend the pleasant hours,  
And lose all thoughts of household cares,  
And fish, and read, and sing,  
And have a chat with other crews,  
And often dine beneath the boughs,  
And go a gipsying.  
We have of boats a modest fleet,  
And ev'ry spring we have a meet,  
Our skill to try and see,  
To win a prize which we make up  
Amongst ourselves ; a silver cup,  
Or plate or vase maybe ;  
I came in first, and won the last,  
A tiny silver boat with crest,  
If crest it can be call'd ;  
A pennon, and engrav'd thereon,  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
All honor to the bold :  
If thou'dst a peerless picture take,  
Stand on the border of the lake,  
Beneath the linden tree,  
Which growing by the south-east end,  
On a steep knoll of thymy ground,  
Spreads out its canopy ;  
Especially in summer time,  
When the soft western wind of June,  
Breathes on the flow'rs and trees ;  
And when our winged scatter'd boats,  
Their pennants and their flowing sheets,

Spread gaily to the breeze,  
Amongst the lilies and the swans,  
Startling the gazing dappled fawns,  
On green grov'd hazel isle ;  
And larger fleet of water birds,  
Who seem to speak with hardest words,  
When they must fly or sail ;  
Wild ducks are here indiginous,  
And so are got Canada geese,  
Quite free and ownerless ;  
Muscovy ducks about the same,  
And India call, may call again,  
Without the least redress ;  
But in the winter we've a swarm  
Of ducks and geese, widgeons and tern,  
Horned and crested grebes ;  
Sometimes we have a few wild swans,  
And bitterns with their booming drums,  
And many other tribes ;  
A race, a chase round Grimstone rock,  
A trial for the largest stock,  
Of roach, and bass, and trout ;  
A ramble 'mongst the island groves,  
Their tinkling rills, and cooing doves,  
Soon brings the night about ;  
The *Egret*, Mr. Blount's fine yacht,  
Is man'd by four—a jolly lot  
As ever spun a yarn :  
Winter and summer, just the same,  
The yacht their house, the lake their home,  
Their life 'twixt stem and stern ;



Married, with family, is one  
Who live in our old county town,  
    But he is seldom there ;  
For Exeter's no home for him,  
And as he told me on a time,  
    I shuden last a yer,  
If I wur 'blig'd to lieve on land ;  
Lord love yer honner ; ship aground,  
    Woad zune be pipe ale hands :  
Shiver my topzells, Davy Jones  
Woud zune hae me amongst he's bones,  
    He'd zune urn down my zands ;  
They're all too fond of quids and rum,  
But quids and rum are nought to them,  
    No more than bread and milk ;  
Their language is of fruit the rind,  
And not the very choicest kind,  
    Nor much like oil or silk :  
But I've admir'd when Isabel,  
Or Genevieve, or Mary Dell,  
    Have been on board with them ;  
It then is quite as choice and free,  
From oaths and jesting ribaldry,  
    As if you'd chang'd the men :  
I've told them oaths are foolish things,  
And ask'd them why these seasonings,  
    They don't in toto drop :  
But it's no use, they'l try an hour,  
And then 'tis even as you were,  
    And oft a larger crop :  
No church at Hazeldale for them,

But still on Sundays, when our chime,  
Has done its summoning,  
If you're aboard, you'll hear the pray'rs  
And sermon read, and see our tars,  
All clean, and neat, and trim.  
At Devon Lodge, down by the mill,  
Whose splashing wheel is never still,  
Lives an old clergyman,  
Chaplain on board a man-of-war,  
For five and thirty years and more ;  
He reads the pray'rs to them ;  
It's quite a treat to go and see,  
Our sailors on the Sabbath day,  
Their grave, tho' pleasant looks ;  
With their blue Sunday jackets on,  
Black shiny hats, with the low crown,  
Low shoes and spotless ducks ;  
And their old friend's so much at home,  
And they so love and rev'rence him,  
That they keep strictest guard,  
That nought to wound the chastest ear,  
Is heard that day from any there,  
It's Sunday all, on board ;  
They all are men of Hazeldale,  
But very seldom give a call ;—  
Three or four times a year ;  
But when they do, most that they meet,  
Give what they call a jolly treat,  
Of brandy, rum, or beer ;  
And then they sing their old sea songs,  
And spin their almost endless yarns,

So that, when they are there,  
If you are passing down the street,  
You'll hear Tom Bowling in a shout,  
Enough to split your ear.  
One of the crew is left behind,  
To keep all taut for change of wind,  
And make the log all right,  
For ev'ry shift of wind they note,  
And sky and clouds to book are brought,  
In truth, all that's in sight ;  
They've all the sailors old contempt  
For soldiers, whether rough or kempt,  
Specially volunteers ;  
Sogers, yer honner ! ! ! ! let it rest,  
I should not like to say what next,  
So let them have their jeers ;  
They keep the yacht, with mop and broom,  
As if it was a drawing-room,  
And they were spinsters all :  
Every day the deck's wash'd down,  
And has a dose of holystone,  
Quite fit to give a ball ;  
Long life to them in calm or storm,  
And may they what is wrong reform,  
And banish rum and oaths ;  
For they're a noble specimen,  
Of old Britannia's right hand men,  
No fear while she has those,  
And such like dauntless hearts of oak,  
To tread the deck and mount the rope,  
And spread and furl the sails,

And with unquailing eagle eye,  
Which dares to die, but not to fly,  
Say "here," when country calls :  
Isabel and me oft take

Walks thro' fields, and woods, and lanes,  
And oft linger 'bout the lake,  
'Til the time is come for dreams;  
'Tis a habit we pick'd up

In preliminary days,  
And it seems we cannot stop

Walking in such pleasant ways :  
Soft and golden falls the light,

On the woodlands and the dells,  
Gilds the mountain's topmost height,  
And the purple heath'ry hills;  
Gently sings the southern breeze

To the ivy-nested dove,  
Songsters 'mongst the greenwood trees,  
Tell their tales of joy and love ;  
Hark ! the sound of distant bells,

Low and faint floats on the air,  
Now their loud and louder swells,

With their music fill the ear ;  
Now, my love, let us sit down,  
By the fount which forms the rill,  
On this hillock of wild thyme,

And enjoy the beautiful :  
How the scent of new-made hay,  
Loads with rich perfume the air,  
As a gust from Araby,

Or from golden grov'd Cashmere ;

Listen to those loud hurrahs,  
Now again, again, again,  
And those jocund, merry laughs,  
The last load is going home :  
See that wild convolvulus,  
With its pure white lily bell,  
Midst the roses of the bush,  
Hanging o'er the mossy well ;  
And those ferns which almost hide,  
With their drooping curved leaves,  
The clear fountain's rough-built side ;  
Form its graceful roof and caves ;  
Look there ;—quickly, Isabel,  
There's a glorious butterfly,  
'Tis the rare red admiral,  
As a sunbeam he sails by :  
See, he's hov'ring o'er a rose,  
Settles on it ;—there are wings ;  
Matchless artist, he who knows,  
How to form such royal things ;  
There's a magpie by the flock,  
Rags and tatters and no tail ;  
Why, he asks, what 'tis o'clock ?  
Answer him, my silver bell ;  
Eight exactly, Greenwich time,  
See, he's got upon a sheep,  
So, friend Mag, I know thy game,  
Thou hast but an hour to reap ;  
But in half-an-hour or less,  
What's o'clock again says he ?  
Without waiting for a guess,

Off he goes, half hop, half fly :  
It was Thomas Dyer's bird,  
Gone from home some tick to get,  
Which the sheep can well afford,  
Should it prove an endless debt :  
I remember of a tale,  
Told of a domestic mag,  
And of his escape from jail,  
And a dislocated craig ;  
Netted 'mongst a lot of birds,  
Twisting necks seem'd all the rage,  
Who be'est thee, says Jacob Curds,  
Magpie answers, Mary Page :  
The astounded clodhopper,  
Drop'd the net and mag got free,  
Jacob says, he know'th who 't'wer,  
'Twer'nt no macket : narra he ;  
But the name was quite enough,  
Mary Page was name of fear,  
Satan warp and she the woof,  
The fam'd witch of Exeter ;  
He was Mary Page's pet,  
And she'd taught him say her name ;  
How he got into the net,  
History does not depone :  
Oh thou villain, villain wasp,  
Leave of absence I give thee,  
Sting me would'st thou, if thou could'st,  
How get I thy enmity ?  
There, be off, and don't again,  
In thy prowess place belief,

Or perhaps the second time  
Thou'lt get worse than handkerchief:  
There's a happy family,  
At their play beside the wood,  
By the little mound of hay;  
What a merry, gamb'ling brood;  
Six young weasels and their dam,  
But they've seen us and are off;  
Well, it was a pretty scene,  
Tho' but mischief waiting growth:  
What a family of tits,  
Lately introduc'd, I s'pose,  
To the crab tree near the gates,  
And the world:—its joys and woes:  
See those wagtails, Isabel,  
Moving 'bout amongst the sheep,  
By the sedgy bulrush pool,  
How they watch their ev'ry step;  
Ev'ry step a fly or moth,  
Like the hard drove flying fish,  
Jumps into the jaws of death,  
Trying to escape its reach:  
Down they come on tireless wing,  
Swallows flashing thro' the air,  
There's a bound and there's a spring,  
Up amongst the clouds they are:  
Lapwing; peewit; what a wail,  
Dost thou mourn we're near thy nest,  
Or is it a loving call  
To thy dearest and thy best?  
Yes, they are both charming flow'rs,

Tormentil and eyebright nam'd,  
And the one the streamlet bears,  
Thou know'st well, I think, my friend :  
It's the dear forget-me-not,  
Like to that you sent to Greece  
In your letter, and both got  
Somehow near enough to kiss :  
True, he is most beautiful,  
That brown squirrel on the tree,  
What a large and bushy tale,  
There's a spring :—away, away :  
*Pauvre petite*, have no fear,  
Hedgehog, do not raise thy spines,  
There's no one to hurt thee here,  
With us both thou art with friends ;  
Listen, that's the blackcap's song ;  
Is it not true melody ?  
What a warbling, silv'ry tongue,  
What delicious harmony :  
In that bush there is a nest,  
There—beside the Ilex tree,  
Ebon cap and scarlet breast,  
'Tis a bullfinches, I see ;  
Timid, cautious, there's the sire,  
Now comes on his ladye love,  
Listen :—that's the note beware,  
To the little ones above ;  
Now they're gone into their home—  
Off again for more supply,  
Love's dear labour is with them  
From the dawn 'til close of day :



Glory !!! glory in the sky,  
Look to those light skiffs of cloud,  
Floating o'er the rosy sea,  
Which the setting sun has made ;  
Crimson, gold, and amethyst,  
Intermingled melt away,  
Into shadings, when commixt,  
Past all range of phantasy.  
See that pile of golden bars,  
Just above the setting sun,  
And the cloud which likeness bears,  
To a gemmed diadem ;  
Look to those which stretch away,  
Far beyond the rosy sea,  
Like to gorgeous tapestry,  
Chambering the passing day ;  
Well, my friend, what dost thou want ?  
Looking down so curiously,  
Why swel'st thou thy ruddy front,  
Why dilate thy lust'rous eye ?  
Well done, robin, venture down,  
Take the worm that's near our feet ;  
Thou hast got him, hasten home,  
Little mouths are waiting it :  
Here's another prying one,  
Chatter, chatter ;—in and out ;  
What say'st thou, thou pigmy wren ?  
Little mouths again I wot :  
There's a peacock butterfly  
On the rose of the sweetbriar,  
That's beside the chesnut tree ;

Does he not boast beauty's dow'r ?  
Silv'ry moths now round and round,  
Flutter in their mazy ring,  
Rabbits from their fern-clad ground,  
Steal forth—ever listening :  
You'll be late, my little friends,  
You've a long way to get home,  
Moonlight does not suit your wings,  
Linger not amongst the thyme :  
Sweets to industry are dear,  
But the price may be too high,  
Parsimony is not care,  
When it throws a life away :  
As with bees, so 'tis with men,  
Gather, gather, hive and store,  
Lingering amongst the thyme,  
Gathering a little more :  
Hark!!! the woodpecker's tap, tap,  
On the mossy hollow tree,  
Out they come, to be snap'd up,  
All the insect family :  
Now the choir is closing up,  
Blackbirds flute and thrushes pipe,  
Robin is the last to stop,  
Of the orchestra of life :  
But the music still keeps on,  
Cadence soft among the trees,  
Echo of an organ tone,  
Brought there by the ev'ning breeze :  
But the last deep golden ray,  
On the serried mountain's crest,

Is now hast'ning with the day  
To the morning of the west :  
All the gorgeous coloring,  
Purple, chrysoprase, and gold,  
Past away on ev'ning's wing,  
Nature does the book now fold ;  
Wrap thy mantle round thee, love,  
There—and there—now let us home,  
O'er the fields and through the grove,  
See, there is the rising moon ;  
But I'll cull thee first a wreath,  
Honeysuckle and sweetbriar,  
With those harebells underneath,  
Wall of the old ivied tow'r ;  
Wilt thou wear it, my young queen ?  
Yes, oh, yes, I hear thee say,  
Flow'rs to flow'r 'twill be I ween,  
Or as hawthorn is to May ;  
On she moves, a peerless queen,  
In her path of living light,  
Clad in robes of silver sheen,  
Queen of beauty and of night ;  
Gliding onwards 'mongst the host  
Of the unapproachable,  
Warders of the advanc'd post,  
Of that light tongue cannot tell ;  
These we see are but the breath,  
And the shadow of his pow'r,  
Its reality and height,  
For to see is ever more.  
I have a plant which came from Paraguay,

Which 'mongst my others is a floral queen;  
With bell shap'd flow'r of regal Tyrian dye,  
A black and scarlet eye and golden rim,  
And long and jagged deep green glossy leaf,  
Veined with crimson, which eclipses all  
My other gems; brings them to floral grief,  
And by its brightness makes their colours dull:  
I saw it once on Shinar's gorgeous plain,  
Again in Borneo, in a mangrove swamp;  
Even on plain of Shinar, 'tis a gem,  
Shinar, whose jewel'd robe bears beauty's stamp;  
Oh, queen of beauty, glorious Shinar,  
I often muse on thee and thy bright flow'rs,  
Thy breath so soft and sweet, so clear and pure,  
Thy birds and butterflies and myrtle bow'rs:  
Thy carpet of a thousand varied dyes,  
Thy perfum'd zephyrs, as if nature strove  
To 'centrate there her own sweet harmonies,  
And make her signet mark of peace and love;  
There 'mongst the damask roses have I sat,  
Beneath the citron and the orange trees,  
With hyacinths and tulips stretching out,  
An undulating sea: while butterflies,  
On lilies far too beautiful for words,  
Or spreading out their gold and purple sails,  
Hover'd or danc'd about in flut'ring hordes,  
Over the cistus and the daffodils;  
Birds which such sunny regions only know,  
Sported amongst the snowy mastic blooms,  
While above all was dome of vi'let blue,  
And near my feet were silv'ry murm'ring streams;

And there I'd sit and muse in dreamy mood,  
Of home, and Hazeldale, and Isabel,  
And fields with buttercups and daisies strew'd,  
The lake, the park, the wood, the fairy dell ;  
'Til all the gorgeous scene to me did wear,  
Illusive aspect, false tho' beautiful,  
Fata Morgana of the Kaffian Kir,  
The real was with my heart—in memory's well.  
I have a magpie, partly civiliz'd,  
With a bright, twinkling, but most roguish eye,  
A cunning artful rogue as e'er was rais'd  
From out a nest ;—one of the deepest dye :  
He stays amongst the shrubs and in his den,  
Which is an old dilapidated cask,  
Excepting when he strikes the window pane  
With double rap, for provender to ask ;  
He's great delight in petty larceny,  
And *tuum meum*, when a chance he's got,  
And has selected for his treasury  
And *omnium gatherum*, an old tin pot ;  
We well know where to go for our stolen wealth :  
He never misses opportunity,  
Sometimes we watch and catch him in his stealth,  
Down goes the plunder, and away to fly :  
And Dick the parrot, who'll sing 'hearts of oak,'  
And cackle like a hen that's laid an egg,  
Cry like a child, and shout and laugh ; and squeak  
Just like a frightened dog or beaten pig :  
And Bob, the little gem-like paroquet,  
With wings of sapphire and of emerald,  
Is giant Dick's most special friend and pet,

Who cloaks him with his wing when it is cold;  
He's ne'er content in his own cage to live,  
But put with Dick will utter cries of joy,  
Nestle against his friendly relative,  
Saying, perhaps, 'here I'm again, old boy,'  
And Dick responds most thoroughly his loves,  
And when he's there will sing his song and laugh,  
Almost enough to fright his neighbour doves,  
Who doubtless think its more than *quantum suff*:  
And the old solemn raven, there he'll stand,  
Just outside the bay window, eye half shut,  
Pois'd on one leg, trying to comprehend  
All that is going on, inside and out;  
And grave old doctor twilight, the white owl,  
Nodding and blinking in his ivy tod,  
In the gray sycamore, just like a ghoul,  
That only deeds of darkness understood;  
And Isabel's own pets;—the tame bulfinch,  
Who'll whistle 'Love Not' always when she says  
'Now Captain, for a tune;' and little Blanche  
The gentle dove, and her sweet loving ways  
To her dear partner in all weal and woe;  
They're quite a pattern couple, and could claim  
The flitch of peace that's offer'd at Dunmow,  
To married lovers who would bacon gain:  
She has a little fav'rite curly skye,  
A funny little fellow he is too,  
Has tricks enough to make you laugh all day,  
If he'll but condescend to play them thro':  
But he's a lazy, self-will'd little brute,  
Who will not work unless a bribe he's shewn,

Of cream or sugar, lollipop or fruit,  
And then he'll dance in 'cordance with a tune,  
Or shoulder arms with silver fork and spoon.  
I've seen the snow on the peak'd Himaleh,  
    And on Chimborazo's cone:  
And the dust on the tomb of Nineveh,  
    And the site of Babylon ;  
Of the earth and of time they passed away,  
    Neither pow'r or riches could save ;  
For time with his finger had written MENE,  
    On the crest of their architrave :  
For night is engraved on seal of the day,  
    Decay's on the bloom of flow'rs,  
Past away's on the volume of history,  
    *Mutandis* on loftiest tow'rs :  
The relics of time which were left on the strand,  
    When his tide went back from its flow,  
Are still midst the sands of Egypt's dark land,  
    As a giant's overthrow :  
I've visited those, and Palmyra the queen,  
    Where the Arab now spreads his tents,  
But what are they all—and old *Baalbec's* shrine,  
    But sepulchral monuments :  
And *Greece*—and her sheen of the golden bowl,  
    The dew of her early morn,  
Is past as a dream of the beautiful,  
    And her banners are faded and torn ;  
The myrtle still blooms on the side of her hills,  
    And their turf is green as of old,  
And her sparkling fountains and silvery rills  
    Still glisten 'mongst em'rald and gold :

But her sages and warriors, where are they ?  
Where the men of *Thermopy'lae* ?  
If she had such now, would the Moslemite sway,  
Blot the page of her history ?  
Ten thousand as those of old *Marathon*,  
(There were *men* in Greece in those days,)  
Would again plant the cross on Sophia's proud dome,  
Tho' they waded in blood to their knees :  
And thou, too, fair land of the laurel and bay,  
The iron ate into thy soul,  
But the chain'd eagle pined for liberty,  
And spurned the keeper's dole,  
And the chains were riven and shattered and torn,  
And exulting towards the sun,  
With unquailing eye is *Italy* borne,  
And *triumphans* her cry again :  
And Rome and Venetia, the plumes she has lost,\*  
Will yet add their strength to her wing,  
And her future bound up with her mighty past,  
Fresh laurels to history bring :  
And thou that in darkness and ashes doth mourn,  
Who once was a diadem'd queen,  
That liv'd amongst princes, but now art forlorn,  
And widowed, poor and alone :  
Thy pitiful wail and thy manacled hands  
Will eat out the life of thy foe,  
And will fan the fire of those terrible brands,  
Which will lay his palaces low ;  
Thy jewels are gone, and thy diadem lost,

\* Composed in 1865.



And thy beauty is in the dust—  
Look!!! thy star from the gloom is advancing fast,  
And with it the dawn of thy rest;  
And thy gondolas yet shall resound with song,  
And thy flag from St. Mark's shall float,  
And restor'd from the ocean shall be thy ring,  
Thy shackles thrown off and forgot:  
\* \* \* The lion I've seen on the burning plains  
Of mysterious Africa,  
And the elephant quench his thirst in the streams,  
By the jungles of India:  
And the grizzly bear, in his wild forest lair,  
And the condor of the far west;  
The birds of the Eden-like vale of Cashmere,  
And the eagle midst Norway's mist:  
And the butterflies on the flow'rs of Brazil,  
And her gemmed insects and birds,  
As they sported and flash'd midst a beautiful,  
Far beyond the power of words:  
And the mounds and bluffs of the Ohio's bank,  
And the roll of the Amazon,  
Thro' a scene as gloomy, and daunt, and dank,  
As the banks of the Acheron;  
I've sail'd on the Ganges, the Indus and Nile,  
On the Danube, and Po, and Rhine,  
And I've heard the loud toll of Moscow's deep bell,  
And the viols of Ispahan:  
I've seen the flamingoes, a scarlet rank,  
As a marshalled soldiery,  
The ship of the desert and Arctic mink,  
And the mountain of Owyhee;

There's beauty in all—from the deep-voiced sea  
To the rill which sings thro' the grass,  
From the redolent blooms of Ind and Cathay  
To the weeds we unheeded pass;  
As the shadow of flow'rs which grow on the rim  
Of a fountain pure and clear,  
So are beauty and love in the mind of him  
To whom their presence is dear:  
A sense of the beautiful only is known  
To the mind where beauty dwells,  
The mirror from which the reflection is thrown  
Must be bright, or semblance fails;  
The presence of beauty's the presence of love,  
And love's as the dew on herbs,  
And, bright spirits of light, together they move,  
With silent, eloquent words,  
Which come from those smiles on the face of the  
queen,  
The flow'rs which wake up from sleep,  
When her fairest and dearest, beautiful spring,  
Hangs pearls in the lily's cup;  
And from the green earth, and her bright sunny  
vales,  
And calm magnificent sky—  
From the mountain peaks and the bowery dells,  
And roses of opening day:  
There's a sound of music that rides on the storm;  
Is whisper'd by southern breeze—  
It carols 'mongst flow'rs of the sweet summer morn,  
And sings in the forest trees:  
A *Te Deum* goes up from the earth and sea,

To the portals of God's throne—  
*In excelsis gloria, Te Domine,*  
Thine is the glory and crown :  
It comes from the woodlands, the meadows and  
    dells,  
From the streams and waterfalls,  
From the fruitful vales and the heather-clad hills,  
    ————— And wherever His glory falls :  
From the ne'er ceasing voice of the boundless deep—  
The boom of the thunder-cloud ;  
And from voices of pray'r and praise that go up,  
    Tow'rds His throne—the mighty God ;  
And what is the infinite ? Where is the throne  
Of Him—who distances thought ?  
'Tis above—above, beyond the bright sun,  
    ————— And here wherever 'tis sought,  
It is there in that star which shines as a gem,  
A concentration of light,  
And 'tis here, 'mongst the birds in their forest home,  
And flow'rs by the rivulet :  
And hast thou nought in thee of the beautiful ?  
And 'hast thou no note of joy ?  
And art thou all of earth and the sensual ?  
That nought can thy cold heart say ?  
Shall nature rejoice and be glad in her King,  
And thou the ignoble and base ?  
Canst thou not a mite to the treasury bring,  
Hast thou no heart's sacrifice ?  
Oh, blind and insensate to beauty and worth !!  
Thou art deaf to Apollo's lyre :  
Thou art stifling thy soul on the day of its birth,

In the smoke of its funeral pyre,  
Which built up of weeds and the briar and thorn,  
Tho' its high as a cloud-capp'd tow'r,  
Will crumble to ashes and leave thee to mourn,  
That beauty with thee had no power.  
Myself and Isabel often go down,  
And sit 'neath the linden's shade,  
Beside of the mossy and gray old stone,  
That's near the sycamore glade;  
The old linden tree by side of the lake,  
At the south-east end of it,  
And there watch the roach, the perch and the trout,  
In the glist'ning rivulet,  
Where in and out, in their play all day,  
They shoot up and down the clear stream;  
And talk and read, as in times past away,  
When life was a fairy dream;—  
As we did when we went in summer morn,  
As well as in summer eve,  
Thro' the lane and hayfields, and rustling corn,  
To read, and to laugh, and grieve,  
O'er the jewels and gems which Walter Scott,  
And others of fertile brains,  
Have to the limitless treasury brought,  
Far richer than golden coins;  
And there, by the same gray mossy old stone,  
We'd sit on the thymy knoll,  
For hours together, alone but not lone,  
Before we would homewards stroll;  
And back thro' the lane to hear the birds sing,  
We then from its hedgerows would take

Vi'lets and bluebells, and woodruff in spring,  
And a flow'ed wreath for her make,  
And in summer, woodbine with roses entwine,  
As a coronal o'er her curls;  
And then with her miniature hand in mine,  
The happiest of boys and girls,  
On thro' the plane grove and down by the mill,  
And talking until we got home,  
Of Dominie Sampson, whom Isabel  
Thought quite a prodigious man,  
Or Quentin Durward or Isaac of York,  
Or Rose of Bradwardine the flow'r,  
Or *Front de la bœuf* or of *de la Mark*,  
And castle, and palace, and tow'r;  
A boy and a girl of fourteen years old,  
So rather platonic our love,  
But the bud was there the flow'r to unfold,  
The ark contained the dove:  
Our friendship was dated from infancy,  
For she was but two years of age,  
When her father, the vicar of Westerleigh,  
Receiv'd his best heritage:  
And he left his dear little Isabel  
To my father, his trusty friend,  
And his guardianship by his word and will,  
And said, while he press'd his hand,  
"I'm going to God and my Sarah in heav'n,  
My life is fast ebbing away,  
But thanks to His mercy, for light I have striv'n,  
And I'm near to the break of day:  
I've left all to you for my Isabel,

Will you give her her father's place  
In your heart, my friend? I know that you will ;"  
The last word he utter'd was "peace :"  
And so little Bell had her home with us,  
And became my playmate and friend,  
And to me a fountain of happiness,  
Which I feel will last to the end ;  
"I'll go and tell William of it," she'd say,  
To whoever affronted her,  
And I would run if I heard her but cry,  
And threaten the cause of the tear ;  
But time hurries on, making sere from green,  
And we cannot linger or stay,  
And Isabel now on the eve of nineteen,  
Was still to me sunshine and day ;  
As a loving sister she'd been to me,  
And the dearest friend on earth,  
But I slumber'd on until jealousy,  
Awoke me to feel her worth :  
We read together when I was at home,  
Still beneath the linden tree,  
And during my studies weekly would come,  
A trebly cross'd letter for me :  
One day she mention'd in jocular mood,  
And as since she has own'd, to tease,  
That her cousin, Augustus Underwood,  
Whom she gave I thought too much praise,  
Had come up to Hazeldale specially,  
To invite her to Summercoate :  
She half wish'd to go, she half wish'd to stay,  
Would I please tell her what I thought ;

Such a pleasant, agreeable man he is,  
She said in her letter to me,  
"A smile ever plays on his handsome phiz,  
And he's such a beautiful eye;  
I think I'm in love, tho' it may be mere whim,  
But my heart seem'd all in a glow,  
When he ask'd me, in joke, if I'd marry him,  
But I answered no—no—no :"  
A little comfort, but more of distrust,  
Perhaps he'd be joking again,  
And so I determin'd to know the worst,  
And went home by the ev'ning train :  
My father much wonder'd at seeing me,  
But I told to my mother all,  
And that I should either get mad or die,  
If I lost my dear Isabel ;  
My mother smil'd with a glistening eye,  
As the truant came running in,  
And straight to me with a laugh and a cry,  
And where was my jealousy then ?  
I never doubted her after that time,  
Altho' thousands of miles away,  
Her love to me is a diamond mine,  
An ever endurable ray :  
She went to Summercoate, stay'd there six weeks,  
With her cousins and widow'd aunt,  
But no repetition of marriage jokes  
Were from Cousin Augustus sent :  
We've been married nine years, and I think could  
claim,  
A portion with Blanche and her mate ;

Our married scutcheon has no blot or stain,  
Of ought that can cause us regret :  
An extensive farmer, I've barley and beans,  
And an orchard in spring like a land of dreams,  
And well water'd meadows to keep my three cows,  
My horses to run and my sheep to browse ;  
And wheat and potatoes, and vetches and oats,  
And trefoil and clover, and four sorts of roots :  
Twenty acres the length and breadth of my farm,  
But its quite enough, if I'd keep out of harm  
From that which I don't understand ;  
For amateur farming is hazardous play,  
The mice have a feast when the cats are away,  
Work only will profit command :  
But its a great pleasure to sow and to reap,  
To watch the green blade thro' the ruddy earth creep,  
And the fruit from blossom and bud ;  
And to toss the hay in the bright summer morn,  
And to hear the sweet rustle of falling corn,  
And from your own wheat make your bread ;  
And to shake the ripe apples from off the trees,  
And to pick for preserving and apple pies,  
And a nibble occasionally ;  
And your cider to make *a la* Devonshire,  
And flukes and pink roses to sell and to store,  
And a portion to give away ;  
And to keep of pea-fowl and turkeys a stock,  
And ducks and fowls, and of pigeons a flock,  
And a colt to have now and then,  
And your lambs and calves for to sell or to rear,  
And to graft your apple and plum trees, and pear,



And hedgerow and copse to cut down :  
And to go to market and look very wise,  
At the samples of wheat, and barley, and peas,  
Which are in the old market-place,  
And to dine with the farmers *a l'ordinaire*,  
With Farmer Dell in the president's chair,  
And Mr. Lowndes to say grace :  
This year I am late in my haymaking,  
I kept my sheep late in my field in the spring,  
So another fortnight must pass,  
Before I shall hear the sharpening scythe,  
And its lev'ling swash 'mongst the falling swathe  
Of my six-acre piece of grass ;  
So I'm enlisted for Farmer Dell's field,  
The reason, my blossom is getting wild  
For a tumble amongst the hay ;  
So a trio march down by the by the mill stream,  
Isabel, myself, and our Geraldine,  
To the scene of work, for play ;  
And so by the brook in Indian file,  
All watching the speckled trout,  
And across the bridge and over the stile,  
With Carlo for guard and scout ;  
We, after admiring a linnet's nest,  
And dispossessing a rook,  
Sat down on a haycock awhile to rest,  
And at the workers to look :  
But Allen now sees us and down he bounds,  
Haymaking o'er for the nonce,  
And forthwith, amongst the odorous mounds,  
He's with Geraldine at romps ;

Shouting and laughing Geraldine,  
And tickling Allen Dell,  
“ Oh ma, oh Mary, push him down,  
He'll kill me, 'deed he will ;”  
For Mary had spied us and galop'd down,  
On her fav'rite poney, Jim,  
And Farmer Dell follow'd her very soon,  
On his fine old hunter, Grim :  
Now Isabel's eager to toss the hay,  
And at it she goes in sincerity,  
But very soon sobers down;  
And on a haycock in shade of a tree,  
She and Mary get deep in history,  
Of Hazeldale and so on ;  
And Isabel talk'd with Mary,  
About she well knew who,  
And then respecting our dairy,  
We'd bought another cow ;  
Then our bud on poney seated,  
Which led by Allen Dell,  
Went to where the merry-hearted  
Did toss the hay right well :  
The machine was out of order,  
And so t'was done by hand,  
By some from over the border,  
A laughing, rustic band ;  
Then we went a little wider,  
To where the bread and cheese,  
And firkins of ale and cider,  
Were 'neath the chesnut trees ;  
Guarded by Vic, Neptune, and Watch,

If guarding it could be,  
Where burglars there were none to catch,  
Except the minstrelsy,  
That are singing 'mongst the woodlands,  
Or in the hedge just by,  
Or hopping about the haymounds,  
Hunting the moth and fly :  
The hedge is wreath'd with wild roses,  
And bells of lady smock,  
And blossoming elder bushes,  
For village vinous stock ;  
And the goldfinches are singing  
In the old gnarled crab,  
Round which a nuthatch is roaming,  
In suit of brown and drab,  
A run, a chase for a rabbit,  
I'm glad he's got away,  
And that the three who would nab it  
Have lost their panting prey ;  
Life to the free is dear and sweet,  
I'd rather see them play,  
Or even nibble my own wheat,  
Than take that life away ;  
And I'd rather put in safety,  
A worm from danger's path,  
Than I'd heedlessly or lightly,  
Crush it to pain and death :  
"Take care," says ma to her fav'rite,  
Who's reaching the yellow flag,  
That grows in the quiet brooklet,  
Where lives the newt and frog ;

Fringed with fragrant meadow sweet,  
And blue forget-me-not,  
And the bright and golden oxlip,  
Its leaves half in, half out,  
Of the clear silvery mirror,  
From which its flow'rs reflect,  
And where the piscine nest builder,  
Whom minnows much respect,  
Goes forth in his suit of armour,  
As ancient redcross knight;  
If any come near his banner,  
'Tis then, retreat or fight:  
Why, what's the matter with Mary?  
Her face is as the fire:—  
Heav'n's gate is near won, my peri!!  
Who's that on horseback?—there:  
Is't the young lord of Hazeldean,  
And is not his name Blount?  
Down Hubert comes, jumping the stream,  
And makes a quick dismount;  
He had an impromptu pic-nic  
Beneath the beechen tree,  
And laugh'd, and sung, and enjoy'd it,  
Right well and merrily:  
'Tis a happy life, the country's,  
With wants simple and few,  
If we keep' side us for sentries,  
The right, honest and true;  
Tho' none can do their full duty,  
But nearer we are to it,  
The nearer we are to beauty,

Nearer the infinite :  
“ We'll have Miss Genevieve for queen,”  
Said John and Thomas Day,  
To their companions on the green,  
Upon the first of May;  
“ God save the queen ; Amen, Amen,  
Long live the queen ; hurray !!! ”  
Genevieve was but five years old,  
A little laughing fay,  
When she had thus her name enrol'd  
Amongst our queens of May,  
But she completely did upset  
Elective monarchy,  
And she was such a gen'ral pet,  
That no one ask'd for why :  
'Tis true one year that Clara Strange  
Was nominated queen,  
By one or two who thought no change  
Their rights would contravene ;  
Clara was then as fine a girl  
As ever trod the ground,  
A rosy, bright-ey'd, rustic pearl,  
With truth and virtue crown'd ;  
But when she was inform'd of it,  
She laugh'd a merry laugh,  
And said the crown would not her fit,  
And that they dealt in chaff :  
At last convinc'd 'twas not a joke,  
As told me by one there,  
“ Her eyes,” said he, “ ded vlash, and luke  
Like to a coal a vire ;

“She zed, zed she,” “how dare ye, men,  
I scarcely can believe  
That I’m awake: I surely dream,  
Where is Miss Genevieve?  
What has our darling lady done?  
It really makes me wild!!  
Have you forgotten, Henry Stone,  
About your wife and child?  
And you, James Sharland, of all men  
You ought to be the last,  
If she’d not help’d you, you know when,  
You’d had a bitter fast:  
God save the queen:—queen Genevieve,  
You won’t make one of me;  
From this time forward never breathe—  
Nay—I want no reply;”  
“The person who told me the tale,  
Laugh’d a long hearty laugh;  
“They zlink’d away, turn’d urd and pale,  
I think they had enuff;”  
This was the first and last attempt  
To upset monarchy,  
And ever since we’ve been exempt  
From all conspiracy:  
Allen has never mention’d love,  
Altho’ its been his one bright star,  
No pledge ’twixt him and Genevieve,  
No whisper’d hope unto her ear;  
He’s built himself a fairy home,  
A glorious place of sunny beams,  
And there he loves to be alone,

Amidst the lustre of his dreams :  
Enthroned in his heart and mind,  
Her image has its constant place ;  
A sound of music on the wind ;  
A shadow on a mirror'd glass ;  
There's many an one's a palace built  
Of di'mond walls and pearly roof,  
And in its halls in fancy dwelt,  
'Til rudely woke by life's hard hoof :  
Imagination oft beguiles,  
And decks with flow'rs life's thorny path,  
But it has often snares and wiles  
Which lead to sorrow and to ruth ;  
There is a danger that the mind  
In which it has predominance,  
Will have its working vision blind,  
And smother'd all its common sense ;  
A regulated, balanc'd power,  
The *juste milieu* strive to attain,  
And tho' less bright may be thy hour,  
The less the chance thou liv'st in vain ;  
But what's the *juste milieu* to love,  
In youthful and romantic minds,  
The golden tissue that they weave,  
Is of the thread the poet finds :  
So Allen dreamt and on he went,  
Amongst the blossoms and the birds,  
Adown the mossy path besprent,  
With things too beautiful for words ;  
He's quite a gen'ral favorite,  
Especially at Hazeldean,

Morning and noon, and eve and night,  
Allen is ever dropping in;  
On winter nights, call when you will,  
He's sure to be with Genevieve,  
At chess or draughts, or bagatelle,  
And thus the meshes does he weave:  
Or Mr. Blount will often say,  
"Now Genevieve, my love, one tune,"  
And then she'll take her harp and play,  
Or in a song with Allen join;  
In summer it is just the same,  
But in the gardens or the park,  
Down by the sparkling winding stream,  
To gather flow'rs, and hark! the lark:  
Now for a gallop, Genevieve,  
And Genevieve will scour away,  
With Allen on his horse, Retrieve,  
Herself on Bob or Harkaway;  
And rambles in the castle wood,  
And thro' it to the fall and lake;  
No wonder that this constant food,  
Its nat'ral consequence does make:  
Hubert is conscious, and sees well  
The current and the drift of all,  
But his dear friend is Allen Dell,  
And Hubert Blount is true as steel;  
But Mr. Blount seems deaf and blind  
To present fact or time's events,  
He quite forgets that as is train'd  
Woodbine or jasmine, so its wants;  
This may not be the case with her,



Or Mr. Blount be deaf and blind,  
There still may be no cause for fear,  
All may be sunshine to the end ;  
Presentiment is oft in fault,

Judgement may err and go astray,  
Both may at times be blind or halt,  
And so I hope they've been with me ;  
It's folly to sit down and brood

On ills existant but in mind,  
Hope for the best—evil and good

Will come as do the sun and wind ;  
Sweet summer eve, with dreamy eye,  
And crown'd with flower's of richest dye,  
Oh, stay with me ; with thee to be  
On thymy bank, and view the sea  
And winged ships, and see the shock  
Of foaming waves that breast the rock ;  
And golden rim on purple hill,  
And village spire and village mill,  
And glancing streams, and canopy  
Of clear and cloudless—deep blue sky ;  
Or rosy sky in the far west,  
With fairy isles of amethyst,  
To then indulge in waking dream  
Of what we would, and what has been,  
While nightingale the leaves among,  
Fills the sweet air with flood of song,  
And feel thy breath, so soft and sweet,  
Is ecstasy. But thou art fleet,  
As are all joys : thy gentle feet  
Rest not on earth ; thy winning smile

Soon fades, like all things beautiful.  
Now for a summer ev'ning stroll  
To otter glen o'er ferny gnoll,  
And castle wood to Branksom hill,  
To where the child of mountain rill,  
The dashing, bounding waterfall,  
Does from its heath'ry borders fall,  
Full thirty feet, as silv'ry wreath,  
Into a rock-girt pool beneath,  
And tumbling o'er, makes rivulet,  
Which flowing on with cadence sweet,  
Thro' the green meadows to the mill,  
There turns its ever plashing wheel,  
Then glides into our valley stream,  
As into manhood childhood's dream ;  
A giant linden's o'er my head,  
Forming a cool impervious shade,  
And canopy of greenest leaves,  
And drooping flow'rs ; 'mongst which the bees,  
From morning's dawn 'til Sol's last ray,  
Gives token of departing day,  
With golden burden, winter's store,  
'Til nature's hand shuts too the door,  
Do come and go with constant hum  
Of rich content, or buz and bum ;  
The river is with trees o'erhung,  
From which the virgins bow'r is strung,  
Over the honeysuckle sweet,  
Which there does with wild roses meet ;  
Together clust'ring, form sweet bow'rs,  
In which to spend the mid-day hours,

In deep and cool ambrosial shade,  
And watch the plumed heron wade ;  
Or motionless upon a stone,  
As if himself and it were one :  
And see the cattle then knee-deep  
In cooling waters, and the sheep,  
Stretch'd out upon a bank of thyme,  
And fishermen with rod and line,  
And leap of trout to flut'ring fly,  
While water fowl with timid eye,  
And new fledg'd pigmy brood in rank,  
Come from the sedge that's near the bank,  
And spread about, darting at flies  
With rapid movement :—quicker eyes :  
But now from off the breezy hill,  
I hear the wether's tinkling bell,  
Who's led his charge into the fell,  
And chang'd the short sweet mountain grass  
For bitter herbs and barrenness ;  
As human nature often does,  
While walking over sunny ways,  
Bestrew'd with blossoms ; leave and take  
The weeds and thorns ; and with them make  
His bed : casting away the flow'rs,  
And summers sun for wintry hours :  
Past thro' a field of blossom'd beans,  
Who's richly od'rous perfume seems  
Wafted from Araby the blest,  
By southern breezes here to rest,  
As smile upon the beautiful ;  
That beautiful our golden vale :

I came into the upper wood,  
Thro' which our stream in tranquil mood  
Was flowing, gurgling o'er the stones,  
And by the coots and otters homes,  
And on the broad path by its side,  
I rambled on, watching its glide,  
'Til I came to the ancient tow'r,  
Which almost hid by virgin's bow'r,  
And clustering ivy, stands on mound  
On which all sorts of thorns abound,  
Forming impervious barricade  
Around the garrison inside,  
A colony of restless daws,  
Whose chief delight is making noise :  
Being an over peopled state,  
Many are 'bliged to emigrate,  
And rear their dusky family  
In cosy hole of hollow tree,  
Or other dens, far, far away ;  
But the old tow'r seems meeting place  
For all that portion of their race  
That Hazeldale's green pastures grace ;  
I've watch'd them from their holes and nooks,  
And airy castles 'mongst the rooks,  
And seen them gather 'bout their tower  
'Til every inch was cover'd o'er ;  
Next came a general pow, wow,  
Far too abstruse for me to know ;  
Then all on wing with a clack, clack,  
They circled round, but soon came back ;  
Pow wow the second then came on,

And loud and louder grew the din ;  
When finish'd, ev'ry outsider,  
Went home to his own country choir ;  
The rooks possess tops of the trees,  
And there they are as thick as bees ;  
In autumn ev'nings when they wing,  
Home from their daily foraging,  
They make some twenty thousand strong,  
If I can judge from the vast throng,  
That as a darkling cloud does spread,  
Its thick and wide—above my head :  
When all the host is gather'd in,  
They make at first a fearful din,  
Seeming as if each gave account  
Of what's occur'd since out he went :  
Gradually all settle down  
In rest and peace, 'til morrow's dawn ;  
Skipping and bounding all the day,  
From branch to branch and tree to tree,  
Apparently less work than play,  
The squirrels dance life's roundelay ;  
The wood has splendid trees of beech,  
And oak and elm, chesnut and wych ;  
The underwood's of thorn and gorse,  
Impenetrable but to force  
Of hook or hatchet, saw or fire,  
Powder and ball, or bird and hare,  
And rabbits and their cunning foes,  
And they've enough of them, heav'n knows ;  
They lead a persecuted life,  
Like Thomas Little with his wife ;

They always seem on the *qui vive*,  
Their life a day by day reprieve ;  
From early spring until July,  
A temple of rich harmony,  
Our upper wood has birds enough  
To form all England's singing staff,  
Altho' our vale wants one sweet note,  
From out the music master's throat,  
Which Devon's valleys ne'er heard yet,  
That of the minstrel of the night ;  
But we've enough to be content,  
With us of beauty there's no stint,  
The mind thro' sense can have its full  
Of nature and her beautiful,  
In fields and woods of Hazeldale :  
And now over the stepping stones,  
With a "take care" from farmer Jones,  
And thro a field of blue-ey'd flax,  
And armed teasels, hooks and spikes,  
I'm on the common, where a file  
Of geese are plodding tow'rds the mill ;  
Two or three bold ones from the rank  
Come hissing at me o'er the bank,  
And threat'ning, with outstretched neck,  
Immediate war—go back, go back ;  
Then proudly join the goose array,  
Sounding the trump of victory :  
The sun has left the forest tree,  
Gone on his way o'er western sea ;  
The sky's a flood of fiery light,  
With all the shades of chrysolite,

Over it float the island clouds,  
In purple, gold, and crimson crowds,  
Each moment changing place, and shape and  
hue,

As if an angel hand the picture drew :  
But now the rooks are hast'ning home,  
And by me goes with whiz and bum,  
A busy, bustling dumbledore,  
Who seems for ever seeking more ;  
The silv'ry moths are on the wing,  
Chas'd by the dragon bat ; and bang  
The mailed beetles hurry on,  
Or 'gainst you knock and tumble down :  
The partridge calls her scatter'd brood,  
The pheasant crows in copse and wood :  
The owls now cry tu whit, tu whoo,  
(For life with them begins to glow),  
From ivy tod or hollow tree,  
Or where they guard the granary ;  
With noiseless wing and keenest eye,  
They o'er the flow'red meadows hie,  
And woe to bird or frog or mouse,  
That's out of doors and on the loose,  
Without a warning, with a swoop,  
He's got him in his talons scoop,  
And straightway to his little ones,  
He takes him home, to pick his bones ;  
The blackbird with his twink, twink, twink,  
Seems last to be to take his blink,  
Except a robin wide awake,  
Who comes from perch a worm to take ;

The goatsuckers are with the bats,  
Suppering off the moths and gnats;  
The rabbits steal from out the gorse,  
The fox goes on from bad to worse,  
Murder combin'd with burglary,  
Is his delight 'til peep o' day :  
Chaffers are buzzing all around ;  
Now and then sprawling on the ground,  
Is on his back, some heedless one,  
Who 'gainst a hedge or tree has gone ;  
Every bird that roosts on tree,  
Seems to expect a chaffer fee,  
Sparrows and rooks especially ;  
The flow'rs are closing up their lids  
Over their gold and sapphire studs,  
Except such ones as foxglove bells  
Gathering pearls in lanes and dells ;  
The daws and rooks at last are still,  
The bee is gone to his sweet cell ;  
The mother and her lamb are laid  
Down on the herbage, side by side,  
With cow and calf, and mare and foal ;  
The ancient wether with his bell,  
Is 'mongst the fern, side of the hill ;  
The trout are in their quiet pools,  
Or 'neath the bank, or in its poles,  
And 'mongst the roots of stalwart trees,  
Whose heads are waving in the breeze ;  
The water fowl their bed do make,  
Head under wing upon the lake ;  
The graceful timid fawn its head



Has on its mother's shoulder laid :  
The butterflies have folded up  
Their purple sails on golden cup ;  
The dragon flies rest in the meads,  
Side of the brook on plumed reeds ;  
The callow brood in mossy nest,  
Are snug beneath their mother's breast ;  
That torch of hymeneal rite,  
The glowworm's lamp, now up is lit ;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand strong,  
The gnats, a restless, tireless throng,  
Each now with little bugle horn,  
Blows his shrill blast to Capricorn ;  
The pea-fowl on the highest tree,  
On highest branch with sleepy eye,  
Settle down gradually to rest,  
As vessels on the ocean's breast,  
Rock'd on the bosom of the air,  
And far from danger ; *laissez faire*,  
Is all the favor they require ;  
The turkeys, less aspiring crew,  
Take up their quarters down below,  
But higher than the guinea-fowl,  
Who full of clamour and turmoil,  
From lowest limb their kindred call,  
Who're perch'd upon the garden wall ;  
In Indian file the waddling ducks  
Are from the pond making their tracks ;  
After much pecking, noise and stir,  
The usual ev'ning civil war,  
The poultry settle on their bar,

Except old cock-a-doodle-doo,  
Who gives a supernum'ry crow,  
His winding up of poultry law,  
Claiming his right to be bashaw ;  
The chickens are beneath the hen,  
Tho' little heads peep out between ;  
The cricket in his horny suit  
Now ventures forth to look for loot,  
Or in his snuggerie keeps up  
His little pleasant, cheerful chirp,  
If chirp it can be cal'd, when voice  
Is silent, and the sides rejoice ;  
The cats are waking up for war,  
And by-and-bye, at midnight hour,  
Sweet caterwaulings much too near,  
And Emma speaks in Henry's ear,  
" Those horrid cats again, my dear ;"  
The cows are milk'd and saunt'ring back,  
Accompanied by whistling Jack ;  
The horses taken to the pond,  
A homeless donkey to the pound,  
And I my own sweet home have found,  
And finish'd is another round  
Of the three hundred, sixty-five,  
Which God has given us to strive  
To win our way to that fair land  
Whose love no language can command,  
Whose beauty neither tongue or pen  
Can e'er describe, and say, it's done.  
Hazeldale when I left was prosy and dull,  
And time went around and around with his wheel,

But it seem'd to be all in vain,  
Except that the boys and the girls grew up,  
And babies and apples a plentiful crop,  
And the old went off in his train;  
But now we've the telegraph and the rail,  
And a house that looks like an infant jail,  
And o'er it Police Station;  
And a man in blue with comical hat,  
Seems ever to be on watch for a cat,  
Or making the children run;  
But still I consider if we went back  
To old Jacob Rogers, our parish hack,  
We should shew great want of sense;  
The penny postage, police and the rail,  
Are growth of the age and society's call,  
A natural consequence:  
At one time a peep-show would set us agog,  
Or a learned pig or a dancing dog,  
Or a lady of twenty stone,  
And our gaping rustics would lift up their eyes  
At conjuror Baker's *diableries*,  
And think, where's his tail a gone;  
But now, forsooth, we've phrenology,  
And lecturers on astronomy,  
Clairvoyants and mesmerists;  
And penny readings; photography,  
And professors of caligraphy,  
We're getting out of the mists;  
Knowledge is power and knowledge is good,  
Ignorance cannot be understood,  
Tho' it's often felt and seen,

It's a pall which hides and smothers o'er  
The germ of many a noble flow'r,  
And many a mental gleam ;  
I'll fight with it while I draw my breath,—  
God give me strength to pursue to death,  
And to do my best to bruise,  
The greatest enemy of our race,  
And thrust him out, and put in his place  
The friend of the good and wise :  
I'm not 'mongst those who would ever stand still,  
But would cross the river and mount the hill,  
With my face toward the light,  
Onwards and upwards is nature and God,  
Onwards and upwards the gist of His word—  
The hand that ever points right :  
We've water and drainage, and think of gas,  
We've a post-office and a post-mistress,  
Superseding Betty Bliss,  
Who us'd to walk over to Otterbourne,  
Which is five miles distant, every morn,  
To fetch the letters for us ;  
A penny a piece, Elizabeth's fee,  
But her's was a woeful delivery,  
In the morning it would begin,  
But home she'd go for her dinner and tea,  
So consequently the last for the day  
Came in with the setting sun ;  
An ancient spinster our post-mistress is,  
But thirteen children has poor Betty Bliss,  
So we bought her vested right,  
With a pension of ten and sixpence a week,

And putting sev'n of her flock to seek  
And learn how the world to fight :  
Two tailors, three shoemakers, and one smith,  
And a maiden called Elizabeth,  
The pearl in the oyster shell ;  
A Sunday teacher Elizabeth is,  
Quiet and prim, and extremely precise,  
But surpassing beautiful ;  
It's very queer to see them together,  
The remaining children and the mother,  
And with them the handsome lass ;  
For they're a most extraordinary lot,  
And little enough of bliss have they got,  
When they view themselves in the glass ;  
They're extremely ugly, to speak the truth,  
And look like monkeys with tails gone to ruth,  
Or a group of dancing dogs :  
But Elizabeth is a flow'r of May,  
With the dew on it at the dawn of day,  
A humming bird amongst frogs :  
The father is dead, but I knew him well,  
He passed his time in and out of jail,  
A poacher that nought could cure ;  
I believe he poach'd for the love of it,  
And the very great part do, as to that,  
But death at last made him sure ;  
He left his thirteen children and wife,  
To th' amenities of a parish life,  
And they are wills of the wisp,  
Except with some parishes here and there,  
Amongst whom we claim to take our full share

In loosening poverty's grasp;  
So the widow we made our pensioner,  
An 'Lizabeth's gone to Miss Susan Adair,  
Who'se sent her to Miss Grove's school;  
For she has the will as well as the pow'r,  
And more than her riches, the glorions dow'r  
Of heart of the merciful;  
And truly a jewel in Hazeldale  
Is our bon Miss Susan Adair,  
Her faith, hope and love seem never to fail: —  
True germs of the ever fair;  
No impertinent guess at the lady's age,  
Some people never get old;  
She is one of them, altho' the last page  
Of the volume may soon unfold;  
She has some six or sev'n hundred a year,  
And near to the village green,  
In the midst of grounds laid out with great care,  
A cottage *ornee* may be seen,  
All cover'd with roses, except the door,  
The windows, chimneys and roof,  
And there our bountiful Susan Adair,  
Of charity living proof,  
Keeps house with three servants, two maids,  
and a boy,  
And a noble St. Bernard dog;  
Full half of her income giving away,  
And of that the great part incog:  
She keeps a small carriage, a basket toy,  
A poney that's very fat,  
Who rejoices in name of Gilderoy—

And wonder of wonders—one cat :  
She has pigeons and fowls *ad libitum*,  
Canaries she breeds in scores,  
And her bees make one continual hum  
About her ten thousand flow'rs :  
Wherever there's sickness there's Susan Adair,  
And wherever there's poverty,  
And wherever oppression or trouble or fear,  
Be sure she's not far away :  
Bless her gen'rous heart, she does us more good  
By her wise discriminate love,  
Than ten times as much, unwisely bestow'd,  
And does more true charity prove ;  
She's up ev'ry morning at sev'n o'clock,  
The first thing she does when down stairs,  
Is to send James round to those of her flock  
Who she thinks in want of her cares :  
And he's a good boy, his face seems to shine  
As he calls on the sick and poor,  
With tea and sugar, and victuals and wine ;  
Heaven bless our Susan Adair ;  
Betty Bliss has now six children at home,  
And scarcely nine is the eldest of them,  
The youngest about one year ;  
But she's better off than ever before,  
Since we took post-office from off her door,  
And made her a pensioner ;  
For besides her ten-and-sixpence a week,  
She sinews of war in washing does seek,  
From our whole community :  
Such is past and present of Betty Bliss,

And way in which we encounter distress;  
Our practical charity:  
Humble and patient, a prize when well us'd,  
Sulky and restive, an ass when abus'd,  
Is our long-ear'd Issachar;  
We've enough of them to make up a band,  
And nothing to pay for their "*musique grande*,"  
As to their foreign brother:  
Their backs seem fitted for every load,  
From human bipeds to faggots of wood,  
And the gardens varied wealth;  
And racers they're made of now and anon,  
By their second cousins, for mischief or fun,  
When they can do it by stealth;  
But their grand display is on Saturday,  
When some twenty or thirty march away  
With their loads of garden stuff,  
To Westerleigh market, to get in exchange,  
Cash in the first place, and then for a range,  
To procure the *quantum suff*:  
From the drapers and grocers and other trades,  
And back they come as the daylight fades,  
The children waiting for them:  
For there's sure to be something for Jane and Tom  
Who welcome maw'ther and Issachar home,  
With a laugh and jump and scream:  
And sometimes a grunter tied by the leg,  
One end of the cord round some straw or rag,  
The other by gurnvaather held,  
Is driven, or rather leads, I may say,  
Grandfather Hawkins a troublesome way,



When he's either bought or sold ;  
He du knaw how to dreyve a peg zurelye,  
Who wur brought op to et vrom zlep of a buoy,  
Vrom tha time he wur nine yer hold,  
Tel a ad a zow and pegs ov hes own,  
An a zav'd op enuff to lieve upon ;

He've a got a mort a gold :  
A few have a basket with butter and cream,  
Cover'd o'er with a cloth newly ir'n'd ; and clean  
As a damask cloth can be ;  
Who've managed somehow to purchase a cow,  
Which picks up a livelihood anyhow ;—

To me quite a mystery :  
And others with poultry and rabbits and eggs,  
And one both his panniers has stuff'd with rags  
To take to the paper mill,

Raggy bo is his Monday to Saturday cry,  
And then with the first unto Westerleigh,

The bones to Plymouth by rail :  
Full they go out and empty come back,  
Looking tir'd maybe, but pleas'd with their luck,

Which their faithful servant shares,  
For before he goes to his common bed,  
He's sure with some beans and bran to be fed,

And two or three apples or pears.

He was but poor, a widower, whom I call'd on one day,  
In age p'raps forty-three or four, but sorrow'd turn'd  
him grey,

He kept a shop of earthenware, with grocery and hats,  
But it was but a poor affair, a tale of empty crates ;  
Eight children to be cloth'd and fed made house of wants  
and cares,

But two the youngest, little Fred ; the eldest thirteen  
years ;

He educated them at home, for he'd been well brought up,  
In infancy a silver spoon, in youth a silver cup ;

But time brought poverty to him, and friends all fell away,  
Friends are much cooler in the dim than on the sunny day ;

He had one left, the only one, the only genuine,

But she had gone and left him lone :—the Master call'd  
her home :

He had our pity and our aid, but still the fight was hard,  
And thin and pale and poorly clad the family appear'd ;  
Many, besides myself and Bell, much wish'd to do him  
good,

“It must not be in Hazeldale that children want for food ;”

Talk without practice is of love a hollow mockery,

Suppose we take, for that same love, four of his family,

And bring them up its strength to prove, its power to  
ratify :

“How kind, how very kind,” said he, to me and Allen  
Dell,

“Blest are the hands of charity, blest are the merciful ;

Four out of eight will ease me much, pride's long with  
me been dead,

Now, let me see, who must I touch ? shall it be little  
Fred ?”

He shook his head ; “he was *her* pet ; no, no, it can't be  
Fred,

Her lamb his food will ever get while I've a crust of bread ;

I s'pose that Mary must be one, our Popsy as we say,

But who'd commence our morning hymn if Popsy went  
away ;

It can't be Popsy—wrong or right, that's quite impossible;  
Why, Popsy is a favorite all over Hazeldale :

Stay : I must think, there's our young prince, Willy the  
curly pole,

But he's but four, a twelvemonth hence perhaps would  
be as well ;

And even then I scarcely know if I could part with him,  
For if I did, come weal or woe, I'd want him back again :  
Marg'ret, my little household queen, I cannot part with  
her,

For tho' but thirteen years in June, she's quite the  
manager ;

What shall I do ? True, true, there's John, my quiet  
steady John,

Who tho' but twelve, is quite the man, and takes the  
shutters down,

Besides, he's studying when he can, and nobly he gets on ;  
Our ladybird, our smiling Bess, you say Miss Grove  
would take,

And make of her a governess, I'm puzzled for her sake,  
But she's but eight, I must say nay, at least for a short  
time,

A year or two please let her stay, and then it shall be  
done ;

But there is Bell, my gentle Bell, my lily of the vale,  
Take her from me, my heart would fail, you may as well  
take all ;

There's only Robin Ruddock left ; if I can keep the sev'n,  
Robin will not be turn'd adrift by Him who feeds the  
rav'n ;

I thought He had forsaken me, but you have disprov'd that,

'Tis He that leads you here to-day, and He will guide  
me yet;

Blessings more rich than my poor tear, be on my  
gen'rous friends,

But He will strengthen me to bear; He who the burden  
sends; "

We told the tale, and soon got up two hundred pounds  
and more,

And many friends did turn and stop when gold stood at  
the door;

He's wonderfully prospered, and has a large good shop,  
But Ladybird and John and Fred now only with him stop,  
The others are apprentic'd out, but ev'ry Sunday night  
His tea table is rim'd about by all his darling eight.

Six o'clock on August morn,

Allen Dell and me went forth,

For a walk amongst the corn,

Allen full of bounding mirth;

Ev'ry leaf and ev'ry blade

Hung with pearls of glist'ning dew,

Sober'd us to what's here said,

And the moral which we drew;

Note that single drop of dew

Glist'ning in the harebell's cup,

Come back in an hour or two,

Sun and wind have drank it up:

Transient, sparkling, crystal gem,

Tho' thou livest but an hour,

As a dew-drop; thou hast been

On thy way for millions more,

And hast pass'd thro' countless forms,

That have liv'd their hour or two ;  
Brilliant in the sunny morns,  
Glist'ning, sparkling, p'r'aps as thou ;  
Atoms that now live in thee,  
Are on way for other life,  
To the cloud, the tree, the sea,  
Dimpling smile or tear of grief ;  
Ages inexpressible,  
They have rang'd thro' nature's past,  
'Fore that in the azure bell,  
They concenter'd from the mist ;  
Some of them, maybe, have been  
Part of flow'rs or shrubs or trees,  
Elephant or mastodon,  
Butterflies or busy bees ;  
Liv'd in emperors or kings,  
Or their menials or dogs ;  
Mounted, p'raps, with eagle's wings,—  
Form'd a part of newts or frogs :  
Note the hand, the lip, the eye,  
Of the maiden bright as morn,  
Moving 'mongst the galaxy  
That our hearths and homes adorn ;  
Still that lip, that eye, that hand,  
May have been part of a crow,  
Or the shells upon the strand,  
Or the snow on mountain's brow :  
Atoms circling move thro' thee,  
King and beggar all alike,  
All one gen'ral law obey,  
Nature forms no china cup ;

The material's the same,  
Paint or gild it as thou may'st;  
Paint and gildings but a name,  
Trappings of a dream at best:  
Death's in life and life's in death,  
Life is ever moving on,  
And behind, with robbers' stealth,  
Comes inevitable doom:  
Spirit only is the real,  
Changeless, deathless, ever on,  
Ever speeding to the goal  
Which is never, never won,  
'Til the bounding, soaring soul,  
Freed at last from earth and time,  
Sees the op'ning beautiful—  
Consorts with the seraphim;  
Earth to earth and dust to dust,  
Earth and dust will have their own,  
Heed thou well that time and lust  
Do not drag and chain thee down,  
Nor that thou the heir of life,  
And of joys no tongue can tell,  
Give thy birthright to a thief,  
And for bubbles sell thy soul.  
That rival of the bagpipes drone still lingers 'mongst  
our dames,  
The old familiar spinning wheel, croning of ancient times,  
When royal ladies sang and spun beside the circling wheel,  
But now, alack, alack, alack!! it's factory and mill:  
I like to hear its old hum-drum as I pass by her door,  
And often go within to look upon her fleecy store,

And not a little proud of it is Mistress Janet Lane,  
The only spinner that we've left of days of auld lang syne,  
Whose only trouble seems to be, her daughters will not  
spin,

Altho' she 'gan to bend the twigs when they were very  
green ;

But Janet junior, and Kate, grew up to be self-will'd,  
'Til jeer'd by their companion doves, they openly rebell'd,  
Voted the wheel an endless bore when they came home  
from school ;

Come home to spin, indeed!! not they!! oh, its quite  
laughable ;

"Croquet or bagatelle I think would be the best for us,  
Two spinning Jennies, me and Kate ; its quite ridiculous:"

"I told you how t'would be, my love," was Mr. Lane's  
remark,

And so a little breeze arose—"I'm always in the dark:"

"My own true love:—you before all, for worse or for  
the better,

Listen a moment first to Kate, who's playing *stabet mater*,  
Piano and the spinning wheel are not in partnership,  
Tho' one gives honey to the ear, the other to the lip ;"

And more he said of time and change, that time was  
change's brother,

But that the more we lik'd the one, the less we lov'd  
the other :

But all for nought, for Mrs. Lane would have that she  
was right,

And so the subject then was dropp'd, to let it rest for light ;  
Half laughing, half in serious mood, they told the whole  
to me,

So 't was agreed that Isabel should ask the girls to tea,  
And love and duty teach to them in shape of homily;  
Very genteel are both of them, as ladies often say,  
Well bred, well taught in ev'rything but mystery of  
spinning,

A mystery without an end, almost without beginning:  
Well then, suppose us in our bow'r, with Kate and  
Janet Lane,

While we laid down the law to them in love and duty's  
name;

But 'twould not do; with merry laugh they overthrew  
us both,

And I at last began to think that I was but a Goth,  
In undertaking such a task, as to reverse to-day,  
And turn it, with a *presto hi!* into times yesterday;  
Not only overthrown were we, but join'd the conquerors,  
Who with our help soon overthrew the wheel's coadjutors;  
And now the tanner's daughters fair, croquet and  
bagatelle,

Music and song with household thrift, mix up together  
well,

For apt are they all things to learn to make good English  
wives,

Except to spin, which Mrs. Lane thinks crown of useful  
lives.

Tow'rd the north of our valley, at foot of Trewinden,

And near the east bank of our beautiful mere,

In midst of a park quite encircled with linden,

And sprinkled with thickets for pheasants and deer,

Lies Lancaster Hall, eccentric but handsome,

A relic of age that has long pass'd away,



But looking as pleasant and cheery and winsome,  
As if time with it was beginning his day ;  
With deep mullion'd windows and old fashion'd gables,  
And noble magnolia its front cov'ring o'er,  
And huge rhododendrons which quite hide the stables,  
And fuschias as those by Killarney's fair shore :  
Here lives in retirement, in peace and enjoyment,  
A soldier whom war had long known as its own,  
A soldier whose hand never fail'd in employment,  
When India's dark hosts clouded o'er England's sun ;  
An ensign at first, he got rapid advancement,  
A captain—a colonel before twenty-nine,  
He soon became gen'ral thro' valour and judgement,—  
They much help the soldier in whom they combine :  
A young and a beautiful Travancore begum,  
At last laid the conqueror low at her feet,  
But he conquer'd again, and the conquering Indian  
Gave heart, hand and wealth, for their fellows to meet ;  
Rich in love, and in gold, and in arms, the war over,  
The General long'd to see England again,  
But 'twas love before all that transformed the rover,  
And call'd into action the slumbering tone ;  
When he struck on its strings with his magical finger,  
The thousand string'd harp which he loves so to play ;  
And the more he plays on it the more does he linger—  
'Tis said, while he's playing, time never turns grey ;  
And a true loving woman is his black-ey'd houri,  
The oak and the ivy are him and his wife,  
She is dark, it is true—but so is the peri—  
His life is her love, and her love is his life :  
They had one darling girl who had died in her childhood,

The begum would then sit and weep by the hour;  
For her op'ning blossom, her dear little Gertrude,  
Who pass'd from her arms to the dark evermore;  
But light came at last thro' the clouds as a glimmer,  
From that hand which fashions the means to the end,  
In the thousand times thousand repeated old manner,  
We see it; we feel it;—we don't understand:  
We look to the hills and the heights for the stable,  
To wealth and to pow'r we look for a friend,  
But he comes as the low and still voice in the Bible,  
A flow'r in the forest, a pearl on the sand:  
Its often been said that romantic in fiction  
Is nought to romance which occurs in real life,  
There's many a history in its large collection,  
Would dim the red stories—would distance the myth:  
Three years had gone by;—on an ev'ning in summer,  
The gen'ral was out on the hill for a ride,  
When he saw 'mongst the heather, by twilight's faint  
glimmer,  
A child who appear'd to have laid down and died;  
Shock'd and startled, he quickly dismounted; and kneeling  
Beside what he thought was but death and its clay,  
He found that altho' it seem'd fastly on stealing,  
The blackness of darkness had scarce conquer'd day:  
A riv'let ran by from the kind hand of nature,  
From which he took water and moisten'd the lip  
Of the poor little desolate, perishing creature,  
Whom death seem'd to hold in his icicled grip:  
A pair of large eyes which were mournful and fading,  
Just open'd, then clos'd, and then came a deep sigh;  
Life was there—it was not;—now coming—now leaving,

As if it would go and as if it would stay :  
A little brown thing, and in truth a mere gipsy,  
Lay there 'mongst the heather in dirt and in rags,  
Who seem'd but another edition of Topsy,  
A mere waif of life, and cast up from its dregs :  
But what car'd our generous Indian soldier,  
'Twas life he would save, and he thought not of skin,  
So in his doff'd coat he as carefully wrap'd her,  
As if she a lady—a princess had been ;  
The heat brought the life back, tho' but as a shadow,  
But still 'twas a token of what was to come ;  
Now fast down the hill, thro' the wood and the meadow,  
He dash'd thro' the park to his Lancaster home :  
A horse, John, a horse, and go quick for the doctor,  
And tell him be sure not a moment delay ;  
And soon came the doctor, and also the rector,  
Who seeing the servant in haste riding by,  
Said surely the gen'ral is ill or the princess,  
Go saddle Dictator as quick as you can,  
But when he saw nought but the poor little helpless,  
"What folly," he mutter'd—"how stupid I am :"  
Still the rector was not as the priest or the Levite,  
He never met suff'ring and turn'd on one side,  
But always as far as he could would relieve it,  
For mercy, fair mercy, was ever his bride ;  
So pity return'd to its home in his bosom,  
And gave him that joy which the merciful feel,  
When he saw that the poor little withering blossom,  
Tho' tearful and frighten'd, had pass'd the ordeal ;  
The flame that was nearly extinguish'd rekindled,  
And lit up the foundling's brown cheek and dark eye,

And cleaned and clad in fresh garments, and fondled,  
The child of the wilderness looked as a ray,  
That had come from the land of the still mourning Indian,  
The land where the sunbeam and day have their home,  
To warm up her heart and to bring back her lost one,  
The blossom which death had shook down for the tomb;  
Time past on his way, and the gipsy adopted,  
Was brought to the font and was named Wildflow'r,  
And they made a love robe, and around her they wrap'd it,  
As if their lost Gertrude was brought back in her;  
Of the past, Wildflow'r had but a dim recollection,  
A thought as a night-mare would pass o'er her mind,  
An image of darkness in mirror's reflection,  
But went as it came, as a sound on the wind:  
The princess was dark, but her faith had been darker—  
Of caste of the Brahmins, she'd worship'd with them,  
And in the wild Ganges and broad Barampootor,  
She'd thrown her rich of'rings with many a gem;  
But she left all her idols to worship the gen'ral,  
The sun of her love put them all in the shade,  
And she thrèw them away on the day of her bridal,  
And clung to the one which her deep heart had made;  
But both had been worshipping idols their life-time,  
And both were as children who had all to learn,  
But simple in faith as young children are often,  
They earnestly sought for the light of the morn;  
That light which is clearer and brighter than sunshine,  
And which those who seek for ne'er find a mere dream,  
The light of the sun of the infinite fountain,  
The fountain of truth and of purity's stream,  
And many a time have I seen the dark princess

Teach Wildflow'r her evening pray'r and her hymn,  
In her rich gentle tones and her Indian Engless—  
'Twas as a sweet vision, an exquisite dream;  
While Wildflow'r would open each dark fringed lustre,  
And gaze on her teacher as love on his bride,  
Her heav'n was on earth when the princess caress'd her,  
They were to each other as moonbeam to tide:  
'Twas strange that the high-caste and beautiful Indian  
So dearly should love what was mere waif and stray,  
But love is as essence, and child of the sunbeam,  
The rich and the poor are alike to its ray;  
Perhaps 'twas the similar dark eye and color,  
Perhaps 'twas the place in her heart that was lone,  
Which was fill'd by the bud which had just known its  
mother,  
And as an illusion—had come, and was gone:  
She's dark, it is true, but there's something about her  
Like Rembrandt would often throw over his kings,  
The roses of spring with the richness of summer,  
The tint of the autumn on summer's bright wings:  
Twelve years have elaps'd, and a beautiful girl  
Is of Lancaster Hall the rose and the pearl,  
A sunbeam amongst the flow'rs;  
She's a peri, a grace and an aphrodite,  
And a peeress of beauty by natural right,  
And as Hesperus amongst stars;  
*An imperium in imperio,*  
Tho' soft and bright as the queen of the bow,  
Is our waif of yestere'en;  
Of commanding figure and flashing eye,  
And skin of deepest Italian dye,

She'd do for an Eastern queen :  
A strange admixture of hauteur and will,  
The kindness and love of the merciful,  
And artless and winning ways,  
Tho' she knows how to take and keep her own part,  
Her hand is open and free as her heart,  
A casket :—no locks or keys :  
And as to our princess of India,  
Wildflow'r gave her back her regalia,  
Her life is bound up in her ;  
She is scarcely ever out of her sight,  
And dear unto her as the sun and light ;  
She's her bright and morning star ;  
And I've often seen her give her a kiss,  
And her darling jewel would fondly bless,  
In her fervid eastern style ;  
And call her by many endearing names  
We know nothing of in these northern climes,  
They have no root in our soil :  
Accomplish'd and clever as maiden can be,  
With a voice as sweet as the minstrelsy  
Of the grove in sunny May,  
She sings to her harp ; and over the strings  
Her fingers wander as if they'd had wings  
From region of phantasy :  
She is singing a chanson or English song,  
Or Italian aria all the day long,  
Or playing on instrument ;  
She's quite a compound of music and day,  
A smile on her cheek is always at play,  
And her lip does ever haunt :

The princess has taught her her native tongue,  
And she speaks it as well as if she'd come

From the land of temple and ghaut :  
For she'll talk to her quite as fluently  
As if she'd been born an Hindostanee,  
And from India lately brought :

I've heard her oft times of an evening,  
A song with the begum and gen'ral sing,  
Of such wond'rous melody,  
That tho' there was not a word which I knew,  
I could sit till night into morning grew,

Nor bid time hasten away ;  
'Twas a simple tune in a minor hey,  
But full of that wonderful harmony  
Which floats on Æolian lyre ;  
A note—a swell—and a dying away,  
Then a burst which filled the air with joy,

And then but an echo was there :  
And I've seen her oft in a sunny hour,  
As an incarnation of lotus flow'r,  
Sat down beside of the lake,  
And the gen'ral and ranee hov'ring round,  
Then the air would be fill'd with musical sound,

'Twas the song of Adalbate :  
She loves the sunshine, the birds and the flow'rs,  
And will sit in the rose and jasmine bow'rs,

And joy if the birds come round ;  
Her eyes will sparkle if they with one meet,  
Which will pick up a crumb that's near her feet,

That she's thrown upon the ground :  
And the fawns will follow and lick her hand,

And her jetty pony will by her stand,  
And put his head on her arm,  
And she's taught him a mazy fanciful dance,  
And the little fellow will caper and prance,  
As if he had swallow'd barm ;  
And at her command he will feign to be dead,  
And stretching his legs on the daisied bed,  
Will lay as still as a log ;  
She'll sit on his shoulder and carol and sing,  
But what matters that to the elfin king,  
For he's a fairy incog :  
As quiet's a mouse ? yea, as still as a stone,  
'Til she speaks one word, and then dancing again,  
He'll be at his fantasy,  
Except when she bids him galop and jump,  
And then with a run he leaps over a stump,  
Or the trunk of a fallen tree,  
And comes back with a neigh like a trumpet tone  
As if he prodigious merit had shewn,  
To claim his usual reward ;  
Of a rusk, or a biscuit, or bit of cake,  
Which he from her hand will come up and take,  
Or kneel, if so be the word :  
Another slave servant and faithful friend,  
Who is ever watching her eye and hand,  
From dog's aristocracy ;  
A stalwart mastiff, her vigilant guard,  
In her walks and rides ; he's a sheathed sword  
That would from its scabbard fly,  
If a hand is laid on his mistress dear ;  
Tho' quiet and gentle, he'd soon bring fear—



Almost at an angry eye :  
Oft at six o'clock on the morning's wing,  
Will Wildflower and him and the elfin king,  
O'er the hills and heather scour ;  
And I've seen the trio repeatedly,  
On the mountain top 'gainst the clear blue sky,  
At even earlier hour :  
On a night as dark as December's could be,  
When the wind blew a blast thro' the forest tree,  
As a mighty trumpet's clang ;  
And the sweeping rain and the batt'ring hail,  
Beat 'gainst the portals of Lancaster Hall,  
And heav'ns artillery rang ;  
'Twas during a lull Wildflow'r was woke up  
From out of her slumbering dreamy nap,  
By a footstep on the stair ;  
Half asleep, half awake ; it seem'd as nought,  
A dream—a servant—perhaps a mere thought ;  
But a sound again came near ;  
Then passed away :—'tis voice of a man ;  
She listens intently ;—hears it again ;  
She goes to the general's room :  
And there was a robber, pistol in hand,  
The voice she heard was the robber's demand,  
And his threat of fearful doom :  
From the semi-death of a dreamless sleep,  
He was not awoke by the stealthy creep,  
'Til the voice rang on his ear ;  
Unarm'd and defenceless, what could he do ?  
Caught in a net he could not break through,  
Tho' his thoughts had nought of fear :

For the gen'ral was brave as man could be,  
And in all his battles his bravery  
Had never been known to halt ;  
But to save a bad matter from getting worse,  
He quietly gave him his watch and his purse,  
But look :—the fellow's at fault ;  
For Wildflow'r had now come suddenly in,  
And silent and fearless went up to him,  
With unquailing dauntless eye :  
The robber was startled, and turning round,  
The gen'ral was on him with tiger's bound ;  
—— But Wildflow'r fainted away :  
The servants now call'd by the peal of the bell,  
Which the princess was pulling full strong and  
well,  
Came hastily thronging in,  
And the robber, who neither struggled or spoke,  
Was fasten'd securely 'til morning broke,  
And then to the jail by train :  
He was tried at our next, our spring assize,  
And Wildflow'r, the cynosure of all eyes,  
Is now in the witness box ;  
All that were there seem'd to hold back their  
breath,  
Not a sound is heard :—it's as still as death,  
You'd have heard the foot of a fox ;  
But when she had finish'd her evidence ;  
Keep silence in court there :—silence, silence  
They'd as well have call'd to the wind ;  
A cheer—a shout—again and again,  
The very barristers could not refrain,

And the judge was not far behind :  
Perhaps her exquisite beauty conduc'd  
To the strange effect that was then produc'd  
By a few soft spoken words ;  
And her silv'ry voice may have aided it ,  
But the scene in court I shall never forget ,  
Nor its fellow afterwards ;  
When with four-in-hand the gen'ral drove down  
Thro' the thronged street of our county town ,  
Quite an ovation was there ;  
Such resounding cheers and such ringing shouts ,  
Such waving of handkerchiefs and of hats ,  
'Twas thoroughly Devonshire ;  
For hers was the love which casteth out fear ,  
She confronted death when he shook his spear ,  
With a stronger pow'r than his ;  
She threw her gage in the face of the foe ,  
She thrust fear aside and dared the blow ,  
With faith and love her allies :  
There's many an eye now seeks her to meet ,  
And many a heart is cast at her feet ,  
But all is labour in vain ;  
Her rides o'er the heather on morning's wing ,  
Are still with old Li and the elfin king ,  
And springtide of sweet sev'nteen :  
But at last they came, the hour and the man ,  
The general's nephew from Hindostan ,  
A captain of cavalry :  
Over to England by special desire ,  
Kept secret from her ; but to see Wildflow'r ,  
Was the handsome Robert Gray :

It was *veni, vidi, vici*, with him,  
With her it was *vidi, vici* the same,  
They both bent to love and fate;  
In truth, he was just her own counterpart,  
The same flashing eye: the same noble heart:  
The golden eagle and mate:  
Two figures are now on the mountain top,  
'Bout the time when Hazeldale's getting up,  
Against relief of the sky:  
They seem to be almost inseparable,  
And are riding or walking thro' Hazeldale  
Some five or six times a day:  
He's a fine, tall man; not specially meek;  
With a healthy, embrowned, ruddy cheek,  
And an ever ready laugh,  
Of that catching sort you cannot but join,  
As full of hilarity as champagne,  
To those who the bumper quaff;  
And a thorough genuine gentleman,  
A benevolent good Samaritan;  
And I've seen him many times,  
Stop and talk to poor old woman and men,  
And he'd always finish with half-a-crown,  
Sometimes a dozen small coins;  
He's quite a treas'ry of threepenny bits,  
For special disbursements amongst our tom-tits,  
Or gives them a scramble for;  
Such bows and curtseyings when he goes by;  
For he's almost worship'd 'mongst the small fry;  
He's their one partic'lar star:  
Dashaway riders, are him and Wildflow'r;

“Did ee ivver zee zuch a rattling pare?”

Said Thomas to Henry Brown,

“I be nation fear’d that they’l break their necks;

And they too zo good to Hazeldale vokes;

But marriage’l cool em down;”

But its not the bold who meet with mishaps,

Boldness may venture with safety on leaps

That kill the timid half way:

Boldness in love and for motto I dare,

Boldness in politics, boldness in war,

Boldness can make its own day:

On a summer’s eve tow’rds the end of June,

I’d walk’d with Isabel over the down,

And had on the lake a sail,

And back thro’ the wood and the fairy dell,

When passing a cottage down by the mill,

On the way to Hazeldale;

We heard a familiar voice within,

And lifting the latch saw our Geraldine,

And Wildflow’r and Captain Gray:

Wildflow’r was reading the bible aloud,

To poor old bedridden Margaret Wood,

In her rich soprano key;

And there was Hepzibah, Margaret’s niece,

With her laughing eye and her rosy face;

And her head a mass of curls,

Drop’d her old fashion’d curt’sey when we went in,

To the ground for a second, and up again;

The custom amongst our girls:

I remember it well, ’twas of the men

On whom the tow’r of Siloam fell down

She stop'd when she saw us come ;  
But at our request, read the chapter thro',  
And then bidding Marg'ret a kind adieu,  
They went with us to our home :  
Hepzibah Gibbings is twelve years of age,  
And war to the knife seems ever to wage  
With ev'ry untidiness ;  
Sweeping and mopping within and without,  
And spiders and cockroaches routing out,  
Not a fly must there transgress :  
Hepzibah reads to her aunt ev'ry day,  
But head over heels she galops away,  
As if it was work for nought,  
She would skip the hard words if left alone,  
No wonder that Marg'ret counts it a boon  
To list to Wildflow'r's sweet note ;  
Still is Hepzibah quite a notable,  
And keeps her aunt quite as comfortable  
As poverty possibly can,  
Altho' they are rich comparatively,  
In having enough in their humble way,  
To keep fear of want to the ban :  
For Wildflow'r and Mary and Genevieve,  
Take special care ev'ry want to relieve,  
By full provision for all ;  
"They be hangels, they be," says poor Margaret,  
"I liketh to hear the dear zound of their veet,  
As I list'neth vor their call ;"  
Marg'ret's a widow and had one son,  
But he was a wild and a reckless one,  
And went away at nineteen ;

And not a word since has she heard of Tom,  
But often she says, "he be zure to com whome,  
I veel'th I shall zee en agane;"  
He's been away upwards of thirty years,  
But a mother's love puts a veto on fears,  
It hopes and endures to amen :  
"Tom wur a rollicking zorte of a buoy,  
And vond of sport or a vrolic maybe,  
But tailders beant like other men,  
'Xcept a 'tickler one now and then,  
Who car'th vor hes needle more than hes glass,  
And ba'ant a staring to every lass,  
Lyke cat to canary burd :  
Vor 'tes a good trade and constant employ,  
If they baant allers atter holiday,  
They be zure to win the curd :  
But as I lithe here I kaleth'n whome,  
Weth hes coaxing ways and hes vace vull a vun,  
Vor niver wur zuch a buoy ;  
He wor op to ale zorts ov vunny trecks,  
'Twer as nateral to he as to neddy be kecks,  
He reg'ler boil'd op we joy :  
'Twas thic Anner Voss that drov'd 'n away,  
He loved thic maide as tha vlowers do May,  
And hur purtend to love he ;  
But 'twere ale hur valseness to tole en on,  
Tel hur made quite zure ov carretty Boon ;  
There—there—et be ale goed by ;  
Hur ded very well, I be bound to zay,  
Tho perhaps her woud ef her'd had my buoy,  
I knowth he've a turn'd out well ;

‘But mawther,’ said he, ‘my art be a broke,  
I shall go pon tha tramp and sarche vor work,  
I mun leyve old Hazeldale ;’  
Et be therty yers last vourteenth a June,  
That a went away, but vore a wur gone,  
I kissed and blessed’n ;  
And et giveth me comfort that I ded zo,  
Vor a mawther’s blessing ba’ant vrost or znow,  
That melteth away agane :  
The Lord bless and keep’n wherever he be,  
And breng’n zafe to hes mawther zom day,  
I hoften think he’s a com,  
When I yerth a vootstep like his’n go by,  
But bless’n my ’mimbrance be that ov a buoy,  
And now he be oldish man :  
I’ve got ale in life that I wisheth vor,  
God bless they dear ladies: but one theng more  
I longt’h for before I die :  
Tes ta zee and ta bless my own dear Tom,  
To zee hes dear vase avore I goeth whome ;  
I zem twoud cheer like the way :”  
A few days after I called again,  
And talking with Marg’ret could not refrain,  
From making remark or two ;  
“ Bless that dear young lady, Margaret said,  
Hur be gude to me as my daily bread,  
An zo be tha Captin tew ;  
They com’t’h and they red’t’h zev’ral times a weck ;  
Et pleyzur’t’h me much, hur voice be zo zweet,  
And her reyd’t’h zo cleyre and plain ;  
The Lord love and bless’m and gieve et em back,



Over and over agane ;”  
Still of life and gaiety there’s no stint,  
Parties and balls and the race course and hunt ;—  
Should their cheeks be ting’d with shame,  
When reading a bible beside a sick bed ?  
Forget the evil ; acknowledge the good ;—  
*He knoweth our feeble frame ;*  
A rumour’s about throughout Hazeldale,  
So strange is it that it must be mere tale ;  
Conception of heated brain ;  
That a gipsy had been to Lancaster Hall,  
And told to its inmates a rigmarole,  
Less like unto truth than dream ;  
That Wildflow’r, altho’ a waif and a stray,  
A pearl cast up by a turbulent sea,  
Is no child of gipsy race,  
But their own and supposed buried one ;  
It cannot be, for is not her tomb  
In the Ryder’s burial-place ?  
It’s true in the main ; I’ve been to enquire ;  
But what a state of excitement is there ;  
All look’d as if boiling o’er :  
Servants as well—e’en the small stable-lad,  
Who took my horse, star’d about as half mad,  
And seemed inclin’d to roar :  
Thus the general’s tale :—“ a man last night  
Came to the hall in a very great fright,  
With a story strange as wild,  
That a gipsy woman was taken ill  
At the ‘ Courtenay Arms ’ at Hazeldale,  
And that she’d murder’d a child ;

And we must go down immediately,  
For the doctor said she would surely die,  
And she'd sent a token by him,  
Which we both immediately recognised,  
And to say the least, were intensely surprised,  
It seemed to us as a dream :  
'Twas a string of beads made of betel nut,  
Which my lady from Hindostan had brought,  
That a fakir had given her ;  
Which she prized much, as one of those links  
In chain of the past and present events,  
A chain to all of us dear :  
But which she had lost unaccountably,  
When the ayah who liv'd with us went away  
At the death of our darling girl ;  
It struck us directly from whom the beads came,  
And the past as a flash came to us again,  
My brains seem'd quite in a whirl :  
We went down directly, and there, without doubt  
Was the ayah with image of Juggernaut,  
And Bramah and Siva, in bed :  
Ghastly and death-struck she could not say much,  
And the little she did was in broken speech,  
And as a voice from the dead ;  
'I ask not for pardon,' Serrayader said,  
I stole your child when you thought she was dead,  
For you'd forsaken our gods ;  
And I took her away to carry her home  
To the land where they can be seen and known,  
And are not mere feelings and moods :  
Gertrude, whoso coffin was laid in the grave,

Was taken by me ; I was not afraid,  
I did it all for the truth ;  
I took her away to carry her home,  
To the land of the palace and temple dome,  
And beautiful peepul wreath ;  
Ill and thought dying, you said unto me,  
' I'm going fast on to eternity,  
Gertrude I leave to your care,  
'Til the gen'ral arrives, which will be soon,  
He will sorrow much when he knows I'm gone,  
Ah me ! I wish he was here :'  
I remember your words—they griev'd me sore,  
But my heart was steeled against their pow'r,  
By thoughts of India and home ;  
And when the fever got up to your brain,  
And you rav'd as if the gen'ral was come,  
I was as if made of stone ;  
And you quite mad, and your Gertrude with me,  
I gave her some bang and black briony,  
Which make appearance of death :  
And they laid her out all dressed in white,  
With flow'rs at her head and flow'rs at her feet ;  
Oh, what I bore for the truth :  
I watch'd beside her all day and night long,  
And when she awoke I gave her more bang,  
Till the funeral day was come ;  
Then put in her coffin and left with me,  
I took her out of it quietly,  
And bore her to my own room ;  
And plac'd in her stead an image I had,  
And cover'd it over with flow'rs, and staid

Till the coffin was fasten'd down ;  
And the mock'ry over, and you still mad,  
I kept her there, in my room and bed,  
And gave her bang, more and more ;  
And in the ev'ning I took her away,  
An hour or so after the close of day,  
And walk'd up to Exeter ;  
And went thence to London outside the coach,  
It was cold and wet, and I suffer'd much ;—  
I thought that Gertrude would die :  
We got there at last, tho' but just alive,  
But she moan'd and cried and she did so grieve,  
I vex'd I brought her away ;  
But I thought of home 'neath the banian tree,  
And the moonlight dance and the holiday,  
The cymbals, tom-toms and drum ;—  
My spirit came back and my heart got strong,  
T'establish the right in place of the wrong,  
The work I was come upon ;  
And I thought of the praise and the golden coin  
I should get of the rajah of Astraboin,  
And the honor I should have,  
For bringing his grand-daughter back to him,  
To make his face shine—his age ever green,  
And the palm-tree o'er him wave ;  
We went in and staid where the coach did stop,  
And in the morning I went to the dock  
Where the India vessels lay ;  
I had some mohurs and sicca rupees,  
I offer'd them all for our passages,  
But they turn'd in scorn away ;

And as I left to go back to the inn,  
I met on the way with a countryman,  
    Who took some lodgings for us ;  
We all stay'd there till my money was gone,  
Then we beg'd our way from town unto town,  
    Both wearing an Indian dress ;  
And we journey'd on, the poor of the poor,  
From morning to night, and door unto door,  
    For two dreadful years and more ;  
Then he ran away and left us alone,  
And we nearly starv'd till three months were gone  
    Trav'ling towards Devonshire ;  
I'd made up my mind to go back again,  
So on we went 'til we came to the down  
    That lies 'bove Lancaster Hall,  
And I left her there while I went below ;  
What to do, I knew not, nor where to go,  
    But I went tow'rds Hazeldale ;  
I fainted and lay on the side of the road  
All night : oh, I wish—I wish I had died,  
    But I crawled to a field ;  
I staid there all day, but when night did come,  
I'd strength to go up, but Gertrude was gone—  
    Was kill'd—I know she was kill'd ;  
I soon got away, tho' I scarcely know how,  
And went to a barn that I saw down below,  
    But I had no sleep all night ;  
And I beg'd my way to London again,  
And went to the dock and saw the same man,  
    Who tried to go from my sight ;  
I follow'd him close to where he was cook,

In the Queen of the sea, which lay in the dock,  
—— I made him own me—his wife;  
And went with him to Calcutta and home,  
Where for fourteen years but a lengthen'd groan  
Was my miserable life;  
For that dreadful voice, both by night and day,  
Which gave me a look, old, wither'd and grey,  
And bent me double with grief:  
I got no rest, I could scarce ever sleep,  
And all night long I did nothing but weep  
At the never-ceasing cry,  
Of a thought for ever saying to me,  
Go back to England, go over the sea,  
Till it drove me quite away;  
I was as a ghost, o'ershadow'd with gloom,  
No cymbal or dance, no tom-tom or drum,  
And so an ayah again,  
I came to England with Mrs. Robelle,  
And I longed much to see the old Hall,  
And she gave me leave to come,  
But taken suddenly ill by the way;  
It's come again :—I shall die :—I shall die :  
The same voice says so to me;  
Oh, Bramah ! oh, Siva ! do not me fail;  
It's getting dark '—then she gave a low wail,  
And so she passed away :  
We had the grave open'd, and just as she said,  
The image was there in the coffin instead  
Of our own dear heart, Wildflow'r ;  
Our gratitude cannot be known in full,  
Except unto Him whose mysterious will

Is wonderful as his pow'r ;  
I little thought I had sav'd my own child,  
When I rode with her from the mountain wild ;  
It's a marv'lous life, is ours :  
It seems strange to us that we knew her not,  
But we had not a germ of shadow of thought,  
That life and not death was hers :  
She was eighteen months old when stol'n away,  
So was just four years on that very day,  
To us beyond all days dear :  
It seems like romance ; the romance of a dream,  
Or developement of organis'd scheme,  
That I discover'd her there ;  
And that we adopted and loved her,  
'Twas nature's instinct : a true monitor,  
Whose promptings we doubtless had,  
When we gave her her own dear place in our heart,  
I can't comprehend it, but know that it's part  
Of the mighty pow'r of God :  
My nephew's as mad as any of us,  
Sober thought seems gone from all in the house,  
It seems like enchanted ground :  
We scarcely have slept, all's tears, laugh and talk,  
We're thinking of taking a mountain walk  
To the place where she was found : "  
I walk'd with them through the park, up the  
hill,  
Thro' the fern and gorse, by the mountain rill,  
And came to the well-known spot ;  
And by the stream that was singing away,  
To the purple heather its lullaby,

Near the old beacon we stopp'd ;  
We were there on the mountain top alone,  
Underneath the peerless unpillar'd dome,  
Of the everlasting sky ;  
The valley below in its beauty lay,  
And beyond the waves of the boundless sea ;  
And almost instinctively,  
We knelt while the general offer'd up  
Those heavenward thoughts, which the mountain  
top  
Produces spontaneously,  
In all where beauty and nature have place ;  
The deep irrepressible sacrifice,  
Of the heart's rich melody :  
Six joyous months past, and Lancaster Hall  
Hears the welcome sound of the marriage bell,  
For Wildflow'r and Captain Gray ;  
On a sunny morn in beautiful May ;  
The wedding was quiet, with no display,  
But all went right merrily :  
The usual flow'rs in the path of the bride,  
The six pretty bridesmaids, the gen'ral's pride,  
The princess all tears and smiles ;  
The servants and horses with white rosettes,  
The usual Hazeldale cheers and shouts,  
The usual white lace veils ;  
And away they drove from the postern gate,  
'Midst waving of handkerchiefs down the street,  
And many a laurel crown ;  
For the usual continental trip,  
The usual quantum of honey to sip,



For the usual honeymoon :  
They return'd on the eve of our harvest home,  
And welcome back—"they come, they come,"  
Were the words throughout Hazeldale :  
And again came the rides much sober'd down,  
Kind words to the poor and the usual half-crown,  
And "come up to Lancaster Hall ;"  
And the scramble again amongst the tom-tits,  
For the usual show'rs of threepenny bits,  
And the reading to Marg'ret Wood,  
Of the words of the holy and priceless Book,  
But the Captain is still all laughter and joke,  
He's seldom in serious mood :  
However the thanks of the sick and the poor,  
(Which are all laid up in the far evermore,)  
Do on him in benisons fall :  
There is scarcely a cottage in Hazeldale,  
But where old and young can tell gratitude's tale,  
'Bout mercy from Lancaster Hall :  
It is well to look on the bright side of things,  
The dark one may come on the hurricane's wings,  
The leaf may be soon turned o'er ;  
Gratitude's thanks are much better than groans,  
For he clings to sin who it ever bemoans ;  
True faith casts away its desire.  
" 'Twill all be cleared up, my friend, 'twill all be cleared up,  
My path has been a rugged one, I'm near the mountain  
top ;"  
Then with a sudden flush of joy upon his pallid face ;  
" I soon shall see them all again, by His most glorious  
grace ;

Arthur and Isabel and John, and my own Caroline;  
'Twill pay for all the past, my friend, the joy will then  
be mine :

Am I not blest that I should die, and not the least afraid?"  
His mind then wander'd for a time, and with a smile,  
he said,

"There, that's my darling Caroline, come down to sing  
to me ;

She always comes about this time in the old cypress tree:"  
It was a robin that he heard, warbling its ev'ning hymn ;  
Mind came again ; " did I doze off, I s'pose it was a dream ;  
The sun is setting o'er the hills, he'll ne'er rise more o'er  
me,

My sun before to-morrow's dawn will be eternity ;  
What glory and magnificence of majesty and pow'r,  
But nought to my to-morrow's sun, when time with me's  
no more :

Can you put me near the window, to look out on the  
flow'rs ?

Edith, my sister and my friend, just take my hand in  
yours :

Oh nature, how I've loved thee, how beautiful thou art,  
But to my morrow's beautiful, thou art but dim and dark :  
There, leave me for five minutes, while I think a bit and  
pray,"

We came five minutes after, but the soul had pass'd away :  
So died William Combermere while yet his leaf was green,  
Death will not merely gather in the sere and yellow one ;  
Six years ago whose eye as bright as Caroline Adair's,  
Whose cheek so ruddy, step as light, as William Com-  
bermere's ;

I saw them on their marriage day, and heard the wedding  
bells,

To-morrow and to-morrow came :—I heard the passing  
tolls :

Oh happy, happy, happy home, there seem'd nought evil  
there,

No sorrow and no suffering, no carking care or fear ;  
But the destroyer passed through and dash'd it all away :—  
His children and his Caroline :—he scarce had time to pray  
From the first flash till the bolt fell, and utterly destroy'd,  
And struck his staff from out his hand, his treasures from  
his side :

Oh tell me, tell me, my dear friend, that its a horrid dream ;  
And then the tears of agony, would rush a bitter stream,  
Over his thin and hollow cheeks, and he would sit and  
moan,

And often to himself he'd say—"alone, alone, alone !!"  
'Til conquer'd nature sank and fell, a broken heart was  
his ;

Then came the end, but as it came with it came light  
and peace,

And hope and faith again return'd, love he had never lost ;  
The reflect of his morrow's dawn glimmer'd upon the  
past ;

All will be cleared up, my friend, all will be cleared up,  
And so he died with heav'n in view upon the mountain-  
top.

A walk in the pride of a bright summer morn,  
While the dew is still on the flow'rs,  
And hung on the grass and the blossoming corn,  
Is a gleam in this life of ours :

To list to the music from out the dense copse,  
From the hedge-row tree and the grove,  
And to watch the play of the golden drops,  
As the leaves in the woodlands move,  
Is a fount of nectar no draughts can make less,  
Is an inexhaustible mine,  
Is nature the bright in her holiday dress,  
And is love in his sweetest vein.  
Dost thou wish for beauty ? 'tis here in the fields ;  
For music ? it plays on the breeze ;  
For the o'erflowing love which kind nature yields ?  
It is here 'mongst the forest trees.  
If thou would'st possess it, thou need'st not go far  
For to find it, if in thy mind,  
But beauty to thee will at no time be dear,  
Without that thou there can'st it find.  
The sun had just past o'er the brow of the hill,  
When I stood by the castle moat,  
The blackcap, and blackbird, and thrush seem'd to fill  
The woodlands with melody's note :  
How soft and how green is the carpet of grass,  
With its flow'rs so gentle and sweet,  
Daisies, and kingcups, and orchids, and moss,  
Full of tiny blossoms and fruit :  
But now thro' a field of hemp in long ranks,  
Which the breeze is blowing about,  
And down by the stream with the tangled banks,  
And a throw or two for some trout.  
I love the cool shade of an English lane,  
Winding, and narrow, and long,  
Arched and mossy, flow'ring and green,

And rife with beauty and song ;  
So quiet and sweet, on a calm summer's eve,  
When the light, soft and golden falls,  
Thro' the quiv'ring leaves of the branches above,  
To list to the pheasant calls ;  
And linger and linger until the last note  
Of the birds has died away,  
And the flowers and insects have folded up,  
With the folding up of day ;  
And the queen of the silver bow thro' the trees,  
Does her peerless beauty show,  
And the balmy breath of the warm summer breeze,  
Just kisses your cheek and brow ;  
And to walk and think in the sweet quietude,  
That all beauty is his breath,  
And what we see here is but a faint shade,  
Of the land of beauty's wreath ;  
'Tis as an oasis amidst the sand,  
Where the fan-leav'd palm trees grow,  
And as shade of rocks in a weary land,  
How dear their shelter none know,  
But those who the heat of a torrid sun,  
Have borne 'til jaded and tir'd,  
And to their refuge at last have come,  
'Tis sweeter than song of bird ;  
And there to lie down by the sparkling stream,  
In shade of the princely palm,  
On the green, green grass, is like to a dream,  
So sweet and soothing the balm ;  
So grateful is it from the desert's glare,  
And its overpow'ring heat,

To come to a peaceable cynosure,  
Of all that's lovely and sweet;  
How cheery and bright do the daisies look,  
With their gladsome and golden eyes,  
As I walk by side of the tumbling brook,  
And covet the trout as they rise :  
How the mayflies over the mirror flit,  
Just dipping the tips of their wings,  
Not heeding their enemy trout a bit,  
Nor their eager and bounding springs :  
That beautiful gem of the sparkling stream,  
Or rather 'centration of gems,  
The kingfisher—halcyon—rainbow gleam,  
Flashes by as a thing of dreams :  
There's a fisherman with his rod and line,  
I see :—it's the gipsy, brown Peg,  
With his rattlebag tackle; loss would be gain,  
Of that which no cadger would beg :  
“ Well, Peg, you've your usual luck to-day ;”  
He had pull'd out three while I look'd ;  
“ What's the market price and what will you say  
For all the plunder you've hook'd ?”  
“ A baker's dozen your honour, that's all,  
I've only been at it an hour,”  
“ Half-a-crown, I s'pose ; are they large or small ?  
Well, I think they are pretty fair ;  
You must give me half-an-hour for good luck,”  
“ Well, your honor, I must, I s'pose ;”  
Eighteen I thus caught with a silver hook,  
And three the result of my throws :  
More of brown Peg and his fishing, anon,

When I tell you our gipsies tale,  
Of their camp, their horses, and goings on,  
And my keeping them out of jail,  
When they there, perhaps, for months would have lain,  
And their practical gratitude ;  
And of granny Redpole, and Edith, and Spain,  
And the moor in the chesnut wood ;  
Now thro' a meadow of cloth of gold,  
And a clover field in bloom,  
Amongst which the rabbits are making bold,  
Ignoring both dog and gun ;  
And on the plank that's thrown over the brook,  
And down by the ruin'd mill,  
And the rye grass blooms, and the quiet nook,  
Where myself and Isabel  
Have many and many an ev'ning met,  
To tell o'er the old, old tale,  
Which in truth we have not finished yet,  
And I trust we never shall :  
And thro' an orchard of blossoming trees,  
I come into primrose lane,  
'Midst the song of birds and the hum of bees,  
And flow'rs quite hiding the green ;  
But those ornaments of the early spring,  
The primrose and violet,  
And the bonny blue-bells, have taken wing,  
With many a hedge-row pet :  
Now the coral root with its large bright blooms,  
And the golden tormentil,  
The purple loosestrife and lilliput stems  
Of the scarlet pimpernel ;

The silvery stitchwort and charlock of brass,  
Braving industry and skill;  
And the odoriferous vernal grass,  
And the Canterbury bell;  
Herb Robert and Lady Jane's looking-glass,  
And special pride of the vale,  
The green-rob'd lily, fair modesty's type,  
And the showy mullein and flax,  
And loads of wild strawberries nearly ripe,  
For bipeds, and natter jacks;  
Sweet scented woodruff, and speedwell and ferns,  
As varied as beautiful,  
The sweet musk mallow, and house-leek for burns,  
And bugloss and chamomile;  
The purple and golden eye'd nightshade cups,  
Are festoon'd from the mountain ash,  
And the honeysuckle its trumpets drops  
O'er the hazel and maple bush;  
In truth it's a brilliant galaxy  
Of blooms of every hue,  
From the handsome foxglove and orchidæ  
To the flow'r with eye of blue,  
The dear old fav'rite forget-me-not,  
Which is on the bank of the stream,  
With the cardamine and the melliot,  
And the oxlip as golden gleam:  
And the arrow head and the flow'ring rush,  
In a quiet elfin lake,  
Which the stream meand'ring thro' briar and bush,  
In a wooded hollow does make;  
After passing a meadow, a brake and copse,



It forms a small mere or pool,  
 The home and the birthright of coots and ducks,  
 And other aquatic fowl :  
 Densely surrounded with alder and thorn,  
 And holly and mountain ash,  
 Intermix'd with travellers joy and fern.  
 And maple and hazel bush :  
 It's half of it cover'd with rush and reeds,  
 And yellow willows and sedge,  
 And there by the bank the wild duck breeds,  
 Wherever she finds a ledge :  
 And the marsh trefoil, half floating, half fix'd,  
 With its lovely flow'r is there,  
 And the white and the golden lilies mix'd,  
 In their pride of beauty appear :  
 But to primrose lane and its insects and flow'rs,  
 And its birds and blossoming trees,  
 And its clust'ring clematis and woodbine bow'rs,  
 And its butterflies and its bees :  
 There all summer long do the butterflies come,  
 And flutter amongst their compeers,  
 And there they are in their beautiful home,  
 'Til the golden leaf appears :  
 And the lynx-ey'd, gauze-wing'd dragon fly,  
 With its em'rald and purple sails,  
 Is hawking about there continually,  
 'Til the last ray of sunshine fails ;  
 And the humming-bird, sphynx-moth, nectar sips,  
 Pois'd on restless and tireless wing,  
 And then darts away till again it dips  
 Its tube in the flowery spring :

And the speckled diminutive lady-birds,  
In their ebon and scarlet mail,  
And the black forest ants, Nigritian hordes,  
Passing on in Indian file :  
We've the purple emperor butterfly,  
And the brilliant queen of Spain,  
Their wings outvieing the humming birds dye,  
And that gem of a warmer clime,  
The rich and the sunny red admiral,  
Is by me just now on a rose ;  
And the rainbow beauty of Camberwell,  
But it seems to come as it goes ;  
A hour now and then, I see it may be,  
But it's as a vanishing gleam,  
But the peacock is here for many a day,  
As a permanent sunny beam ;  
Papilio paris, and swallow tail,  
And the clouded yellow and white,  
And fritillaries innumerable,  
And the small scarlet exquisite :  
Just put the hind wing of the admiral,  
Neath the lens of a microscope,  
If you'd see concentration of beautiful,  
And nature's unlimited scope ;  
Or the silver arrows of silkworm and moth,  
That lie on its quivering wings,  
And note well the lesson which she there saith,  
In her still small voice of these things ;  
That nothing is great, and that nothing is small  
To the God of infinity,  
And that life is the abstract of beautiful,

And that beauty is harmony :  
Thou hast not far to go to know  
Of boundless nature, that the few—  
The great, magnificent and grand,  
Are not the work of special hand ;  
There's as much beauty in the down  
On moth of worm, as in the plume  
Of ostrich, or the peacock's stars,  
The tulip's bloom or tiger's bars ;  
Th' ephemera whose life's an hour,  
Whose native land's a leaf or flow'r,  
Is often clad in richer garb,  
Than is the eagle or the pard ;  
The thirty thousand mirror'd eye,  
Of winged flow'r the butterfly,  
The trunk of gnat and sting of bee,  
With their complex machinery,  
Give evidence of matchless skill,  
To which our best is poor and small ;  
And all our boasted mind and pow'r  
Is as the wind which stirs the flow'r,  
To the tornado's blast and wrench,  
Or snow-flake to the avalanche ;  
The glow-worm or the fire-flies light,  
To summer sun at noontide height,  
The finite to the infinite ;  
The unicorn hawkmoth with double tube,  
I've seen here occasionally,  
And another a sort of *quien sabe*,  
Is a very great rarity ;  
With a jetty body and pearl grey wings,

And a sharp and brilliant eye,  
The trunk all encircled with yellow rings;  
It comes out in the blaze of day,  
And not as the white plume silver wing,  
An evening flutterer,  
Around and around in its mazy ring,  
Dancing its vanishing hour:  
We've also the brilliant Adela moth,  
With its metaliferous wings,  
And the one with the ominous head of death,  
And the speckled which August brings;  
And gipsies and green oak are here in great force,  
And gipsies who camp by the down,  
By a hazel copse, 'mongst the broom and the  
gorse—

Near Stonyford stream are the browm:  
They're makers of baskets and clothes-pins and  
mats,  
And dealers in earthenware,  
And are capital weavers of cabbage nets,  
And those for evil, I fear;  
In buying of horses they're shiewd and keen,  
And before the winter's o'er,  
They gen'rally muster some eight or ten,  
For their spring and summer tour;  
Which they sell as they go thro' the east country,  
And come back with a weary one,  
Drawing their cart; but soon get a supply,  
Of the blind and the high in bone:  
A long, lanky fellow, half boy and half man,  
Brown Peg is the name he goes by,

Is the cleverest hand at throwing a line,  
Or making a green drake fly,  
In any I've met with by river or lake,  
He'll drop it to half-an-inch,  
And ev'ry five minutes the bait's sure to take,  
He ought to be call'd brown Lynch :  
I gave him a sovereign to teach me his art—  
'Twas thrown away to the wind,  
Nine or ten a day is the humble part  
I play 'mongst the finny kind :  
It's as a performer on instrument,  
He may have both culture and will,  
But there's something more that's by nature sent  
If he would speak to the soul ;  
They collect from us every rabbit skin,  
And do not object to hares,  
Especially with the body within,  
And that ofttimes within snares :  
They've quite a load when they leave in the spring  
With their donkeys and horses and cart,  
And dogs and poultry, and brats old and young,  
In panniers and scarlet and dirt :  
And when the procession thro' Hazeldale,  
Marches on in its rambling trail,  
Great numbers go out to bid them farewell,  
And give them some cider or ale ;  
And wish them good luck 'til again they come,  
Which they will with fall of the leaf,  
For ev'ry October they're sure to come home,  
As they call their acre of heath :  
A roasted hedgehog's to them a great treat,

Epicurean luxury ;  
But ever on watch for the poor little brute,  
They create quite a scarcity :  
They put it skin'd in a large lump of clay,  
And heap hot ashes about,  
And amidst them baking it gradually,  
In 'bout an hour turn it out :  
It's said London aldermen ransack the earth,  
To gratify appetite,  
I'm 'fraid that in hedgehogs they'd make a dearth  
If they had but a single bite :  
Let them try it at their next eating-match,  
(From which they never can *run*,)  
When they the tureens and the carvers watch,  
As if they heav'n had just won ;  
They would get a new sensation of taste,  
Which, if they thought rather thin,  
They could alter the cooking and so save waste  
By having it serv'd in the skin :  
A weird old woman who seems past all age,  
And to be a pre-adamite,  
Is their oracle, soothsayer, queen and sage,  
But her very name gives affright  
To our villagers' children when they transgress  
Either active or passively ;  
To them she's an ogre or Sathanas,  
A bogie or Affredy :  
Granny Urdpole they call her, because she wears  
A tasselled scarlet cap,  
And many a bawl she's caused, and tears  
To many a Hazeldale brat :

She's daintily lodg'd, for her tent has a door,  
And the tribe think highly of her,  
For she has the first pick of their secret store,  
Of hedgehogs and rabbit and hare :  
I often stroll to the camp for a net,  
Or to buy green drakes of brown Peg,  
And then with Granny have always a chat,  
For her tongue seems never to flag :  
And here I plead guilty in fact and deed,  
To a great inconsistency,  
For in theory I condemn the weed,  
But in practice, foster its sway :  
But its only to Granny that I do so,  
She's so pleas'd and does so brag,  
When I take her a paper of high or low,  
Or packet of strongest rag :  
I hold it an evil ; I'm wrong I own,  
In practising 'gainst my text,  
But if he who ne'er does so, throws the first stone,  
Thro' censure, I shall not be vex'd ;  
Practice and theory ought to be twin,  
And should on the same stem grow ;  
But its very seldom, I fear, that they win,  
The lover's prize of Dunmow :  
Your majesty, Granny calls me sometimes,  
But she is a daft old soul,  
And if a pre-adamite, lacks not brains,  
For bringing grist to the mill :  
" You're very old, Granny," I said to her,  
" You can't have much longer to live,  
Have you any thought of hope or of fear,

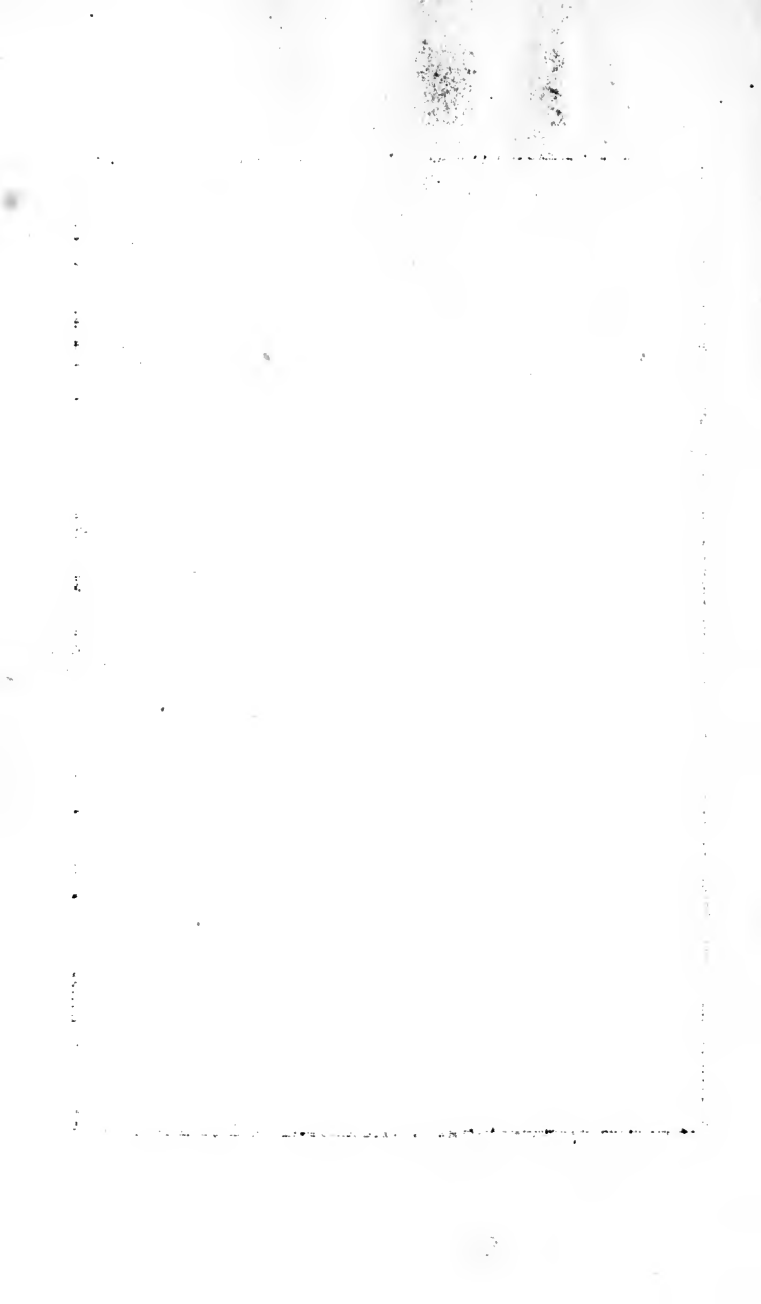
For the other side the grave ?”  
“ You gentlefolks think, poor gipsies care nought,  
And that we’ve no hope or fear,  
Of an after life : but he who gave thought,  
Gave it us for evermore ;  
’Tis in our nature, my *rominy rey*,  
The rich and the poor all the same,  
We all have hope of the brightness of day,  
When we awake from our dream :  
My body will go to the elements,  
To the water, and earth, and air,  
But my soul to its source, the fount of founts,  
Its origin and its desire ;”  
These were not exactly the words she said,  
But their meaning is just the same,  
She had form’d for herself a mixed creed,  
Of truth, and romance, and dream :  
The word of God with that of a school,  
Th’ inspired with philosophy ;  
She’d faith and hope, that the home of her soul,  
Was absorption in Deity :  
And this her belief, that she as a spark,  
Thrown off from a fountain of fire,  
Revolv’d a moment, then back to its ark,  
Its origin and desire :  
A species of nat’ral religion brought o’er  
By the swarthy wanderers,  
Which the magi and others of ancient lore,  
When reading the book of stars,  
Pick’d up as a scintillation of life,  
An approach to the fount of truth,



And made it a groundwork of creed and belief,  
As dawn of a purer faith :  
The men are good looking and so are the boys,  
But the women all so-so :  
Thick lip'd with cadaverous beetle brows,  
And foreheads narrow and low :  
The girls are better especially one,  
In *extensis* a gipsy belle,  
But in one idea, she's quite alone,  
She seems for to know it right well ;  
For beauty's so slow to appreciate  
Her natural rights as a peer,  
And when discover'd, submits to her fate,  
As age to the yellow and sere :  
A lynx-eyed duenna is Granny to her,  
As she saunters from tent to tent,  
As would a pet lamb or a visitor,  
That's not for common life meant :  
She's not of their tribe, but one of the Lee's,  
And I think from Northumberland ;  
But they're very mysterious in their ways,  
Why she's there, I can't understand :  
Granny comes to the village sometimes,  
With Edith the handsome brunette,  
Who upside down turns our youths brains,  
And gives them of love, a hot fit ;  
Granny looks quite outré in her cap,  
And the children are wild with alarms,  
When they are woke up from their nap,  
It's as drum when it signals for storms ;  
And when she walks by, in they creep,

Ev'ry urchin is wanting forthwith,  
Or from houses and corners they peep,  
Scarce daring to draw in their breath :  
And if she but gives a short turn,  
Off they scuttle as frightened birds,  
And screaming, they oft tumble down,  
As if they were follow'd by swords :  
The women as well as the men,  
Are fond of the brightest of hues,  
Rejoicing in scarlet and green,  
From their crowns to the top of their toes :  
Quite a brigand appearance of late  
The men with their jetty moustache,  
When they the last autumn came back,  
As if they had mounted a breach ;  
Except an unfortunate one,  
My quondam acquaintance brown Peg,  
And he is as bare as he's brown,  
His ornament seems much to lag ;  
"Put a poultice of hair on your cheek,"  
I jokingly said unto Peg,  
"I have, but it don't act a bit,"  
Was reply of the Zingaro wag ;  
"P'raps your honor will give me some seed,  
I know where there's some to be bought ;"  
I'm afraid it will not succeed,  
But I gave him the shilling he sought :  
"Well, Granny ; well, Edith ; well, James ;"  
And to twenty others beside,  
I said, for I knew all their names,  
"You're back to the old country side :"





“We’ve brought you a *mailla*, my *rominy rey*,  
For your lady to ride upon,”  
And out came a beautiful Spanish donkey,  
The finest I ever had seen,  
A magnificent beast full thirteen hands high,  
With legs as a fallow deer’s,  
And a quiet, clear, and intelligent eye,  
And long but quite taper ears :  
“We did get him from Spain on purpose for you,  
From our tribe who are living there,  
They’re as grass on the hills, but we are but few,  
They’re the rich, but we are the poor :  
But we told them that you had stood up for us  
When the Exeter bobbies came,  
And wanted to chain us for stealing a gras,  
And you got the squire to come down ;  
And you both believed the poor gipsies’ tale,  
And drove the blue *juntunes* away,  
For you said that you both would become our bail ;  
And you made it as clear as day,  
To the grand old man in the judgment hall,  
That we had been cruelly us’d ;  
And he said that it was abominable,  
And that we were falsely accus’d ;  
We did not forget it, my *rominy rey* ;  
The *Caloré* never forget,  
A kindness to them or an injury,  
Until they’ve recompens’d it ;  
So they search’d the land for a beautiful foal,  
Which they bought and kept for two years,  
And the *solabarri* they sent as well,

And the habit that Edith wears,  
Which they gave to her for a present, my prince,  
And an Andalusian *gras*,  
And she'll go to them in the spring through  
France,

To their camp in the band of the Basques ; -  
Our Edith has rode him from Dorchester,

For he came to Poole in the ship,  
And the *Busné* came out to look at her,  
And hurray'd for the handsome gyp ;"

"Come Edith, allow me to help you up ;  
(I suppose we must call him Don :)"

"Yes, if a few minutes your honor will stop,  
She must have her new habit on :"

She soon is robed and seated in state,

On a saddle fit for a queen,  
And a bridle to match with a silver bit,  
In a riding habit of green :

She has on a turban of scarlet and black,

And o'er it a flowery wreath,  
Her waving black tresses float down o'er her  
back,

She looks like a vision or myth,  
If a myth can have life and breath :

"Why, Edith, that surely cannot be you,  
That I see here about the camp ;

Why you must be pretty as Amirou,  
The queen of the emerald lamp :"

'Twas a gipsy they had a tradition of,

Whom a king while hunting had seen,  
When instead of the stag, he met with young love,

Who gave him a *Romany* queen :  
Edith laugh'd and blush'd and her brilliant eyes,  
Flash'd and sparkled as diamonds,  
And seem'd iridescent, a mixture of dyes,  
As the ray of the king of gems ;  
"Now Edith you're up, you must ride him down,  
And mind and remain 'til I come ;"  
So Edith, amidst the applause of the brown,  
Went with Don to his future home :  
But she *must* be attended by Joseph Fay,  
Tho' she wanted to go alone,  
But they settled it very good temperd'ly,  
Granny Redpole would have it done :  
I did not get home for about two hours,  
And there I found Edith and Fay ;  
Isabel was shewing Edith the flow'rs,  
And both seem'd in chattering key ;  
She appeared quite in an ecstasy  
Of delight with their loveliness,  
And her pearly teeth, and her flashing eye,  
Told how pleased and happy she was :  
Edith, myself and Isabel,  
And Geraldine and Mary Dell,  
Who's just step'd in to spend an hour,  
Are seated in a myrtle bow'r ,  
Tea's just been brought, and wine and cake ;  
"Now Edith, which you like best, take ;  
A glass of wine ?" "Oh ! no, no, no !"  
And her dark face seemed all a glow ;  
"You'll take some tea ?" "yes, if you please,"  
And pleasure sparkled in her eyes :

Edith was rather shy at first,  
But bye-and-bye, out came a burst,  
When Spain the subject of debate,  
Became 'midst our tea table talk :  
“And I shall go there in the spring,  
Unto my father, who's the king,  
And chief of ours in Spain :  
He's sent me such a pretty *gras*,  
Which I shall ride upon thro' France,  
And o'er the mountain chain :”  
Here was a nice discovery,  
For after all, she was no Lee,  
But Fay look'd quite aghast ;  
For he was seated just outside,  
But she forgot or quite defied,  
And on she gallop'd fast :  
“And I shall feel the sun again,  
And pick the grapes from off the vine,  
And see the chesnut woods ;  
And the big hills, up, up, up, up,  
'Til I am almost at the top,  
Amongst the stars and clouds :  
Again the saraband shall dance,  
And see the pretty jennets prance,  
And play on my guitar :  
And on the prado once again,  
See the hidalgos ;—gallant Spain ;  
Oh, I wish I was there :  
But I had heard of Inglismens,  
And Inglis gold and Inglis towns,  
Where people were as sands ;



And so my father let me come,  
My father!! Oh, I'm going home,"  
And then she clap'd her hands:  
A mettled steed is brought on to the green,  
Which Edith is mounted and seated on,  
'Twas her Andalusian barb;  
Which pranc'd and curvetted to her delight,  
Tho' Isabel seem'd in very great fright,  
But away she shot like a bird:  
Half pleas'd and half vex'd, with a sort of grim smile,  
"Your honor can't wonder, your honor knows all,"  
So saying, exit Joseph Fay,  
We got her away from the gipsies camp,  
By dint of persuasion and golden stamp,  
But it was not bribery's pay;  
For we gave it after she came with us,  
And when she had given her father's address,  
And we'd sent a letter to Spain,  
To request that Edith as visitor,  
Should stay at our house, and under our care  
'Til she went back to home again;  
We receiv'd an answer in 'bout two months,  
A Moresco letter with warmest thanks,  
But wrote in a singular style:  
I expect that he's a Mahometan,  
For Allah il Allah, our God is one,  
Was the prelude to his strange tale;  
As bird from the woods confin'd in a cage,  
So 'twas with Edith, commencing the page  
Of a new and strange life to her;  
But in a short month she was reconcil'd,

And seem'd no longer a child of the wild,  
Or desert or prairie flow'r;  
Docile and naive she was easy to teach,  
And eager the bee of instruction to catch,  
And devour the honey'd store;  
From a toy at first pass'd from hand to hand,  
She became a dear and valued friend,  
And a source of great interest:  
She had a great love and delight in flow'rs,  
But all living things were as friends of hers,  
And the birds and the flow'rs the best;  
But song seem'd the zenith of her delight,  
And music and it were spirits of might,  
Which moved her inmost soul;  
She could not repress her feelings at first,  
And *bella, bella*, would come with a burst,  
That seem'd irrepressible;  
She'd been taught to read and write when in Spain,  
And of both, inclin'd to be rather vain,  
When she came to us from the heath;  
But her cobweb'd mind cleared day by day,  
Its winter hastened fast unto May,  
As if from the shadow of death:  
And its daily rap'd development,  
Gave cause unto us for much wonderment,  
As the diamond came to light;  
For the ray which was hid and lost before,  
Grew every day brighter, and more and more,  
Came the dawn of day, out of night:  
We bought her a number of Spanish books,  
And many a time have I watch'd her looks,

The sunshine and shade on her face :  
All her soul was in it, and shone out thro',—  
As she read of pleasure, or pain, and woe,  
    So would light or shadow increase ;  
In her reading at times she'd get so absorb'd,  
That a simple Edith,—and Edith one word,  
    Had scarcely any effect ;  
But when it had, she would raise her dark eyes,  
And look in my face with such queer surprise,  
    That I often laugh'd outright ;  
And, as Columbus, the new world she'd found,  
With jewels, and flowers, and gold did abound,  
    And was full of beauty's springs ;  
Her heart was intoxicated with joy,  
And deep and rich was the melody,  
    Which came from its bounding strings.  
I went with her in the spring into Spain,  
Thro' France, by *diligence*, horseback, and train,  
    And over the Pyrenees ;  
And deliver'd her safe in her father's hands,  
Whom I found near Santander with one of his bands,  
    'Mongst the cork and chesnut trees :  
But he was no gipsy, tho' gipsy chief,  
One glance was enough to scatter belief,  
    That he was *Caloré* born ;  
A Moor and a rigid Mahometan,  
Whose fathers in old time had princes been,  
    But driven before the storm,  
Which burst on the Moor as a hurricane's blast,  
And made the Alhambra a tale of the past,  
    And Moresco chivalry,

A thing to be told of and wondered at,  
When we see the semi-barbarous state,  
Of the Moor of the present day ;  
But tho' in his faith as firm as a rock,  
The key for Edith he left in the lock,  
And gave her her own free choice ;  
And as some parts of the Moslemite creed  
Are rather distasteful to woman's pride,  
She does not in Mahound rejoice :  
And so her belief when she came with us  
Was the same as granny's ; a mixed mass  
Of truth, and error, and dream ;  
But before she left we had won her o'er,  
To a faith in the holy, and true, and pure,  
Christianities' clear stream :  
I had a long talk about Edith with him,  
The camp is no place for her future time,  
And to that he quite agreed ;  
And so in a week she went back with me,  
And he soon gave up his regality,  
To come near us to reside :  
For tho' not rich, he has means quite enough,  
To keep himself and his daughter from grief,  
On account of poverty ;  
And so in less than a twelvemonth he came,  
And Hazeldale now is his harbour and home,  
And honour his heraldry ;  
He brought two beautiful Arabs with him,  
And he is exceedingly proud of them,  
And their genealogy ;  
He's purchased a hunter since he's been here,

And he's sure to receive a gen'ral cheer,  
And returns it heartily,  
When he rides up to where the meet is held,  
For huntsmen are always fond of the bold,  
And he's as bold as he's free :  
I've a long tale more to relate of him,  
But which must be told at some future time,  
In my second Hazeldale ;  
And of Edith's marriage with Captain Dean,  
May their walks in life be for ever green,  
And happiness never fail.  
I have a few good pictures hung about,  
Which most in Spain and Italy I bought ;  
Two are Sebastians, but my greatest boast,  
Is a Velasquez—in itself a host :  
A Pyrenean sunset ; we in northern clime  
Know nothing of the glory of sunshine,  
As seen amongst the Alps and glowing Spain,  
Where gold and gems enrich the fleeting scene,  
When the rich pencil of Sol's setting ray,  
Rests in the curtain of departing day :  
But to my picture ; edg'd with violet,  
Are golden bars above the closing gate,  
While from pale rose to that of intense fire,  
Burns in the glowing upper atmosphere,  
With streaks and cloudlets of those varied tints  
Which nature's pencil so unrival'd paints ;  
Cloudless and pure at a few apertures,  
The deep, the almost vi'let sky appears ;  
The dark, the amber-edged purple hills,  
With their bright, glist'ning, almost living rills,

Meand'ring down, form silv'ry waterfalls :  
A huge and shadowy mountain mystery,  
Looms in the distance ; gloomy, gaunt and grey,  
With crest of mist, thro' which the crags and peaks  
More dim appear—an outline of faint streaks ;  
A herd of goats and a few chesnut trees,  
Whose leaves almost seem quiv'ring in a breeze,  
Down in a grassy dell, with crystal pool ;  
A pair of lovers, seated on a knoll,  
Completes a scene unique as beautiful :  
Some cattle, by Paul Potter ; and a king  
Of gentle Claude's ; a summer evening ;  
Some fruits, by Turner ; peasant girl, by Hunt,  
And a few sketches of not much account,  
Make up this special list of ornament :  
Of books I have a modest store—  
Those keys with which t' unlock the door,  
And enter on the flow'ry field  
In which the fairest can be cull'd ;  
But gather many as you may,  
Enough are left for future day ;  
And where are links of golden chains  
Which form the telegraphic lines  
By which we can consort with those  
Who in the course of time arose,  
And mounted to its brow to gem,  
And sparkle in its diadem :  
Poets, philosophers and such,  
Who turn to gold whate'er they touch,  
Much finer than the doubly fin'd,  
Inestimable gold of mind :

The warrior resteth in his tomb,  
 His day is past, his work is done,  
 But that of mind is ever on ;  
 Pleasures of sense wear out and pall,  
 Passing away is wrote on all,  
 The circle of the physical ;  
 But mind, when once it 'gins to soar,  
 With eye towards the evermore,  
 Will shine with bright and brighter light,  
 'Til merged in the infinite :  
 There seems to be a mystic pow'r  
 Which cannot be approach'd by sense,  
 That has a magic influence o'er  
 The mind in its presentiments ;  
 As breathes the wind on glassy pool,  
 So does a spirit often seem  
 To breathe its warnings on the soul,  
 Or rest on it as a sunny beam ;  
 Deep and inscrutable is mind,  
 Its springs, its actions and its life,  
 Where shall we go its source to find,  
 Where that it dies, to have a proof ?  
 Is it a subtle emanate,  
 From action of the heart and brain,  
 Or breathing of the uncreate,  
 Which goes back to its source again ?  
 Is there another world around,  
 Too exquisite for eye of sense,  
 Invisible as wind and sound,  
 But still a pow'rful influence ?  
 Is mind as is a glassy pool,

Which spirits as the wind breathe on,  
A mirror'd surface on which fall  
Reflections from th' empyrean ?  
Are shadows as on mirror thrown,  
Reflected thence in thought and will,  
From independent pow'r within,  
Distinctive from the animal ?  
Or are the sceptre and the crown  
Essence of the material ?  
Believe it not—the brute, 'tis true,  
Has instinct oft-times wonderful,  
Which seems to superficial view,  
To be what we would reason call ;  
But 'twixt the two is a wide gulph,  
Which never can be bridged o'er ;  
Instinct is earth and time and self,  
Reason a germ of higher pow'r ;  
And canst thou think that this same pow'r,  
Which takes the lightning from the sky,  
And chains the fire king to its car,  
Is a mere passing mockery ?  
Were Newton, Locke, and Bacon brutes,  
Virgil and Shakespeare as the swine,  
Confuce and Moses merely fruits  
Which drop'd from off the tree of time ?  
In common with the brute, we have  
Instinctive passions—joys and fears ;  
And we with circling nature move,  
'Midst sunshine, clouds, and smiles and tears ;  
But mind's the tablet of the soul,  
Its mirror and its medium,



Instinctive passion to control,  
Let not its voice be as the dumb;  
Let not the brute command the man,  
Or servant throw to thee the gage,  
Let not a slave usurp the throne,  
And rob thee of thy heritage;  
Quench not with passion and its fruits,  
The germs of beauty and of love,  
Which God has given thee for lights,  
As thou dost thro' the darkness move,  
Rememb'rest what the Saviour said  
About the foolish and the wise?  
Thou dost!!—thine is the path they trod,  
And thine the penalty or prize;  
When earth's to earth and dust's to dust,  
And instinct, soul and mind lie bare,  
When earthly weal and woe are past,  
And all is perfect love or fear,  
When death has taken off the veil  
Betwixt us and eternity,  
And shadow's melted in the real,  
And time into infinity;  
Then will be solv'd, and not before,  
The mystery of life and death;  
Keep watch and ward for that dread hour,  
Lest that thou miss the bridal wreath.

There's a wild sequester'd spot in a hollow midst our hills,  
Where the bitterns have their lot, place for harpies and  
for ghouls;  
Sev'ral miles from Hazeldale and from other human life,  
Where the winds unceasing wail, 'mongst huge rocks a  
dirge of death;

Desolation reigns supreme if there's anywhere such thing,  
Anywhere where life there's none, 'neath the shade of  
nature's wing;

Utter death there cannot be, utter desolation none,  
Nature's num'rous family counteracts all final groan;  
Thro' the park and by the lake, take the path up by the  
fall,

'Til you reach a mountain peak, from which springs a  
limpid rill;

Follow it about four miles, thro' the heather and the fern,  
And you'll see some old stone walls which have nearly  
tumbled down,

At some distance on your right, to which there's a bridle  
path;

Go to them, and then in sight is the hollow I speak of;  
If you're strong of nerve, go down, on the zig-zag rocky  
steps;

If you're not, better go home, after that you've had some  
peeps;

But the steps do most appal, very few encounter them,  
One false move would make a fall, bad as in a lion's den;  
At the bottom, landed safe 'mongst huge boulders that  
have fal'n

You will scarce believe belief, such the weird romantic  
scene;

Giant rocks in hundreds strewn in disorder lie about,  
Titan's temple overthrown and their army put to rout:  
Here's a pile that's heaped up, each perhaps a thousand  
tons,

There's a circle and a group, as if plac'd by Anak's sons  
All its area may be something like to four miles square;

Not a shrub and not a tree—no approach to either there :  
Nothing but the bent and reeds, 'mongst the rocks, and  
'bout the tarn,  
And some mountain flow'rs and reeds looking wistful and  
forlorn :  
Here and there's a beetling block, which the eye scarce  
likes to meet,  
In the walls of earth and rock, which run up five hundred  
feet,  
Sev'ral sparkling mountain rills, leap and dash from ledge  
to ledge,  
Making scores of tiny falls 'twixt the base and  
mountain's ridge,  
But each seems when at its foot, to again reform its  
stream,  
And soon finishes the lease of its tinkling murm'ring  
dream,  
In the tarn which in the midst, as a lucid mirror lies ;  
Not a bird upon its breast, scarcely one across it flies,  
'Xcept the ravens coming home to their clefts each  
evening,  
And the bitterns with their boom, making wond'ring  
echo ring ;  
It in rocky basin bides, and so clear you can see down,  
By its rough and jagged sides to its rugged floor of stone,  
And the fish as 'bout they play, for a nondescript is there ;  
What they live on, I can't say, poor and scarce must be  
their fare :  
I have taken them sometimes, but they are not eatable,  
Small and coarse and full of bones ; how they're there's  
a miracle :

How they live a greater one, for there's nothing but bare  
rock,

That may give them scale and bone, but whence food the  
bones to stock ;

He that openeth his hand, and all living things are fed,  
Feeds that lonely scatter'd band—no word lost which he  
has said :

'Bout a quarter mile in length, and a third of one across,  
When the blast is there in strength, it's a boiling seething  
mass ;

White with foam the waters seem, rushing ev'ry way at  
once,

Heaps on heaps they're upwards thrown, by the winds  
strong influence ;

But in winter during frost, come and see the icicles,  
Which begem the sides and crest of the Cyclopean walls,  
And the solid crystalline of the bright and polish'd floor,  
When the sun on it does shine, in his noontide cloudless  
pow'r ;

It's a palace, and a hall, and an amphitheatre,  
Fit to hold a court and ball of old winter's body corps ;  
When the frost is breaking up, down will go enormous  
rocks,

From the serried sides and top, with a noise as earth-  
quake shocks ;

I was there below one day when a mass came toppling down,  
Thund'ring, crashing all the way, like to roaring cannon's  
boom ;

P'raps it was a thousand tons, and it came from near the  
top,

Struck upon some jutting stones; after momentary stop,

Crash'd upon a pile below, that seems work of genii,  
Almost deafening the blow, tho' I was a mile away :  
In the summer you may pick whortleberries all the way,  
From the first-nam'd mountain peak, 'til the hollow you  
are by ;

Right and left, spread far and wide, countless multitudes  
are seen,

Thick as grass on mountain side, is the jet amongst the  
green :

When they're ripe, our villagers go up gath'ring them,  
*en masse*,

Throwing to the winds all cares, day of working idleness ;  
In the eve the troup descends, with their baskets full of  
spoil,

Blacken'd mouths and ebon hands tell of pleasure more  
than toil,

For a fortnight ev'ry face 'mongst our juvenility,  
Seems to run an ebon race for superiority ;

In September quite as bad, when the blackberries are  
ripe,

On them is a daily raid, bush to hand and hand to lip ;  
Oh, the slip shell hazel nut of the hedgerow and the wood,  
Half a right and half a loot, half a pastime, half a food ;  
Cracking jokes and cracking nuts somehow seem some-  
what allied,

For they both are useless fruits, if the shell is all their  
pride :

In the autumn we both go with our blossom to the fields,  
And a hooked stick or two, which the hedge or coppice  
yields ;

And the nut brown clusters pick midst much merry  
laugh and fun :

Isabel oft steals my stick if it's better than her own ;  
For she has a heart of stone and ignores all partnership,  
Flesh of flesh and bone of bone is all talk and mocking lip ;  
Without I have better luck than her ladyship attains,  
Then the case is alter'd quite, quick enough to share my  
gains :

Bless her blithe and merry heart, she's Apollo's lute to  
me,

Heaven grant that when we part it may be but for a day.

A walk in the woodlands and fields in the spring,  
Midst dewdrops and blossoms, and sunshine and song,

Is the youth of the beautiful ;

And in bright summer morn when beauty is rife,

And love is its soul and true life its belief,

Its as sound of the marriage bell :

And the golden softness of summer eves,

When light and shade, dance about the green leaves,

And the hills and plains are among,

And the calm and peace of the twilight hour,

And the moonlight night so clear and 'so fair,

Are poetry, painting and song ;

But now its gorgeous autumn, and the queen,

The rainbow queen, is on her jasper throne,

And on her head she has a golden crown ;

She waves her magic wand over the trees,

And straight they're cloth'd in richest tapestries ;

Her auburn tresses down her iv'ry throat,

And o'er her statuesque shoulders richly float,

In heavy masses, past her jewel'd zone,

In lines of beauty to her glit'ring throne ;

A di'mond circlets on her Indian brow,

Coral and chased gold her armlets glow,  
On arm which would have perfect model been,  
For Phidias when he carv'd his glorious Cyprian queen :  
Hast been amongst the Alps at sunset hour,  
To fetch the col'ring from the evermore,  
To deck the portals of the closing door,  
'Fore winter puts his signet on the year ?  
Or in Brazilian forests and her mines  
Her flow'rs, her crested birds, her butterflies and gems ?  
Queen of the beautiful and open hand,  
Thou'rt nature's almoner, man's kindest friend ;  
The gold of thy rich corn field is a boon,  
To him that far exceeds that of the Austral mine :  
Thy sparkling sister of the beaming eye,  
Came with a ringing burst of melody,  
That woke the echoes up with harmony,  
Like the rich music of the flow'ry May,  
Or early morning of the summer day :  
Vi'lets and jasmine in her wavy hair,  
Queen of the flowers, fairest 'mongst the fair,  
She and young love together hand in hand,  
Woke up the birds, and daisy strew'd the land :  
The birds are mute, the flow'rs are gone away ;  
Each season has its beauties ; winter's gray,  
And spring and summer's roses with thy gold,  
Are part of that great book which nature does unfold :  
Theirs is the crystal snow wreath, theirs the frost,  
Feath'ring the hedges—gemming natures breast :  
Theirs is the grandeur of the water flood,  
Beauty of flow'rs, music of rills, and songs of field and  
wood ;

The times and seasons are for thee; oh, man,  
Life is the field and thou the husbandman;  
The sun, the birds, the blossoms are for all,  
And faith, and hope, and love, and truth, germs of the  
beautiful;

Art thou amongst the flowers and singing birds?  
Is it the morning with thee? take these words,  
And on thy heart of hearts impress them deep;  
"Whate'er thou sowest, thou shalt also reap:"  
Is spring-tide with its birds and blossoms gone,  
Is't summer with thee, or is autumn come,  
Art thou amongst the golden ears of corn,  
Or as the flaunting poppy of their morn?  
Do what thou wilt, thou can'st not disunite  
Cause and effect; nor darkness turn to light;  
Close not thy mental vision, lest thou be  
Amongst the weeds of time, tares of eternity.

The maypole still stands on our village green,  
But its day has passed away,  
And the dance around it in May and June,  
Is as sunshine of yesterday;

Our oldest inhabitant tells a long tale

Of May-day in the olden times,  
The hogsheads of cider and barrels of ale,  
And the revel below the limes:

"Ah, then wur the time, when the purtiest girl  
Wur dress'd op weth ribbins and vlow'rs,  
And beneyth tha vlag that we then ded unvurl,  
Wur proclaym'd Hazel's queen weth gurt  
cheers;"

And then the old fellow, with glistening eyes,



Would talk of his wife dead and gone,  
And that she the queen of the May had been twice,  
“And niver a purtier one;  
And I mind,” says old John “that I wur by tha  
pole,  
When tha squire’s gurnvaather drov’d op,  
And I members the rose in hes button-hole,  
And hes boots weth tha yellor top;  
And hes white cord burches and gelt batten’d  
coat,  
And hes wastecoate ov buff cazymere;  
’Twer a ansom ole dress and I’ve often a thote,  
Much bet’rer than what we now wear;  
And tha ladies com’d out that wur en tha coach,  
And stude in a bunch ’pon tha green,  
And a tutty of bewtyvul vlowr’s they’d each,  
To gieve to the new-made May queen;  
And when they’d a done et, we cheering around,  
The squier spok’d out and he zed,  
‘God zave queen Marg’ret,’ and then et went round,  
Vor hur wur a rale purty mayde;  
He took’d vrom hes carridge a bottle a wine,  
And a powr’d out a glass vor hur,  
And zays he to my Marg’ret, ‘God bless thè queen,’  
Zure nuff, hur be quite a May vlow’r,  
And ha zed he spos’d hur’d got lots a bows  
And that hur wur queen of tha dale;  
And she color’d op like a piny or roze,—  
Why zooks, I remembers et ale;  
God bless hes old onner; ah, well, well-a-day,  
He’ve been dead more nor zixty yer,

And I be a left to tell about he,  
Thank God vor Hes mercivul care ;"  
John's favorite seat was in front of his house,  
In a porch quite cover'd with flow'rs,  
And the boys and the girls when from school let loose,  
Would cluster about him by scores ;  
For there he would sit in the long summer days,  
Tho' more than a hundred years old,  
And tell them about the old, olden ways,  
As of mines of silver and gold :  
'Twas pleasant in passing to stop and look on,  
And to see the admiring looks,  
Of the clust'ring bevy surrounding old John,  
With their satchels and slates and books ;  
For these levees occur'd as coming from school,  
They passed John Tackletow's seat ;  
When freed from their tasks by the four o'clock bell,  
'Twas then, who'll be first down the street ;  
For an inexhaustible bottle was John,  
His age seem'd combined with youth,  
But all his remembrances rested upon  
Substratum of love and of truth :  
Many a sparkling eye in Hazeldale  
Grew dim the day our patriarch pass'd away,  
For he was priz'd and thought of by us all,  
As the calm evening of a summer day ;  
His was the hoary head and silver crown—  
The paths of peace and righteousness were his ;  
He reap'd the harvest which in youth he'd sown,  
The golden fruit amongst the autumn leaves ;  
I miss'd him much, for often in my walk,

On summer ev'nings as I pass'd his door,  
I stop'd for how-d'ye-do and pleasant talk,  
And never left but that I wish'd for more ;  
His death occasion'd Genevieve much grief,  
She never pass'd his house without a call,  
The bright spring blossom, sere and yellow leaf,  
Increas'd each other's beauty 'til it fell :  
In *cælo quies*, there the weary rest ;  
In *cælo gloria*, excelsior ;  
In *cælo Jesu*, blest among the blest ;  
In *cælo Deus*, God for evermore.  
One summer morn, a long, long time ago,  
An early riser, on his beaten track,  
Met with a child of four years old or so,  
Who ask'd him, " When is mother coming back ?"  
" Who is your mother, child ?" he could not tell,  
They'd walk'd so many miles ; so far away ;  
They stop'd last night in an old ruin'd mill,  
Wherever she was gone he could not say :  
He seem'd well fed and warmly cloth'd in black ;  
" Mother had given him some bread and cheese,"  
And told him stop there 'til that she come back ;  
" Cannot you find her for me ? please, sir, please :"  
The early riser was a landowner,  
Who farm'd himself a small estate he had,  
A rather parsimonious bachelor ;  
But even bachelors are flesh and blood !!  
And so he sought, but mother could not find,  
" What's to be done ?" said Jonas Tackletow,  
" 'Tes a mayne purty buoy ; I've got a mind :"  
The germ of mercy in him quickly grew,

And blossom'd in his solitary heart ;  
" Poor little feller : dont'ee cry, my burd,  
You be a gift from God, we will not peart ;  
There—come weth me—you need'n be afeard ;"  
He wip'd his tears, and led him by the hand,  
To home, and to his housekeeper, old Grace,  
Who toss'd her head at first, but she soon warm'd  
When she beheld his tearful frighten'd face ;  
They could not make out much from what he said ;  
Not the least clue to find who mother was,  
But when Grace took him up to put to bed,  
He knelt and said : " our Fader, pray John bless,"  
And a few other sim'lar simple throbs,  
And then began for mother's kiss to cry ;  
But by-and-bye she sooth'd and stop'd his sobs,  
And Jonas came and bless'd the pretty boy :  
There was a man who pray'd that very night,  
Who never pray'd before, except in church,  
But the child's simple words to Jonas brought,  
Thoughts which he'd always left beneath its arch ;  
And as he went to bed he call'd to see  
And kiss the little flow'ret he'd pick'd up,  
His thoughts that night were in a happy key,  
Jonas had compensation—a full cup :  
John pined after mother for a time,  
Who ne'er came back, except 'twas her he met  
When about nine years old, in primrose lane,  
One morning when the violets were out ;  
" A lady," as he said, dress'd like a queen,  
Ax'd ov me who I wur, and when I'd told,  
She cried o'er me," said John, " just like the rain,

An wrap'd me in her arms as if 'twere cold :  
And she ded make me kneel down on the grass,  
And look'd zo wild, that I wur almost fear'd,  
And she ded zay 'bless, holy Jesus, bless,  
I thank thy goodness that my pray'r thou'st heard,  
And then hur went away vrom me a pace,  
But zune com'd back, zo many, many times,  
An geed me zo much money ; zee here, Grace,"  
And out he pull'd a purse quite full of coins,  
Fifty spade guineas, as I heard the tale,  
Were in the purse the lady gave to him ;  
What or whoe'er she was, no one could tell,  
But for the guineas 'twould have seem'd a dream ;  
But he had twin'd around the old man's heart,  
And so he bid the boy not say a word ;  
" 'Twer nothing, John ; 'twere kase thee wur zo  
smaert ;  
There, go to schule ; bless thee, my liddle burd,"  
He took the money up to Exeter,  
And bank'd and left it to accumulate,  
" Until our John," said he, " be twenty-vowr,  
And then 'tis his'n, ev'ry penny o'et ;"  
To read and write and cipher, John was taught,  
In a plain way as it was in those days,  
And when he left off school, to work was brought,  
" Our John," said Jonas, " be beyond all prayze."  
John now as manager paid Jonas back  
The seed he'd sown with hand of charity ;  
" I never gid'n angry word or look,"  
John said, when telling me his tale one day ;  
At last the old man died and left his all

To his adopted son, John Packletow,  
"And then," said John, "my very heart ded valed,  
He wur zo good to me, I lov'd'n zo;"  
Then came the funeral; now read the will,  
For which the family were all prepar'd,  
"But still they zem'd zore vex'd, he's left'n ale,  
They look'd so bitter, I wur almost fear'd;  
Just hear a word or two avore we paert,  
And do not go in anger vor a bit,  
I'll try to put the hoss avore the caert,  
Ef yew'l be pleyz'd a moment down to zet;  
Vor anger and ill will must have no rest  
Betwext me and his own blood kith and kin;  
Zo I here gieve you half my vrend's bequest,  
Here be a deed of gift, which I now zign:  
An then I zed to em, shall we be vrends?  
I'd rayther gieve op ale than not be zo,  
Ale title to tha homested and tha lands,  
Than be at spite we any Packletow:  
'Twer nation quare to zee thare changed looks,  
Altho' they zeem'd main puzzled ale the while,  
Vor they wur reg'lar money loving vokes,  
As any varmers all 'bout Hazeldale:  
At last spoke Marg'ret's vaather: 'here's my  
hand,  
An weth et ale my harte, John Packletow';  
Zo zed they ale, and it to me wur grand,  
Vor they had niver kale'd me zo till now:  
'But we don't want a penny o'et, my buoy,'  
He looked round; they ale ded nod to en;  
But we be pleyz'd weth what thee'st done to-day,

'Right, right, they zed: we be, we be;—go on :'  
Let's haa tha deed: there thic no more shall zay,'  
An then a push'd'n rite ento the vire,  
We ale, I thenk, can keep tha wolf away,  
Wethout hencroaching pon hes laste dezire :  
And then we ale shak'd hands hearty and warm,  
An had zom 'vreshments which I'd got at hand,  
An then we went and walk'd about tha varm :  
They zed that I'd dun wunders weth the land ;  
'T'es a good varm ; nobody can gainsay ;  
Et be deep zoyl, and lythe zo in the zun,  
An be zo water'd ; I coud any day,  
Meake the streymes over ev'ry mead to urn :  
'Well, John,' zed Marg'ret's vaather, 'thour't right  
here,  
But thee be not xacly in thee howse,  
Thee'st want a lettell reformation thare,  
Thou dost veel raather lonely there I s'pose :'  
I knowed what a meyn'd, and warn't I glad,  
Vor he'd been right agane me ale along ;  
But I ded put in practice what he zed,  
An en my cage, a bird zune zeng'd a zong ;  
Hur wur a precious wife, my Marg'ret wur,  
I us'd to have a lettell temper then ;  
And here the old man sigh'd and drop'd a tear ;  
But she ded aleways manage zooth me down ;  
There, I coud zet and prayze hur ale the day,  
I zom'th that hur be weth me when I pray'th ;  
And zo, maybe hur be, we cannot zay,  
We cannot tell what hap'nth afeter death ;  
I often zet'th and think'th, and long'th to go,

Vor I zomehow get'th weyry like and tir'd,  
But then et com'th upon me, God doth know ;  
But I be ready, I ba'ant leyst afeard :  
She wur an only child and come to ale  
Her vaather and her mawther left behind,  
An zo as et turn'd out and ded bevaul,  
That I ded wise when thic there deed I zign'd :  
But I be zure of one theng, iss I be,  
That God be over ale, and ef we try  
To do what's just and right, and leyve to he,  
That we shall reype what we ded zow zom day :  
I be a hold man now and I've zeed much  
Ov zowing and of reyping in my time,  
But I do know that ale the craps be zuch,  
As matcheth the zame zort that we put in ;"  
"And do you think," I said to him one day,  
"That 'twas your mother that you saw ; the time  
When you were picking violets in May,  
The lady whom you met, that ask'd your name ?"  
"I doo, I verily believ'th et wur,  
An I've a puzzeld 'bout et many a time,  
Vor I then thought that I'd zeed hur avore,  
Altho' I could not 'xactly cale her whome :  
I member'th ale about et, how I cried,  
An laugh'd, and hugg'd, and kiss'd hur, ale maz'd like,  
An how we kneeled down both zide by zide,  
An how she put hur harm about my neck ;  
Hur be gone dead, zure nuff, long avore now,  
But I've got vaith that I shall zee hur it ;  
God knoweth best and he zurelye know ;  
And he'l do what be vitty, zure as vate !"



Four daughters and sev'n sons, all brought up well,  
And most apprentic'd out to various trades,  
All married excepting one poor soul,  
The only blunt exception 'mongst the blades :  
A fam'ly fool, I s'pose, and fam'ly wart,  
And one of Sarah Fern's daft nincompoops,  
Having a core maybe, but not a heart,  
And fonder more of self than little groups  
Of children nestling round and 'twixt his knees,  
Or circling round his neck their loving arms ;  
And wife and friend whose center'd sympathies,  
Give added beauty to her winning charms :  
Still they're to be pitied, poor desolate souls,  
*Les misérables*, with their gruntings and growls  
    And their yellow buttonless shirts ;  
They ought to be label'd take warning by me,  
The Jack in the box of humanity,  
    And the squatter upon its skirts ;  
See one at his breakfast at ten o'clock,  
    In his home, that's not his home ;  
The servant summon'd comes in with a look  
    Betwixt a smirk and a frown ;  
“ Do you call this coffee ? and this butter'd toast ?  
    Why, these kidneys are done to a coal ;  
And this devil'd fowl, what's become of the breast ?  
    I'm sure last night it was whole ;  
And this a veal pie ? the jelly's all gone,  
    And the cream's taken off the milk ;  
And the eggs ? why they're boil'd as hard as a stone,  
    I won't be put off with mere talk ;  
It wont do for me : ” “ very well, I will leyve,

I be reggalar zeck ov et;”  
“ Oh, nonsense ; it’s not your fault, I believe,  
There’s a crown to buy a new hat :”  
But the sisterhood are as busy as bees,  
Amongst the sick and the poor,  
They ever at hand seem to carry the keys  
For opening mercy’s door ;  
And who so welcome as dear Aunty Jane,  
Especially when there’s a birth ;  
But *les solitaires* of the faded green,  
Their value’s the money they’re worth,  
Reform and amend, ye *miserables*,  
And open your hearts to a wife,  
Lest the peal and the toll of the passing bell,  
Give pleasure instead of grief :  
I verily believe John could not tell,  
Exact the number of his progeny ;  
But once a year they met in Hazeldale,  
And stronger grew each anniversary.  
Packletow day is now past by and gone,  
For John’s been gather’d with the just and good,  
But ’twould have made your very heart to shine,  
If you had seen them round the patriarch stood :  
For John he seem’d to live in all of them,  
Fine handsome fellows, rosy dark eye’d girls,  
Matrons and matrons mothers, and old men,  
And little children full of play and curls ;  
Three generations on the first of June,  
Which was his birthday, came in as a flood :  
John’s heart would hold them, but not his small room,  
So our mechanic’s hall receiv’d the crowd :

They din'd at one, then cyder and clean pipes  
For all the men ; no smoking boys were then ;  
Their fathers and their mothers from their lips  
Would soon have dash'd the clay,—wait 'til ye're men :  
The wives and daughters gossip'd with our dames,  
Or did a little shopping at John Cops ;  
The boys to village green to have some games,  
At marbles, pris'ner's bars or spinning tops :  
At five they all assembled were for tea ;  
Then family affairs came on the board,  
Over a glass of wine or barley bree,  
And afterwards John's blessing and the WORD ;  
Then they went home, all thankful for the past,  
And ready for their duties : for they'd faith  
In old John's blessing, and a steadfast trust  
In God, and work, and what the bible saith :  
All met again are in the spacious hall,  
John's children, to their children's little ones,  
But a dark cloud seems to o'ershadow all,  
No laugh, no talk, but is in under tones ;  
Instinctively they seem to know and feel,  
That the strong cord of love which bound the lot  
In harmony, is sever'd ; Israel  
Is with his fathers :—he is not :  
He died as he had liv'd, in hope and faith,  
And trust in God and what the bible saith,  
And slept away as infant at the breast,  
And with the just is gone into his rest.  
A nutting party in our castle wood,  
With us is one of autumn's holidays,  
And 'til 'tis ever, always understood,

The nuts are fasten'd in by honor's keys,  
That day pass'd by, 'tis open house to all,  
And well provision'd for its visitors,  
And very few of us but make a call ;  
We could a dozen without being bores :  
A noble party we made up the year  
One thousand and eight hundred fifty nine,  
A regular battue :—some twenty-four,  
Made a descent upon the forest mine :  
Our meeting place was in the fairy dell,  
And by a bubbling fountain where 'tis said,  
That when the queen of night is at her full,  
A grand reunion's held by subjects of queen Mab ;  
This I can't vouch for, or that each sev'nth moon,  
The queen is there herself to lead the dance,  
But still there is amongst us an old crone,  
Who says that she's been seen there more than once :  
All come at last, a general how-d'ye-do,  
A little gossip then a filing off,  
But clust'ring bunches are so much in view,  
That all could in an hour have said enough ;  
But 'twas not merely for the nuts we met,  
Pic-nic, madrigal and canzonet,  
And that attenuated wit call'd chaff :  
But soon our gipsying propensities,  
And others which are common to mankind,  
Acted on us as on the leaves the breeze,  
And soon not one in fairy dell remain'd ;  
Before we part let us quite understand,  
That we shall meet again at three o'clock,  
In Mountjoy Castle, whose fine ruins stand,

Midst of the wood on the old granite rock,  
It's three o'clock, fifteen are in the hall,  
The noble banquet hall of times of yore,  
Shatter'd in many parts the massive wall,  
But the fine Norman gateway's quite entire :  
The bright autumnal sun threw down his beams  
Thro' the rich tracery upon the floor,  
In golden ingots and in glit'ring streams,  
(What man that has this wealth can e'er be poor ?)  
And on the graceful silky virgin's bow'r,  
Which with the clust'ring ivy climb'd the wall,  
And flaunted proudly o'er the eastern tow'r,  
From which again the streaming tendrils fell,  
Down to the grass and flow'rs on the outside,  
Or climb'd the forest giants to their tops,  
And as they climb'd, the twigs and branches tied,  
Firmly as if with hemp or silken ropes :  
It's half-past three, the truants are all come,  
But as for nuts, our store was very small,  
In truth with many it was but a sham ;  
Oh, Genevieve!!! oh, idle Allen Dell!!!  
"Arouse ye all, my merry, merry band,  
Away to the fairy dell,  
And see how the mighty enchanter's wand  
Has wav'd round the fairy well."  
Beside the bubbling fount we stood again,  
And all commanded are to fix our eyes  
Unflinchingly upon the rounded stone  
That just above the water's surface lies ;  
Five minutes past, "*presto*," says Genevieve,  
"Now stay 'til I count ten, then turn around,"

We did ; and very few I s'pose would grieve,  
At the tableau which we on turning found ;  
Amongst the hazel bushes, on a mound,  
Are tablecloths spread out on nature's board,  
The richly ornamented damask'd ground,  
Of flow'rs and moss and em'rald velvet sward :  
A cold collation, pasties, joints, and game,  
With adjuncts, such as bitter beer and ale,  
Water, *ad libitum*, from sparkling stream,  
The inexhaustible of fairy well :  
And now from 'mongst the trees the gnomes come forth,  
And speedily all thought of fairy aid,  
Dispel'd 'midst laughing eyes and sparkling mirth,  
By servants in dark livery array'd ;  
Refreshments soon discuss'd, all clear'd away,  
And now come on Pomonas offerings,  
Autumnal fruits in rich variety ;  
We seem'd to quite forget that time has wings :  
A song from Mr. Blount was " Never fret,"  
And then we all joined in the " Gipsies' glee,"  
And Allen's encor'd song of " Fly not yet,"  
Was followed by Jane Lowndes and Robin Gray :  
Now Genevieve, we're waiting for your song,  
She has to merely hold a finger up,  
Forthwith a pedal harp moves slowly on,  
And seems to know exactly where to stop :  
*Bravo, bravo, bravissimo*, we cry,  
*Carissima*, say eyes of Allen Dell ;  
For is she not our queen of minstrelsy,  
As well as queen of hearts and Hazeldale ?  
After a short and brilliant symphony,

She play'd and sang the song of "Christabel,"  
'Twas fine to see how almost marvellously,  
She swept the strings and did the music call;  
A grand fantasia then running o'er,  
She sung a ditty that was known to all,—  
"Dermot's lament," and with such tender pow'r,  
That from some dewy eyes the tears began to fall;  
"Stars of the summer night," by Mary Dell,  
Was follow'd by the "Maid of Islington,"  
And then we had that well known madrigal,  
"Brightly the dew drops glisten in the sun:"  
And then came dark ey'd Wildflow'r of the hall,  
And with the begum, sang their Indian song;  
Encore, encore, now came from one and all,  
We could have staid admiring all night long:  
And that old song: "oh, give me breath of flow'rs;"  
And one which I had never heard 'til now,  
That exquisitely sweet: that gem of Moore's,  
"The peri at heav'n's gate," then "love's first vow;"  
The general enlisted, there and then,  
Sang "Love's my captain" in the greatest style;  
Wildflow'r now play'd the "march of Harlech's men,"  
And join'd in "Auld Lang Syne," with Isabel:  
Now for a gen'ral chorus in "All's well,"  
And usual winding up "God save the queen,"  
For Sol had long been o'er the western hill,  
And bright in full orb'd beauty shone the moon,  
The harvest moon, flooding with glorious light,  
The quiv'ring air with silv'ry radiance,  
Seeming as if she wish'd to conquer night,  
And rival day with her bright brilliance;

“Home, home, sweet home,” was now song of the heart,  
And so a gen’ral uprising there was,  
With mutual wishes made before we part,  
Of spending many more such pleasant days.

The ashen faggot and hot elder wine,  
And the chimney corner at Christmas time,

And the tales of mystery,  
Of pixies, of witches, and terrible ghosts,  
And of him whose friendship no one ever boasts,

Who likes not the light of day,  
Were the fearful delight of the warm fire-side,  
And as firmly believ’d, as that Christmas tide

Was the time their place to find,  
And there they would sit until general fear  
Would pale their cheeks, and they scarcely would dare  
To venture to look behind ;

And many an one has gone shiv’ring to bed,  
And fearing the practice of what he has said

Will be his before the day,  
And wake with a start in the long winter night,  
And expecting each moment the black or the white,

In their usual spirit array :  
But the pixies are flitted, the ghosts are laid,  
And the last of our witches, Joanna Reed,

Gone home with her weird black cat ;  
But our villagers shake their heads and tell tales  
Of witches companions and midnight balls,

That would make your blood run cold,  
If you could believe in them, which I do not,  
How not to be mentioned liv’d in her cat,  
And to him her soul she’d sold ;



But all now acknowledge they're things of the past,  
Except an occasional white-sheeted ghost,

Whose haunt is by Purly brook :

But the witches now are our Hazeldale girls,  
And our playful children, all roses and curls,

Of whom—but come down and look ;  
It is said that Lancashire carries the bell,  
But I know that Devon deserves it as well ;

Come and judge by nature's book :  
I've seen the Heras and Haidees of Greece,  
And the Nubian belle with her classic face,  
And gazelle-eyed Georgian,  
The noble Circassian beauty at home,  
The donnas of Spain and the daughters of Rome,  
And the bright Parisian ;

But for lovely expression and chaste contour,  
Give to me the perennial British flow'r,

Of the world *la creme de la creme* ;  
The flow'r which blooms in the palace and cot,  
Which makes richer the rich, and the stony lot

Of the poor and the struggling the same ;  
In Greece is the classic, in Georgia the sweet,  
In Paris the sparkling, but here they all meet,

As fruits in the mangosteen ;  
The maidens and matrons who brighten the land,  
As redolent flowers or pearls on the strand,

Of the flow and ebb of time.

The lord-lieutenant of love,

Saint Valentine is come,

And the coo of turtle dove

Is heard in ev'ry home ;

The very first voice this morn,  
Was that of Geraldine,  
My pet and my only born,  
"Pa, you my Valentine;"  
A glow of the *rose d'amour*  
Amongst the maids and men,  
At the postman and his store,  
When theirs are given them.  
There are six come for the cook,  
Who says she'll burn them all,  
But if at her heart you could look,  
I think there'd be a smile.  
I call'd at the Post Office,  
Post mistress, Sarah Fern,  
Who look'd as wicked as vice,  
Dark as December morn ;  
A spinster poor Sarah is,  
Just about sixty-one,  
Who'se never been deemed a prize  
By Thomas, James, or John ;  
She knows not Saint Valentine,  
He's quite neglected her,  
Then why should she give her time,  
To such a horrid bore.  
"I can neyther stand nor zet,  
I'l gieve et op vorth weth,  
I'd s'lay keep a turnpike gate,  
Twe'l wurret me to death ;  
Here's this very blessed day,  
I've zent around dree times,  
Drat they're Cupids and doves I zay,

An theyre lackadaizey rhymes :  
About ten minutes ago,  
    Jeymymer Rose com'd op,  
Weth a chap she cal'th her bow,  
    A reg'lar nincompoop :  
And she but zexteen yers hold,  
    Et alemost made me zeck,  
To zee a young child so bold,  
    And at zuch a coshious treck ;  
A geglin and gurning both,  
    They ax'd vor one vor her,  
I gied em a bit a truth,  
    And put a vlay in her year :  
I'l teach em to wenk theyre eyes,  
    I zeed em doo et twice,  
When I zed that girls and boys  
    Shoud be like vrost and ice ;  
To talke to me about bows ;  
    ' One of my bows,' zed she ;  
And that vrom Jeymymer Rose,  
    I almost zweam'd away :  
I wish that I had the pow'r,  
    As much as I've tha will,  
I'd put em ale in tha vire,  
    Or post em in tha mill :  
I be zartaynly but young,  
    Leastways to zom I know,  
But I'd shame to doo zuch theng,  
    As ev'ry one doo now ;  
I be tir'd weth et, I be,  
    And ale theyre imperance,

I'll go back to Nettle-tree,  
I wish I could at once :"  
Just then a sweet girl came up,  
And ask'd for one for her,  
Which was put down with a slap,  
And 'jaculation :—" there,  
I thought yew now'd better, Bell,  
I grieve vor you, I du,  
Better stay down at the mill,  
Than make zuch randevu ;"  
" Dear, dear, poor uncle is dead,"  
Was all that Bell could say,  
And with a tear and a sob,  
She turn'd and walk'd away :  
Poor Sarah look'd quite aghast,  
And then began to cry ;  
" Oh, dear ; I be crewil vex'd,  
And Bell ;—Bell ; doooo stay :"  
But Bell went down to the mill,  
And I went up the street,  
And Sarah her tongue kept still,  
I think for near a week.

Now who is this gone past my house with curricl and greys,  
And short black pipe which must have seen the light of other days,  
And servant dress'd as paroquet, and dissipated nose,  
As if with steady temperance he'd lately been at blows,  
I feel a sudden prejudice, a sort of Fell dislike,  
I neither like his face or hat, or little dirty pipe,  
A vague presentiment ; a dread that I shall have to fight,

With mischief thro' his agency, is cloud 'twixt me and  
light ;

But why should I so think of one I never saw before,  
And wish to shut on charity the hard distrustful door ;  
Why should I view a stranger as a sort of muzzled bear,  
And *honi soit qui mal y pense*, have for myself no fear ;  
Such were my thoughts this morning as the equipage  
pass'd by,

And such are now my feelings when the day is pass'd  
away :

There's no response from mental if I ask the reason why,  
But still " I do not like him," is the burthen of the cry ;  
Our eyes we know are mirrors—objects on which we look,  
Are pencil'd on their retina, as pictures in a book :  
May not our mental vision be a mirror on which thought  
And promptings from the spirit world are to our spirit  
brought ?

A touch as light as echo's voice amongst the greenwood  
trees,

Or breath upon a glassy pool by summer ev'ning's breeze,  
Seems often to be origin of action and of will,

A prompter to a train of thought, as hand which pulls a  
bell ;

Two or three days are pass'd and gone, and Isabel  
comes in

From Mr. Lowndes' and Farmer Dell's, and call at  
Hazledean,

Looking as mournful as a girl who's James or Freddy  
lost,

And it's a really shocking thing when sweet young love  
is crost ;

"Oh, William," says my flow'r to me, "whoever do you think

The driver in the carriage was, you thought took too much drink;

It's Mr. Blennerhasset's son, the heir of Lord de Vere,  
He's at the Blount's, and you were right in all you said,  
I fear;

If you remember, Genevieve went up to the last ball,  
At Exeter in April last, with Wildflow'r of the hall;  
Well, there she danc'd with Mr. B., and consequence of  
that,

Is special visit of him here, to give her special fret:  
And, oh, he's such a dreadful man, a *roué* and a sot,  
And ugly as he's impudent; a miserable lot;  
Poor girl, she's dreadfully cast down; I wish he'd had a  
fit

Of anything but love for her; I wish he'd die to-night;"  
"Rather strong language, Isabel, and not as yours, my  
love,

That surely cannot be my wife, my kind and gentle dove,  
You must be terribly put out, to be so strongly mov'd;"  
"Yes, I was wrong in what I said, but I'm so deeply  
grieved."

A week's past by and Genevieve's refus'd the proffer'd  
hand;

But, by request of Mr. Blount, he stays as special friend;  
A special friend, such were the words:—a man, if he'd  
been poor,

Would ever kept his pimpled face the outside of the  
door;

A poor cadav'rous youth he is, except his fiery nose;

More fit for scarecrow in a field, to fright away the  
crows,

Than to pay court to our sweet queen—our beautiful  
and best ;

I almost wish with Isabel, that he was in his rest ;

A fellow who turns time and life into a drunken farce,

A cap and bells should be his crown, his bed of birch  
and gorse ;

Ye harlequins and mountebanks, who drivell out your  
lives,

As fools in amphitheatre, the empty laugh to raise,

Think ye that life was giv'n ye, to make of it a joke ?

A dang'rous dance for you 'twill be, a dance on rotten  
rope.

Life is a stewardship of wealth, would dim a world of  
gold,

Wealth, in which truth and honesty and virtue are  
enrol'd ;

Wealth of the mind,—wealth of the soul,—wealth of  
that better part,

Which faith and love are guardians of ; wealth of the  
pure in heart :

It is but desecrating love to call his passion such ;

Love is the sunshine of the soul, the gold electric touch,

And not a spurious imitate of mercury and brass,

Amalgam of the sensual ; with tinkle and its dross.

And this poor lying specimen of rank and *la haute monde*,

Would take the valley Asphodel, transplant it from its  
ground,

Amongst the cool sweet zephyrs, and the blossoms and  
the birds, .

To perish midst aridity and sottishness and cards :  
God help and save thee, Genevieve, far better thou  
    had'st gone  
With thy dear mother and her fawn, 'neath monumental  
    stone,  
And strew'd with tears and flowerets had thy last earthly  
    home,  
Than to have liv'd to be immur'd within a living tomb :  
The hawk has won ; the quarry's struck ; the flut'ring  
    dove is down ;  
Her father's selfishness and pride urged the slayer on ;  
She's promised a twelvemonth hence to be his wedded  
    wife,  
If still her father wishes it ; will she be still in life ?  
For she is wan and mournful-ey'd ; the worm is preying  
    there,  
And bounding youth and joyous life cower before pale  
    fear ;  
She's got beneath the upas tree ; the poison's all around ;  
And ev'ry breath is agony, and every touch a wound :  
Oh, human weakness, pride and self, where shall we go  
    for truth ?  
Where is the man who never bent the knee to Ashtorath ?  
All have their price : all venial : all open to a bribe,  
And he perhaps the readiest who it does most deride ;  
Present the bait that's suitable and be he peer or hind,  
Cupidity or selfish pride, or self-deceit will blind :  
A golden one to Mr. Blount, would be a thing of nought,  
And more repulsive would it be, the more that he was  
    sought :  
But title, honors, ancient race, cover'd the barbed hook,



Gave it the semblance of a truth, and so the bait was took ;  
Blind and infatuated man, could'st thou but turn the leaf,  
Thou'dst see upon it written down, remorse, and shame,  
and grief ;

But grief won't wash the past away, tho' it may stain the  
page :

And there it is, and there 'twill stay, howe'er the tempest  
rage :

Is it not passing pitiful, that for a sot and giaour,  
Two kindred minds and loving hearts, should shut on  
hope the door ?

Still through the key-hole it will slip hope is a blessed  
thing,

Free as the air, warm as the sun, bright as the lunar  
beam ;

It won't leave Allen tho' the door seems wholly shut on  
him :

His old familiar smile is gone, the sparkle's out of it,  
'Tis now but faint and languishing, a green and yellow flit,  
Still where there's life, there's hope he says, he scarcely  
can believe

That ought so foul can ever win his peerless Genevieve :  
Thou pinchbeck one, thou imitate:—no, thou'rt no imitate  
No semblance or e'en mockery of what is good and great ;  
Thou'rt shameless, hard and bronzed-faced, a type of  
wickedness ;

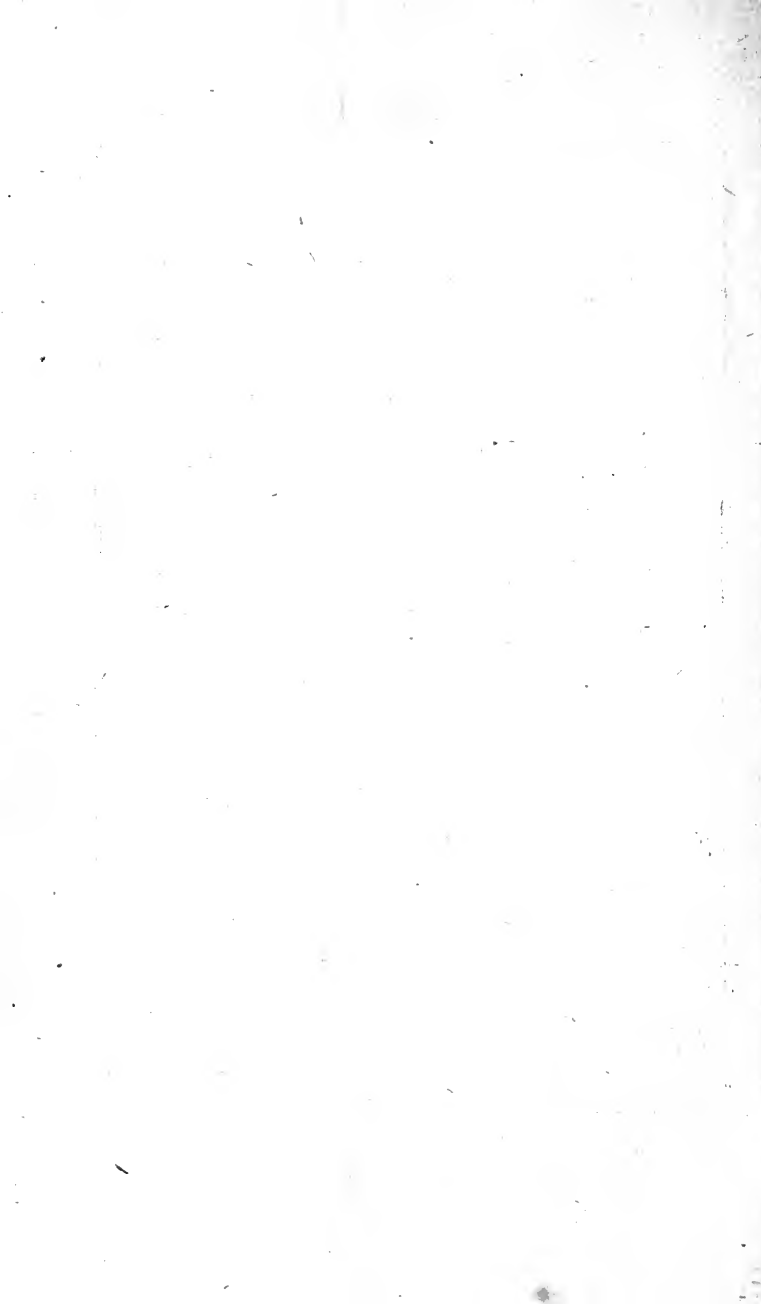
In some parts men would look at thee and cross them-  
selves and bless :

I fear I've wicked thoughts sometimes of fate and  
Providence ;

Still what am I, that I should dare be wise in ignorance:

The end will come, the veil withdrawn, all will be cleared  
up,  
Many a jewel's doubtless hid in many a bitter cup :  
But heavy clouds and darkling skies oft threaten but in  
vain,  
And many morns of sunny days have come with mist  
and rain ;  
And so it was with Genevieve, the net seem'd closing  
fast,  
When one short moment broke to bits and nullified the  
past ;  
The very hands which tied the knots cut them as with a  
knife,  
And love and hope resumed their rights, and Genevieve  
her life :  
It chanced thus : Allen and me, and Isabel my queen,  
Were chatting 'neath the linden trees, circling our village  
green,  
When light and darkness passed by in shape of Genevieve,  
And he as stale tobacco pipe that's gone beyond reprieve ;  
Of course we mov'd to Genevieve, which she responded  
to,  
While he malignant ey'd, went on, muttering, " this wont  
do,"  
Then passion seem'd to master him and drove him head-  
long on ;  
" Never to them do that again," and almost push'd her  
down ;  
Its scarcely credible I own, but what is folly's rage,  
But mania of a drunken man, its depth you cannot guage :  
Allen look'd scar'd and pale and wan, and then was as  
the fire ;





He hurl'd the craven to the earth as if a dog he were;  
Passion with him too took the rein and drove him head-  
long on,

I could not, would not intervene: I would the same have  
done:

Genevieve totter'd and then fell, and Allen on his knees  
Bent over her with Isabel; when striding thro' the trees,  
Came Mr. Blount: he'd seen it all, standing at Simon's  
door;

Wild with excitement, pale with rage, livid with anxious  
fear;

A hasty glance, a threat'ning fist as he pass'd by the  
hound,

Then Genevieve's cold lips he kist, and fairly wept and  
groan'd:

'Twas but a moment; Allen; help;—there—now please  
Isabel;

We bore her into Simon's shop, myself and Allen Dell:  
Simon will run for Doctor Crane,—Simon for him was  
gone,

They came a moment afterwards—just as we'd laid her  
down:

She soon recover'd, but so pale, so trembling and so wan,  
Such a wild mournful haggard look, that I could scarcely  
ban

And keep back in the reservoir the tears which freely ran  
From Isabel; who wept, as if our Geraldine had died;  
Her tears when pity opes the sluice, can never be denied;  
Poor palsied trembling Allen Dell, almost as bad as her:  
But soon 'twas pass'd, the clouds were gone, again he  
saw his star;

A shout, a noise, from out the street; "they'll kill me—  
Simon Dare,

Help, Mr. Blount; help, Allen Dell;" a piercing shriek of  
fear:

As angry hornets from their nest, disturb'd by thrust of  
stick,

So pouring out from ev'ry house came women fast and  
thick;

Around the dastard in a swarm were scores maltreating  
him,

Had we not quickly interven'd, the end would soon have  
come;

A scarecrow now he really was; a ragged rascal truly,  
"Let's drown'n in the hosses pond," cried out the most  
unruly:

His eyes were clos'd, his face was scratch'd; no scant of  
female talons,

Our pity and our help he'd had if he'd been worst of  
felons;

We got him to the "Ryder Arms," and pack'd him off  
by train,

I hope that we shall never see his face or pipe again;

And now the sun shone brightly out, the clouds were  
drifting fast,

And Mr. Blount himself again redeemed soon the past;  
If ever beat a thankful heart, it was in Hazledean,

"I'm woke, my friend," says he to me, "out of a  
frightful dream;"

And hope and joy to Genevieve brought back the smiles  
again,

And Allen was to them the same as in the auld lang syne:

Music and song, the rides and walks, and chess and bagatelle;

If ever was a happy man, that man is Allen Dell.

Come with me some clear night in June or July,

By the path running up from the Roman way,

On the western side of our mere;

When the air is quiv'ring with radiant sheen,

And the stars are dim'd by the full-orb'd moon,

And the beautiful's ev'rywhere;

And the only sounds are those of the rill,

And the boom of the distant waterfall,

And the owl in his hollow tree:

To the rock-girt glistening mountain tarn,

Where it lies by the old Druidical cairn,

As a shield of high heraldry,

Of burnished silver, richly imprest

With the moon and stars on its glittering crest,

In their regal simplicity:

Look down on the lake with its fairy isles,

And the yacht and boats with their furled sails,

Midst the light and shade of the vale;

With the shining stream winding thro' its dark sides,

As by them like molten silver it glides;

And the polish'd steel waterfall:

And the Norman castle, dim as its tale,

Looking more like phantasies painting than real,

Midst the mass of the forest trees;

And our ivied tow'r, and the village mill,

And peaceable slumbering Hazledale,

With its drones and hornets and bees;

And the luminous mist on the mountain's brow,

Whose peaks above it, as pillars of snow,  
Stand bare and rugged and lone,  
Looking against the relief of the sky,  
As relics of ancient mythology,

The Titans upon their throne :

The stars are dim'd and their brilliancy lost,  
And but few appear of the numberless host ;

They're drown'd in the flood of light ;  
The fleecy cloudlets a flock that's at rest,  
Or a snowy fleet that's on ocean's breast,

At peaceful anchor at night :

A floated feather falls down almost straight,  
With a gentle curve on its way in and out,

So quiet and calm is the air ;  
Not a breath or ripple is on the tarn,  
Not a quivering leaf amongst the fern,

Æolus is got in his lair :

But list !!—there's a rustle, a low soft sound,  
Intermitting and fitful—near the ground,

Down amongst the heather and grass ;  
It's got to the fern, it's rustling the gorse,  
It touches thy cheek as a loving nurse

When she gives her first morning kiss :  
The host of the heavens is passing away,  
And a freshness betokens the coming of day,

And a breath's on the mirror's glass :  
Now shooting up are swift arrows of light,  
And blue is displac'd by chastened white,

And then instantaneous flush,  
And the mountain peaks are tinged with gold,  
For nature's beginning her book to unfold,



And says to the spirit—hush !!  
Be silent—look up to the morning's wing,  
Which the heralds of day are now pencilling  
    With crimson and purple and rose ;  
And the island clouds, which float o'er the dome,  
With shadings as those in the rainbow's home,  
    And the topaz and crysophrase :  
And beauty which cannot be imitate,  
Before which all pomp of wealth and of state  
    Is prosy and dingy and dull,  
Is before thy eyes, be thou peasant or peer,  
For nature to all throws open her door,  
    Her flow'rets all fingers may cull :  
The cloudlets are wafting as ships in sail,  
With a motion that's scarcely perceptible,  
    Over the roseate sea,  
And their shapes and hues ev'ry moment change,  
As over the depths they sublimely range,  
    As time on infinity :  
As a ruby or burning carbuncle,  
The sun's coming over the distant hill,  
    In peerless magnificence :  
The fount of heat and the fountain of light,  
Marches on in the strength of his glorious might,  
    And his life giving radiance ;  
Chanticleer his clarion is sounding high,  
And sweet are the songs of the minstrelsy,  
    Of the hedge, the coppice and wood ;  
The lark is circling around and around,  
Above his dear little home on the ground,  
    And his callow unfledg'd brood ;

The rabbits are breakfasting 'mongst the fern,  
A curlew is standing beside the tarn,

Enjoying his morning draught.

A fox steals up from the woodlands below,  
He sees me, turns round, and away to go

To other sphere for his craft:

The smoke from the cottage now upwards curls,  
And thro' the green trees or over them whirls,

Then slowly dissolves away:

The boats on our lake are moving about,  
And their owners for roach or for greyling or trout,

Are throwing the barbed fly:

And now the harp of all regions and climes  
Awoke as the Memnon of ancient times,

Is filling the air with joy;

The very first notes are gratitude's pay,  
For the new-born light and the sun's warm ray,

All is brightness and melody:

Go learn of the birds that the God of morn  
Has given us joy as the elder born,

And the sunshine of his ways:

His paths are the pleasant and those of peace,  
And sadness in them has no rightful place;

Enjoy and give Him the praise:

The morning breeze is careering away,  
And kissing the flow'rs and the new made hay

And the ringdove in her nest,

In the hawthorn tree, beneath the wing  
Of the ivy leaves, and the blossoming

Of the starry pearls of its crest;

It's playfully blowing the gathering bee

Out of his outward bound musical way,  
To rifling the foxglove bells,  
And the heather and thyme on the breezy hills,  
And the cowslips and roses amongst the rills,  
Of the honeysuckle dells :  
It's singing its pœan amongst the trees,  
And then away to the waters it flies,  
To ruffle the plumes of the swan :  
It raises the curved and tiny waves,  
Which quickly subside as onward it moves  
And a mirror's there again :  
And now to the land, perplexing the vane  
Of our ivied bow'r as if making game,  
And mocking our weather guide,  
To every quarter in quarter-an-hour,  
As if he would rake into one all the four,  
And over all precedent ride :  
For a perfect slave to his master the wind,  
Obedience *instant* when he does command,  
Is our winged dragon *la haute* ;  
From the dragon he's gone to the nursery  
Of the noisy and populous rookery,  
And then to the dust and mote,  
Making them circle around and around,  
Then up above with a rush and a bound,  
As the rise of an eagle's wings,  
No longer dear Zephyr unstable and sweet,  
But his lord Æolus the pow'rful and fleet,  
His morning tribute now brings ;  
He shakes the trees as he passes along,  
And chaunts in their branches the mighty song,

The song of the land and sea,  
The song of the angels and morning stars,  
Of praise to the God of the universe,  
The God of infinity :  
Worship low in the temple thou here hast found ;  
The sky, the mountains, the heathery ground ;  
And join with the hosts above,  
The never ceasing magnificent choir,  
Which thought cannot compass or phantasy dare,  
But whose song is eternal love :  
And glorify Him for His wond'rous works,  
And thank His goodness that thou hast some sparks  
To light up thy clouded mind,  
And to give thee thoughts which are not of carth,  
A few scintillations of heavenly birth,  
That with thy gross nature blend ;  
Let thy heart be a harp of music and joy,  
On the strings of which love and gratitude play  
An ever enduring tune ;  
And the end for which thou livest fulfil,  
By being a part of that beautiful,  
Which is heav'ns most precious boon ;  
But what's the presence of beauty to thee,  
And of glorious music and harmony,  
If to sight and hearing they're nought,  
The beautiful has its own story to tell,  
But its only to those where the beautiful  
Is their leav'n and sunshine of thought.  
The week before Christmas we've quite a glow  
Of red-berried holly, and mistletoe,  
Cedar, and cypress and bay ;

And loads of laurestinus and laurel,  
And mountain ash, with its bunches of coral,  
For Exeter market day :  
Not only the donkeys, but "raggy bo,"  
His grubbing has left, for the Christmas show,  
And his cart is full of it ;  
And all our people their houses adorn  
On the Christmas eve, for the coming morn,  
And every face is bright :  
On Christmas morning the waits are singing,  
And from sev'n o'clock the bells are ringing,  
'Til elev'n—the hour for pray'r ;  
And our old Norman church is swept quite clean  
And decorated with red and with green,  
And many a hot-house flow'r :  
And we've scarcely room for another child,  
By the time that the tenor bell has toll'd,  
And the voluntary's play'd,  
And Merry Christmas and Happy New Year  
Is read in the smile of ev'ry one there,  
As plain as if it was said ;  
And now for the pray'rs and the psalm and hymn,  
But before the sermon, our clerk, John Glynn,  
The special carol gives out,  
For a new one we have each Christmas day,  
And—it must come out—composed by me,  
I'm Hazledale's laureat ;  
Not only for carols, but epitaphs,  
Which our tombstone maker, Jonathan Jeffs,  
Says "be downright beautiful,"  
Tho' I hear that our sexton, Thomas Beer,

Says "vine wurds won't butter no passnips *there*,  
Tho' hes onner meyneth well ;"  
No doubt Thomas likes the old sort the best,  
How that Mary Goff was gone to her rest,  
Because her tongue did need it ;  
And here lieth the body of Betsy Gill,  
She'd no pow'r to stay, if she had the will,  
'Twas her bad leg that did it ;  
'Tis Christmas day, and the service is o'er,  
And Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,  
And hands almost shaking off,  
From the old church porch to the churchyard  
gate,  
And friends and ancient acquaintances meet,  
With gladsome greeting and laugh ;  
And then all home to their Christmas dinners,  
And run for the plate, of which are all winners,  
Of beef or turkey or goose ;  
And the Christmas pudding, the black and the  
white,  
For admiring children both small and great,  
And cwrw and bara caws ;  
And then for a glass of wine, and a sip  
Out of father's tumbler by Mary's lip,  
And kisses *ad libitum*,  
And piles of apples and filberts and pears,  
But Fanny steals off with Christopher Shears,  
And father winks with a hem,  
To smiling mother, who nods back to him,  
But a moment after their eyes look dim—  
They're thinking of auld lang syne ;

But 'tis but for a moment—"your health, my  
dear,  
And many and many a happy new year,  
To my loving, faithful Jane :"  
And there they stay cracking filberts and jokes,  
With much fun and play amongst the young folks,  
'Til tea and toast is announc'd ;  
That discuss'd, the curtain at last is rais'd,  
And father and mother by William seiz'd,  
And out of the parlour bounc'd,  
And grandfather's put in the old arm chair,  
And on his knee has a two-year old dear,  
But grandmother's very peart,  
And runs about in the kitchen or hall,  
And plays at snap-dragon with John or Bell,  
Bless her merry, brave old heart :  
But grandfather's got his old rheumatism,  
And altho' a *l'outrance*, his eyes still glisten  
With merriment and with fun,  
And he longs to join them, there must he sit,  
One knee engag'd, on t'other the cat,  
And Rover and Dash between ;  
The maids and the prentice boys are had in,  
But get so uproarious that Aunt Min  
Goes out to cool down a bit ;  
All play and no work is our Christmas night,  
Ev'ry tongue going, and ev'ry eye bright,  
With flood of fun and small wit ;  
And love is our ruler on Christmas day,  
Anger and quarrels are all sent away,  
And *pax vobiscum* our words ;

For happy new year is a truism here,  
And every face does its best look wear ;  
    We're all bound up with love's cords :  
With cheeks which are red, but noses quite blue,  
Our Sunday scholars, one hundred and two,  
    Are in the school-room at three,  
To get their rewards and reap what they've sown  
In days three hundred and sixty-five flown,  
    The proof—the drone or the bee :  
Bibles and testaments, hymn and pray'r books—  
Ribbons and scarfs get the pleasantest looks,  
    But nature will have her way :  
The prizes distributed, buns and tea,  
Which seems with the blossoms much to agree,  
    So happy—happy are they ;  
Tho' they look towards the windows and door,  
And seem to think that delay's quite a bore,  
    They're longing for liberty,  
Home to go, their prizes and gifts to shew ;  
Won't their eyes sparkle and won't their cheeks  
    glow ?  
    They've all gain'd something to-day ;  
Tho' I fear that some got in o'er the wall,  
But our ladies would have it—give to all,  
    Tho' the teachers shook their heads ;  
Away at last, and when outside the door,  
Such a shout arose, half halloa, half cheer,  
    From Betsies and Toms and Neds,  
And away they hid, keeping up the ball,  
'Til they all are hous'd, call answering call,  
    Merry hearts and merry tongues ;



Laugh and play, children, while yet it is morn,  
Sport in your pasture, for it ye were born,

Let echo resound your songs ;  
The battle of life is fast coming on,  
And knocks will succeed to laughter and fun,  
Keep up your spring holiday ;  
Be glad and rejoice while your hearts are light,  
Ye'l be nought the worse when ye come to the  
fight,

The flow'rs and the birds for May.  
Some mountaineers from the Highlands and  
Wales,

A boy from the jim of the say,  
Who never at frolic or shindy fails,  
From the ev'ning to peep o'day ;  
Are here amongst us—quite naturaliz'd ;

“At home” ’mongst our orchards and flow'rs,  
Like lotus eaters, they've won that they priz'd,  
And live a life of encores :

Fond of the siller are both the Mc Lanes,  
But fonder of whuskey by far,  
Most of their earnings they put in their wames,  
In the bar of the “Morning Star ;”

Hard working fellows, and careful as ants,

They scarcely a bawbee will spend,  
Almost denying their natural wants,

For their false, tho' spirited friend ;  
Paddy o'Flanaghan, light-hearted Pat,

Thou stranger to trouble and fear,  
Shurely thou'st got the nine lives of a cat,  
For the knocks thy caput does bear ;

In return for those thou sowest broadcast,  
At fairs, and at revels, and mops,  
"Be dad," says Paddy, "I am but a baste,"  
When he's reaped his swelling crops;  
But the black eyes past, and the bruises gone,  
"I'm getting quite mowldy," says he,  
"For want of a bating; ochone, ochone!!!  
Is it laughing ye are at me?"  
From Ystrad-y-fdwg or Ynispenllwch,  
Our Welshman Cadwallader came,  
Sanguine, irascible, fond of a joke,  
With a pedigree up to Shem;  
Suspicious at first, but when he has prov'd  
That your practice is just and true,  
Unlimited faith, which cannot be mov'd  
He places in those where 'tis due:  
A warm heart has Taffy and no false hand,  
Has his peccadilloes no doubt;  
A sprinkling of dust, a few grains of sand,  
To find them they need to be sought;  
Intelligent, careful, almost to a fault,  
Wary, and cautious, and watchful,  
Is the best of our Scotchmen, Benjamin Galt,  
But sterling, honest, and truthful;  
His face is demure as that of a nun,  
Except that his eye tells a tale,  
That the house above has a lodger nam'd fun,  
A sorrow killing auld chiel:  
Who ever is putting his spoke in the wheel,  
Be it travelling fast or slow,  
It is well that laughter will not often kill,

Or I should be breathless ere now ;  
He's the much esteem'd steward of Mr. Blount,  
And farms very largely as well,  
And has weans as many as you can count,  
If you hold your fingers to tell :  
We should miss very much both Taffy and Pat,  
But him most especially,  
The Mc Lanes we could manage to do without,  
But they form part of our day :  
A bass relief unto prosiness,  
That drawback of country life,  
That wee bit shade of weariness—  
E'en honey may be too rife ;  
And now the cushat's nest again,  
In the old ivied hawthorn lay ;  
On the woodbine and eglantine,  
The flow'rs are bursting into day,  
The throstle sings from out the elm,  
The goldfinch from the apple blooms,  
Music and joy thro' nature's realm,  
Are 'mongst the fields and mossy homes ;  
Sunshine, and flowers, and song are rife,  
As sun, and song, and flow'rs should be,  
For nature's year is nature's life  
And now its youth and love and May :  
And love and youth and May to-day,  
Are with us, birds and flowers and green ;  
Care's carriage shall not stop the way—  
'Tis birth-day of our village queen :  
Boom, boom, the blacksmith's anvils go,  
Our imitation caronades,

They do for noise, but not for show,  
Like many other country blades ;  
The bells struck up a peal at five,  
And scarcely since a moment dumb,  
Hurrahs and laughs with them now strive,  
To make all woe to joy succumb ;  
Breakfast with usual fragrant steam,  
Is now discuss'd with Isabel,  
My summer, autumn, winter gleam,  
And of the flow' red May as well ;  
Its two o'clock ;—now in the street,  
The people stand in merry groups ;  
And mischief, fun and restless feet,  
Are with our youthful household troops ;  
I've Isabel and Geraldine,  
And Mary Dell beneath my wing,  
As forth we go to meet the queen,  
With choicest flow'rs as offering :  
Miss Genevieve :—the queen is come,  
Now sparkling eyes grow brighter still,  
The flow'rs before her ponies strewn,  
Are thick as those which on her fall :  
She comes with Allen by her side,  
Looking at ease, and quite at home,  
With his dear prize ; his own sweet bride  
Which is to be when autumn's come :  
“ Well Mary, we must part I see,  
Here's Hubert coming for his mate,  
Against his claim what can we say,  
We cannot war 'gainst love and fate,  
And so we'll yield you pleasantly,

And that without the least alarm ;”  
“ Oh, nonsense :—he’s not come for me ;”  
A moment pass’d she took his arm :  
Now Genevieve and Allen Dell,  
And Hubert and his violet,  
And Geraldine and Isabel,  
With humble self go down the street :  
But Genevieve eclipses all ;  
Our little lights sparkle in vain,  
For her the shouts, for her the call,  
The cheers : again :—again : again :  
Just by the alms-house there’s a stop,  
To say a word to some old men,  
To whom she’d brought a loving cup,  
In shape of jar of clotted cream ;  
Going slowly on amongst the crowd,  
“ Well, Betty Blackmore, how are you ?”  
“ Well now, my lady ; I *be* proud :—  
I *be* but meddling :—jest zo zo :  
I’ve had the hinfulnzer twice,  
And yaller janders and bad eye,  
And now I’ve got the indisjast,  
But that don’t meake much odds to I ;”  
“ Well, Betty, come up to the house,  
I’ll speak for you to Mrs. Brown,  
I think she’ll cure your indigest,  
If you can’t with this new half-crown ;”  
Betty was happy as the birds,  
That day and many after ones,  
But most for Genevieve’s kind words,  
Which often heavier weigh than coins :

I overheard a woman say  
Unto another by her side,  
“Bless hur zweet vace, when lettles May,  
Our lettles May wur very bad,  
Hur every day ded come and zet  
An hour or two longside hur bed;  
And aleways breng’d weth hur zome vruit,  
Which she had peck’d hurzelf, hur zed,  
And talke to hur ‘bout Jeyesus Christ,  
And how that he ded childern love,  
And that He wur the King and Priest  
Amongst the hangels op above.”  
And here the speaker broke quite down,  
And wept as if her heart would break;  
After a time she spoke again:—  
“Deyre me, I be zo very weyke,  
But May you know, hur wur the last?  
The other zev’n had gone avore,  
The Lord be prayz’d, vor He know’th best,  
But I ded think that he would spare  
And leyve to me my lettles dare;  
And then, you know, Miss Jinnyvieve,  
When hur ded dye wur by hur bed,  
And Mr. Lowndes wur too, I b’lieve,<sup>1</sup>  
But May put out hur hand and zed,  
‘I’m going to Jeyzus Christ, Miss Gieve,  
And I shall hear the hangels zing;  
You’ll come, won’t you?’ ‘Well, May, I’ll strive,’  
And then hur dye’d, deer lettles thing.”  
“Good morning, nurse, how do you do?”  
She to an aged woman said,

In whom the light was burning low,  
In whom ran fast the ebbing tide :  
"My darling child, my blessed one,  
I know'd you would not pass me by,  
My own dear love, my time's just done,  
Thank God, I've zeed you vore I dye."  
"Oh, nurse, you've many years to come,  
Your hair's not even turned grey."  
"My own dear love, life's nearly gone,  
I zune another world shall know,  
Thank Him, I'm ready any hour,  
I know'th He'l not dezart me now,  
His mercy's great as is His pow'r,  
And what that be we cannot know ;  
The shade be coming on me vast,  
But I du trust in His strong arm,  
That have a helped many past,  
The last, the weather cleyring storm ;  
Good bye, my love, my gracious Lord  
Have gid me ale I wish vor now,  
And may the blessings in His word  
Be on you az on vlow'rs the dew :"  
When Genevieve came in again  
And call'd her kind old friend to see,  
She found her words were not in vain,  
She'd pass'd into eternity :  
"Stop, Carry, stop," says Mary Cleeve,  
Unto her little blue-ey'd girl,  
Who crying out "Miss Gieve, Miss Gieve,"  
Was much too near the carriage whirl ;  
But Genevieve had seen the child,

And stop'd her ponies quite in time,  
"Oh, dear me, ma'am, she's got quite wild,  
Sence hur ded zee you coming down ;  
Hand her up, Mary ;—kiss Miss Gieve,"  
"There's a new doll I've brought for her ;  
Now Mary ;"—but she would not leave,  
"Well, never mind, I'll keep her here ;"  
Mary had been the lady's maid,  
At Hazeldean for many years,  
But choosing married life instead,  
And cooper Cleeve and household cares,  
Had this one child now five years old,  
And she is quite a perfect gem,  
And dearer than a mine of gold,  
Or ought on earth to both of them :  
At last she came to farmer Dells,  
And then got down, and went within ;  
O'er flowing now the crystal wells,  
Her tears ran down as summer rain :  
The volunteers are must'ring fast,  
The clubs and trades are gathering,  
The Sunday scholars in their best  
Are speeding on, on joyful wing ;  
One spirit seems to govern all,  
And deck with smiles each pleasant face,  
The happy spirit of good will,  
Which never, never's out of place :  
Did'st ever hear an English cheer,  
From out the throats of western men ?  
If not, come down amongst us here,  
Thou'lt never hear the like again ;



Such cheer ascended from the green,  
For Mr. Blount was now in sight,  
Again, again, again, again,  
And then again the vocal might:  
The echoes had scarce died away,  
When Genevieve and Allen Dell,  
And Mr. Lowndes and Colonel Wray,  
And Mr. Palk of Eden's Hall,  
Came walking up with Doctor Crane;  
Make way, make way, here comes the queen,  
A cheer;—a shout;—again, again,  
And then again, again, again, again:  
Mr. Blount quickly leaves his whip, and comes his darling  
girl to meet  
And fondly kiss'd her trembling lip; and then to all gives  
kindly greet:  
There's sound of music o'er the cheers, and tramp, tramp  
tramp of trained men,  
Up come our gallant volunteers, and boys as usual after  
them:  
The time when we went gipsying is tune they're playing  
now,  
And bright ey'd maidens almost fling themselves on merry  
toe,  
Ominous shuffling of the feet and bright'ning of the  
eye,  
Are tokens of another meet to have a roundelay:  
A few kind words from Mr. Blount, heartfelt, heart  
spoken:—genuine,  
He could not say but what he meant; his tongue was  
partner of his brain;

That all would come on Tuesday next, to spend the day  
at Hazledean ;

A look goes round amongst the band, quick as a flash of  
light,

As if was passing thro' each mind, a simultaneous thought  
Without a word, each man began, that tune of "Auld  
Lang Syne,"

The fine old English gentleran, him of the olden time,  
Repeated o'er and o'er again, at last spoke out John Coyne  
"Let's ha tha wurds, now Aaron Venn, you petch and  
we'll ale joyne ;

Some five and twenty men at first got up the good old  
song,

But very soon came on a burst, and echo with it rung,  
For long before the lay was o'er, five hundred more had  
join'd,

With p'rap's less melody than pow'r, but still 'twas heart  
and mind ;

There must have been eight hundred folks upon our green  
that day,

And if he we judge by happy looks, their hearts were all  
as May,

For gen'rous landlord and kind friend, is Mr. Blount to  
all,

Love and respect and wishes kind are his thro' Hazeldale :  
'Tis Tuesday morn and break of day, hark to the merry,  
merry bells,

Ye slumberers no longer stay, the sun is rising o'er the  
hills ;

At six the band march'd up the street, playing the "rising  
of the lark,"

And neighbours now begin to greet, and talk about the  
squire and park,  
At sev'n the long procession form'd, in front the band and  
volunteers,  
The farmers with their wives and bairns, looking as  
bright and fresh as flow'rs ;  
Next were the trades and then the clubs, the foresters in  
buff and green,  
Looking as thorough hyper snobs—pandean pipes and  
tamborine ;  
As butterflies just made from grubs, forgetting what  
they'd lately been ;  
Next the odd-fellows' club came on, and odd enough  
some of them were,  
Then band of hope, as full of fun, as boys can be when  
minus care ;  
Then came two other bands of hope, the Sunday and the  
daily schools,  
And then a miscellaneous troop who would not con-  
descend to rules ;  
Never were visitors receiv'd with larger hospitality,  
The only time that some look'd griev'd was when it had  
finality ;  
Breakfast and dinner, sports and games, made the day  
full of pleasant mirth ;  
Many an one in after times, in winter ev'nings round the  
hearth,  
Would talk of "thic there day we had weth Squier and  
Miss Genevieve,  
When the band play'd and bells urn'd mad, thic wur a  
merry day, I b'lieve :"

A little ruffling once occur'd, however it was soon set  
right,  
And the slight cloud the picture blurr'd, but made the  
sparkling joy more bright ;  
Some wags amongst us had got hold of Billy Mills, our  
special fool,  
And after he had been well school'd they put him on  
George Bryant's mule,  
With horn in baldrick by his side, an imitation mounte-  
bank,  
And into action call'd that pride which lives in all,  
whate'er their rank ;  
The mule caparison'd exact as mule of forester should  
be,  
Billy, with feather in his hat, was faultless as *fac simile*,  
Mock foresters on either side, with bugles blew a  
startling blast,  
Then stop'd and wav'd a woodcraft flag, as if 'twas  
Robin Hood at last ;  
I never witness'd such surprise as was amongst the  
foresters,  
Their admiration of the guys almost mov'd some of them  
to tears ;  
A deputation, they all said, vrom zom pleast t'other zide  
tha hills,  
But none thought of a masquerade, and hero of it Billy  
Mills :  
"What must we doo ? here, Thomas Queck, gie en a  
noat, vor 'tes your turn,"  
Thomas forthwith their ears did split with blast upon  
his bugle horn ;

“Let’s zend tew down,” says William Green, and forth-  
with John and Roger Brown

Were each with sword and banner seen, advancing to  
the great unknown ;

When they had gone some fifty yards, and near to where  
the party stood,

The four supporters, seeing swords, began to think of  
war and blood,

And thinking that discretion was the sort of valour’d  
suit them best,

They ran off with a dall and daz, leaving poor Billy on  
the beast ;

But Billy seeing that the foe, were drawing nigh fast as  
they could,

Began to kick and cry gee woo ; but Bryant only firmer  
stood ;

He would not move a single step and seem’d to think of  
kicking too,

When the two foresters came up, looking by turns both  
red and blue :

They pull’d poor Billy from his steed, and talk’d of  
murd’ring him forthwith ;

’Twas “Darn thee—thee—thee fule twoad, we’el crap the  
yers, and draa thee teeth ;”

But now the red and green and buff, came crowding in  
upon the scene,

Somewhat between a cry and laugh, and thinking they’d  
been very green ;

“Darn en, let’s put en op agane and tye hes legs : who’ve  
got a rope ;”

Billy was hoisted there and then, and put on Bryant and  
*en croupe* ;”

But Bryant's eyes begin to light, and Bryant's ears lie on  
his neck,  
"Darn en a zemth to lack to fight, a ath a ter'ble wecked  
luke ;  
No sooner said than Bryant's heels, were moving higher  
than his head,  
"Burn en " say some, "we be tha fules, to git za near  
tha dratted twoad ;"  
But Bryant's favors wer'nt confined to heels, but with a  
sudden rush,  
As if betwixt his teeth he'd grind the foresters and all  
their trash,  
With open mouth and bared teeth he made an onset on  
the lot,  
And there was fear that pain and ruth would be the  
product of the joke,  
But quickly making way for him, kicking he passed  
thro' the crowd,  
Ran thro' the park, forded the stream, and spent the  
night in castle wood ;  
Billy had been thrown off the mule at the first lifting of  
his heels ;  
"Let en aloan, he be but fule, 'tis noert but armless  
Billy Mills ;  
But darn they vowr that dress'd en op, I'l tan em,"  
said James Rossiter,  
"Twer thic Bob Urdood and Tom Copp, an tha tew  
Vrys, we'l meake em zoar ;"  
But Mr. Blount now coming up, and Mr. Lowndes and  
all the staff,  
Persuaded them—swallow the joke—and *finis* was a  
hearty laugh.

The morning's bright as morn can be,  
Sparkling and fresh and clear ;  
As snowy skiffs on tideless sea,  
The clouds float on the air ;  
A thrush is singing merrily  
In the old sycamore,  
He cares not for the owl, not he,  
That's in the ivy there ;  
What hast thou got, thou piebald thief ?  
Why, 'tis a silver spoon ;  
Thou magpie rogue, thoult come to grief,  
Thou mischief-making loon :  
Scarcely have we a minute been  
Out of the breakfast room,  
But in thou art, and out again,  
Short shrift will be thy doom :  
Scuttling away, he drops it down,  
Knowing that he's been caught,  
Or otherwise it would have gone  
Into his iron pot :  
Hark to the bells of Hazeldale,  
With joy they fill the air,  
As gladsome as they're musical—  
Antipodes to care :  
That day of days, the wedding day ;  
That turning point in life,  
Of our choice pearl, our queen of May,  
Her page the first as wife,  
Is why our bells enrich the breeze  
With their clear melody ;  
Is why the blossom'd orange trees

With emblems deck her way,  
As 'neath umbrageous jewell'd arch,  
Thro' wishes warm and kind,  
She walks up to the laurel'd porch,  
Her faith and love to bind ;  
Why on our green the Wedding March  
Is music of the band :  
Twelve village maidens fair and sweet  
As roses on their stems,  
Strew sister flow'rs beneath her feet—  
Queen nature's choicest gems :  
Five bridesmaids young and beautiful,  
And one as golden leaf,  
Susan Adair, the merciful,  
Our antidote to grief :  
There was no fainting, not a tear,  
Except from Mr. Blount,  
I fancied there was moist'ning there,  
By quiv'ring at the fount :  
The only vexed face I saw,  
Was that of Martha Brem,  
Who'd long been teaching a macaw  
To say "bless both of them :"  
Well, there he was, on the churchyard wall,  
The yellow, red, and blue,  
And waiting for his turn and call—  
The end was now in view :  
As the procession passed by,  
Shewn was the bribe of cream,  
But not a word, but scream and cry,  
"Drat thee," says Martha Brem,



"Thee vagabond, to zar me thus,  
    Il twest thee neck, I wull,  
Thee'st zar'd me bad, I'l zar the wuss,  
    Thee dratted darn'd ole fule;"  
I bought him there, partly for whim,  
    Mostly to save his life,  
And in his cage I sent him home,  
    But all for war and strife,  
For hanging him beside of Dick,  
    Their screams fill'd all the house,  
And so I sent him in a week,  
    A gift to Henry Prowse;  
He travel'd thence to Simon Dare,  
    Who has a cockatoo;  
Talk of two fishwomen at war,  
    'Tis nought to red and blue;  
He hangs him up outside his door,  
    And there, from morn till night,  
'Tis scream and cry, *encore, encore*,  
    A ceaseless wordy fight:  
The bells are firing boom and bang,  
    And then with quick and merry peal,  
They give the news to zephyr's wing;  
    Great joy this day in Hazeldale:  
A coach and six the party meet,  
    Mr. Blount takes the bridal reins,  
With Hubert by him;—down the street,  
    'Neath flow'rs and flags and evergreens;  
And such a crowd "*extraordinaire*,"  
    "*Tres grande*," I heard our Frenchman say,  
"Je nevaire see such ting, nevaire,

Encore to Inglis vidding-day ;”  
The carriage stops, a host of girls  
Come marshal’d up by Thomas Weeks,  
And one of our true rustic pearls,  
Sweet Bell, the miller’s daughter, speaks:—  
Poor blushing Bell scarce ought could say,  
Of memory and speech bereft,  
When on a chased silver tray,  
She offer’d their united gift ;  
“ Oh, thank you, Bell ; oh, thank you all ;  
How rich, how elegant, how chaste ;  
Oh, how extremely beautiful,  
You’ve really shown the finest taste :”  
On—thro’ the cheering crowd and flow’rs,  
And music from the bells and band—  
’Til stop’d again by Thomas Bow’rs,  
And Monsieur Hypolyte-le-Grande ;  
Monsieur le-Grande a tailor is—  
An artist he proclaims himself ;  
He’s our good angel—so he says—  
Tho’ his, I fear, is golden pelf :  
Monsieur is supple as an eel,  
Thomas is sturdy as a rock ;  
Monsieur polite and affable,  
Thomas as rough as unhewn block :  
But still, to-day I saw the tear  
Twinkle in Thomas’s grey eyes,  
And his lips quiver, when our pair  
Ask’d kindly for his wife and boys :  
Thomas was bearer of a scroll,  
“ Address from Men of Hazeldale,”

To Genevieve and Allen Dell,  
That happiness would never fail ;  
And a time-piece of ormolu,  
With many a pearl and sparkling gem,  
And on it, "time and love are true,  
If we are only true to them ;"  
Now Monsieur le-Grande makes his comical speech,  
"Madame, I do feel leetle wise,  
Je did tink in coming dat I voud go meech,  
But I taut 'twould be like de boys :  
*Mi ladi*, our arts wish you mosh of great joy,  
And your *mari*—a *vrai gentilhomme*,  
And many comes back of dis happy day,  
Wish we call in de future—' *le bon.*'"  
On slowly does the carriage move,  
But soon comes to a stand again,  
Some ardent friends of love—young love,  
Take their own place upon the scena ;  
Our farmers' daughters stop it now,  
And pretty Clara Strange comes up,  
On horseback with her retinue,  
A sparkling, dashing, conq'ring troop,  
Of at least twenty mounted girls,  
Each with her riding habit on,  
And rich in health and glossy curls,  
And smiles, and flushing cheeks, and fun ;—  
"Oh dear, Miss Genevieve, I've quite forgot,  
'Tis such a pity ;—such a pretty speech,  
Which I've been learning for a month by rote,  
As if a sermon I was going to preach ;  
'Tis so provoking, for it was so nice,

Such pretty words were in it ; oh, dear, dear,  
I wish that you would say it, Sarah Brice,  
However there's no help from you, I fear :  
Bring them up, Thomas : there, Miss Genevieve,  
Are they not beautiful ?"—and so they were,  
Two of the prettiest ponies I believe,  
That ever nibbled grass in Devonshire :  
Two little creams, with flowing manes and tails,  
Which Genevieve could scarcely thank them for,  
Or only thank with happy tears and smiles,  
*Pro tempore*, her tongue's interpreter ;  
For she'd not of such gift the least surmise,  
For wonderful !!! it had a secret been,  
Her heart was fairly taken by surprise,  
And not as usual by sap and mine :  
A few kind loving words at last she spoke,  
And then a flood of them from the dear girls,  
And then they dash'd away, all life and joke,  
With Cupid taking aim from 'midst their curls ;  
A bright and eager, playful host,  
Impatient wait their turn to take ;  
Their teachers have no easy post,  
Preventing them their bounds to break :  
Their gift, a bible, richly bound,  
With motto on it, TRUTH IS LIFE,  
Beneath a cross, with glory crown'd  
And seraphim in bass relief,  
Crying out, " holy, holy, Lord,  
All glory be to Thee most high,  
That Thou hast given men Thy word  
To teach to live, to teach to die :"

At last the carriage stops just by  
The children of the Sunday school,  
And merry rosy-cheeked Fry,  
Perch'd up upon a three-legg'd stool,  
Touches his forelock, makes a bow,  
And 'gins to read his short address,  
Clearly enough, but very slow,  
As wishing not to make a mess :  
"Madam, our gift, 'tho 'tis but small,  
A grain of mustard seed,  
Is yet the richest prize of all,  
For it to wealth will lead,  
Boundless and inexhaustable ; ——"  
Thus far spoke Fry, and then cried "Oh !!"  
Kick'd out behind and tumbled down ;  
Rose quickly up, then a blow  
He fiercely dealt to Thomas Brown ;  
Thomas responded with a will,  
But both were soon in custody,  
Of teachers John and Henry Hill,  
Thus was explain'd the mystery ;  
Thomas had stood amongst the crown  
Which was behind the orator,  
And to clear off an ancient feud,  
Had pinched more than Fry would bear ;  
I must admit I laugh'd at it,  
Altho' the speech was cut so short,  
But Genevieve made Fry all right  
With half-a-crown to heal his hurt :  
Rather *outré* all this may be,  
These wedding presents in the street,

But they were off for Italy,  
To spend a month "*la tete-a-tete*;"  
And the warm hearts of Hazeldale  
Will'd that their love should first be shewn;  
For each and all with it were full,  
For the young bride of Hazeldean.  
Come to the station, which was deck'd  
With flow'rs and evergreens *en masse*,  
As if a shrubbery'd been sack'd,  
So green and flow' red was its dress;  
And there they stand, the gallant band,  
A hundred valiant men of war,  
With rifles pois'd in dexter hand,  
To give salute *en militaire*,  
To Captain Dell their honor'd friend,  
And much esteemed officer,  
And his sweet lady then *en grande*  
They give a royal English cheer;  
Salute *en militaire* from him,  
And smiles and bends from his fair bride,  
And Mr. Blount touches the brim,  
Then waves his hat with joy and pride:  
The band strikes up—the train is come—  
From Mr. Blount a fond embrace,  
The carriage door is open thrown,  
The happy pair are in their place,  
The platform's crowded with their friends,  
All eager for a parting look,  
'Midst waving handkerchiefs and hands,  
The train moves off, as ship from dock;  
Now comes the mighty shout again,

And *feu de joie* from volunteers ;  
The passengers could not refrain,  
But join'd in chorus in the cheers :  
Then back, we as one family,  
Mov'd up the street towards our homes,  
All pleased with our happy day,  
Of birds and sunshine, flow'rs and blooms.  
O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea,  
As some one sweetly sang in days gone by,  
Allen and Genevieve are gone away,  
Unto the myrtle groves of Italy ;  
And back again thro' Switzerland and France,  
And then for England and dear Devonshire,  
And all in time to have the Christmas dance,  
The Christmas holly and the Christmas fire ;  
And then the crackling faggot and the games,  
And Christmas tree for blossoms home from school ;  
And mummers, mistletoe for Jane and James,  
And blind man's buff and reign of Lord Misrule :  
And many games which ye know nothing of,  
Ye city dwellers in your streets and squares,  
Such as the tangled skein and warp and woof,  
And lady bird and the three wand'ring hares :  
A jolly time's at Christmas in our place,  
Jolly with all, no want or hunger then,  
We all should think it blemish and disgrace,  
If we had 'mongst us one known hungry one ;  
The snow may fall and sharp may be the frost,  
But fire and food are remedies for each ;  
We dare thee winter, do thy very worst,  
There are none here that thy cold hands shall reach :

A mantle of snow covers all the land,  
There's a stamping at ev'ry door,  
And threshing of arms and hand against hand,  
And all have a poke at the fire :  
Our robin looks in from the window sill ;  
His usual morning call ;  
Our alms are given with hearty good will,  
For Bob's a fav'rite of all :  
And the path by the lawn is nearly full  
Of birds which are breakfasting there,  
For they've heard the sound of th'ir morning bell,  
And are coming from far and near :  
A space ev'ry morning is swept quite clean,  
While the frost and snow does last,  
And bread and potatoes are daily strewn,  
Until both are of the past :  
We hang up bones for the lilliput tits,  
A sprinkling of meat on them,  
Which they pick quite bare, to the smallest bits,  
And then for their orchard home :  
The coraline of the holly boughs,  
Is telling of Christmas day,  
But that of the mountain ash and the haws,  
Is long ago past away ;  
There's Geraldine with her nose on the glass,  
Admiring the falling snow,  
Which is cov'ring over the blades of grass,  
And bending the pine branch low ;  
But now for the coffee and clotted cream,  
And the eggs *et cetera*,  
And the basin of milk for Geraldine



And the morning kiss for pa :  
Now Jem tumbling out from his roundabout,  
On Carlo's back is soon sat,  
And then by the fire with his morning nut,  
Jumping o'er the swearing cat ;  
For the table's become forbidden land,  
We had too much of him there,  
So now beneath it he takes his stand,  
Or on the hearth-rug or chair ;  
But still he searches my pockets for nuts,  
And steals to the cream if he can,  
He'll watch me when on the table he gets,  
If I see him, away to run ;  
And ev'ry morning Dick sings his song,  
" Jolly tars," shouts Dick, are our men,  
Perpetual motion all the day long,  
Dick's tongue seldom comes to Amen :  
There is Simon turning head over heels,  
But his cantrips are all for prog ;  
And on he goes till contented he feels,  
And then not a motion or jog,  
Till hungry again, will you get from him,  
For quite a time server is he,  
For 'tis all for sugar and clotted cream,  
That he goes thro' his roundelay :  
Our raven's out for a walk on the lawn,  
He poises himself on one foot,  
The other close up to his body drawn,  
As 'tis vain to look for a loot ;  
He turns one eye to the weather above—  
Gives himself a shake, and off stalks,

Or flies to a wall, the orchard or grove,  
Or about the shrub'ry he walks :  
Neither he or Mag disturb from their feast,  
The breakfasting host on the path ;  
Their little breth'ren move off not the least,  
Nor fear these Goliah's of Gath ;  
They stalk in and out amongst the small fry,  
Uniformly at breakfast time,  
But quite in a magisterial way,  
As if great abhorrrers of crime ;  
For they run at a jay who comes for a share,  
Poor fellow, I s'pose he's hard up,  
But if he succeeds 'tis by courage and care,  
For he can't 'bove a moment stop :  
Him and Mag do not fraternise, still they're friends,  
In a cross the street sort of way,  
And he often appropriates odds and ends  
Which the magpie has stow'd away ;  
And hide them again in his box or the ground,  
But in truth they're a pair of thieves,  
Mag is more of a thorough-pac'd vagabond,  
But Magog—his look so deceives ;  
As grave as a judge and as solemn's a mute,  
Excepting his wicked old eye,  
Which is ever twinkling to forward a loot,  
In his sly methodical way :  
The magpie's a graceless and impudent thief,  
He'll rob you before your own eyes,  
But our old solemnity picks up a waif,  
As if he was guardian of strays :  
The cats often try to improve the time,

But Magog thinks it no joke,  
And prevents their consummation of crime,  
By a low peculiar croak;  
But it's quite enough to give the alarm,  
And back they wade, very grim,  
Shaking their paws, while in safety from harm,  
The pigmies are watching them;  
Tat, rat-a-tat, tat; tat, rat-a-tat, cap;  
*Bon jour, ma chere* Mary Dell,  
You look like a beam woke up from a nap,  
Your sparkling eyes a tale tell,  
Of something fortune has thrown in your lap;  
Come, out with it; that's *ma belle*:  
So said Isabel to our charming friend,  
Whose face was beaming with joy,  
And who held half open'd in her small hand,  
The key to the mystery:  
"They're coming home by the four o'clock train,"  
Was the news that Mary bore,  
"I must hasten on, I will call again,  
I've a host of friends to see more:"  
"Good morning, my love," says Richard to her,  
Your eyes are loving as bright,"  
But Dick is in no way particular,  
And oftener wrong than right,  
It's one of the phrases he has in store,  
And he'll often say it at night:  
Into the village we speedily go,  
And calling on Miss Adair,  
We stand at her window viewing the snow,  
And the folks from far and near:

There's ringing of bells and shutting of shops;  
The volunteers' bugle call,  
And out in the street are gossiping groups,  
Tho' snow continues to fall:  
There's a wagon load of laurel brought down,  
And laurestinus and fir,  
And heaps of flow'rs that he'd specially grown,  
The Hazeldean gardener:  
The streets are festooned from side by side,  
But it scarcely looks natural,  
'Tis like an old man with a youthful bride,  
Is snow 'bout a coronal:  
'Tis one o'clock and the sun shines bright,  
There's not a cloud on the dome;  
A shout, a hubbub, a cry of "all right,"  
The bride and bridegroom are come:  
They made a mistake, it seems, in the train,  
And so came quietly in;  
But very much like a preconceiv'd plan,  
A public ovation to shun:  
There's a dreadful pothor, for Monsieur le-Grande,  
Is Hazeldale's mouth to-day,  
And to be at the station has specially plan'd,  
To welcome our queen of May:  
Mr. Blount drives up with his coach and four,  
Mr. Blount is in the room,  
"They're come, my friends, not a moment to spare,  
Now Susan, now Isabel—come:——"  
They're at the window—they're at the door,  
My own dear love, welcome home,——"  
Then he kissed her lips and smooth'd her hair,

O'er her brow and kiss'd her again ;  
And hold her hand and blessed the pair,  
While the tears ran down as rain :  
A happy group was in farmer Dell's hall,  
On that cold December day,  
Without the snow cover'd all as a pall,  
Within, hearts were blithesome as May ;  
But Monsieur le-Grande still will have his say,  
And he cannot be well denied,  
And so with twenty in martial array,  
They come for to welcome the bride ;  
" Mosh joy and mosh pleasure we wiss you dis day,  
More joy and more pleasure to-morrow,  
And may your long lives be like flow'ry May,  
With mosh littel bit of de sorrow,  
Ten tousan times welcome and welcome encore,  
To your sweet young bride our dear lady,  
And yourself wid de same for de evermore,  
May your lucky day be de Friday :"  
" God bless you my lady, Lord love your sweet face,"  
Says one of the crew of the yacht,  
Who has surreptitiously taken the place,  
Of the twentieth who came too late,  
But tho' not express'd they all felt the same,  
As their looks plainly testified,  
For 'twas the return of their own village queen,  
As well as their village pride ;  
A glass of champagne and some wedding cake,  
Were handed around to each,  
And then 'twas *allons* ; " von line do you make,"  
Says Monsieur le-Grande—" quick march ;"

A friend or friends each moment now brings,  
As if they rode on a ring-dove's wings,  
Or on presentiments :  
Horsemen and footmen and chariots,  
With Lauras and Janes and Harriets,  
And Giffords and Drakes and Grants ;  
General Ryder and Captain Hunt,  
Represented the right about front,  
And Mr. Lowndes the church,  
Cornet Trefusis the yeomanry,  
John Toms the day before yesterday,  
He's ever in the lurch :  
Warm hearts and warm hands, and soul lit eyes,  
From the harebells blue to the deepest dyes,  
Were there a galaxy,  
'Mongst whom the begum of Lancaster house,  
And beautiful Wildflow'r sparkle and flash,  
As if all their life was day :  
A muster of horses and carriages,  
T' escort the bride to her home,  
For this is our marriage of marriages,  
Hazeldale to Hazeldean ;  
First go the begum and general,  
With Wildflow'r, myself and Isabel,  
And then the bridal cortege,  
With Mary Dell and our Geraldine,  
Looking about as a miniature queen,  
Then Mr. Blount's equipage,  
With Mr. and Mrs. and Fanny Lowndes,  
And two or three other especial friends,  
Including Miss Susan Adair,

Who look'd like a talisman 'gainst all woe ;  
With joy and delight her face was aglow,—  
Her heart and face are a pair :  
More carriages follow'd, sparkles and smiles,  
Black hats, white feathers, and bonnets and veils,  
And all were flank'd by the horse,  
With Hubert in front on "Endymion,"  
Then Captain Trefusis and Doctor Crane,  
And our curate riding on gorse :  
'Twas a joyous sight was Hazeldale street,  
With banners and flags in all parts of it,  
And garlands and laurel crowns ;  
And the sun shone bright as in sympathy,  
On the gold letter'd welcomes over the way,  
The clouds were gone with the frowns ;  
And the trumpets sounded from four in front,  
To whom the gen'ral had given a mount,  
On some of his handsome greys ;  
And the bells rang many a merry peal,  
All hearts were as music in Hazeldale,  
From grandfathers unto boys :  
The old oaken gates were thrown open wide,  
And the grey old porter stood on one side,  
But he seem'd of speech bereft,  
When Genevieve stop'd to kindly enquire  
For his aged wife's and his own welfare,  
And presented a wedding gift,  
Of some bulbs of tulips and hyacinths,  
Of new and of richly exquisite tints,  
Which she'd brought from Italy ;  
'Twas a sight worth going a hundred miles,

To see one who dwelt amongst fortune's smiles,  
Rememb'ring fidelity;

It was no display, but the natural part,  
Produc'd by the love of a noble heart,

Which knew nought of selfishness,  
The love which, St. Paul says, seeks not its own,  
But in pleasing is pleas'd with another's gain,  
And thus creates happiness;

His arms had oft cradled a little child,  
A bud—a blossom a few months old;—

He'd watch'd its developing,  
From day to day and from year unto year,  
Until it became the beautiful flow'r

Which now made his heart to sing;  
He'd liv'd sev'nty years in the family,  
And his epitaph, when needed, can be,  
“A honest and faithful man :”

*Semper fidelis* most truly was he,  
Not alone to the Hazeldean's family,

But truth wherever it shon :  
A mite of a boy of ten years of age,  
He came with them first as a foot-boy or page,

And became a great favorite,  
So ready was he and anxious to please—  
So pleased was he at approving eyes,

So watchful to do what was right;  
But his chief delight was amongst the flow'rs,  
He car'd not where, in the hedges or bow'rs,

Or 'bout the gardens and lawn;  
Each moment of time that he had to spare,  
Was bestowed on them; and his loving care



In numberless ways was shewn :  
And so when 'twas known what he loved the best,  
He, by the old gardener's earnest request,  
Was plac'd where his heart had been ;  
As a sort of supernumary aid,  
To fetch and carry and fight with the weed,  
And to keep the paths swept clean :  
"I loveth thic buoy," said the gardener,  
"He be zo handy, he now'th ev'ry vlow'r,  
An tha vlow'rs doo zem to know he ;  
I be zhure tha burds doo, vor I once zeed  
A rabin come down and petch pon es ead,  
When he wur a weeding one day ;"  
And so he taught him all that he knew,  
To graft and prune, and to plant and sow,  
And gather, prepare, and store,  
And to manage the greenhouse and hothouse plants,  
And the apiary, and know all the wants  
That well kept gardens require ;  
And he taught him besides to read and write,  
To keep accounts, and the boy lov'd the light,  
And earnestly strove for it :  
So when his friend pass'd away in old age,  
He was there to take his place on the stage,  
And no man for it more fit ;  
He held it for upwards of fifty years,  
And never before had such fruits and flow'rs,  
In Hazeldean garden been ;  
He beat the county in melons and pines,  
And as to his apricots, peaches and vines,  
Never forgotten—once seen :

At sev'nty-six he resigned his post,  
For his recollection seem'd going fast,  
And his eyes were getting dim ;  
His successor was Doble, the bailiff's son,  
The under gard'ner, who'd long work'd with John,  
And thoroughly taught by him :  
But his wages were paid him just the same,  
" But," said John, " I zomehow don't like thic game,  
I'll wurk vor hes onner's pay ;"  
And so he attends to the entrance gates,  
And goes to the gardens whene'er he likes,  
And seldom misses a day :  
He is much respected at Hazeldean,  
" His onner, he be the bestest of men,  
And Mister Hubert," says he,  
" Be a gentleman of tha rale ole breed,  
An sweet Miss Gieve be a lady indeed,  
She spekyth zo kind and vree ;"  
He married and brought up his family well,  
Six sons are now tradesmen in Hazeldale,  
And one is in Exeter,  
He had but one daughter, whom I've heard say,  
Was surpassingly beautiful ——— lovely May,  
She died in her sev'nteenth year ;  
He's a capital garden where he is,  
With *such* beds of Devonshire strawberries,  
And raspberries white and red,  
And almost ev'ry description of fruit  
Which our sunny vale will ripen in it ;  
And flow'rs ! ——— in them is his pride :  
It is quite a miniature Shinar ;

And vegetables——a Goshen is there,  
And dozens of cherry trees ;  
And bushes of lavender, thyme, and sage,  
For his bees the battle of life to wage,  
And splendid anemones ;  
And weeds—they are nowhere, there's scarcely  
one there,  
And his borders trim'd and clip'd with such care,  
That a leaf's scarce out of place :  
And groups of magnificent hollyhocks,  
Carnations and pinks, verbenæ and phlox,  
And lilies, all love and grace ;  
And a host of others—perfume and smiles,  
With the green rob'd beauty of shady dales ;  
That favorite garden gem ;  
And John's so happy amongst his dear flow'rs,  
So proud if you say they're finer than yours,  
As he fondly looks on them :  
And a hale and hearty man he is still,  
On Sundays he's always at Hazeldale,  
Let the weather be what it may ;  
'Tis pleasant to see him on Sunday morn,  
In his gilt button'd coat, so clean, yet so worn,  
A relic of days gone by,  
And his buff leather unmentionables,  
And his ruddy cheek and his cheerful smiles,  
On his way to read and pray :  
"I be heighthy-vive, yer onner, next May,  
And I niver zicken'd or droop'd a day,"  
Said John in answer to me,  
"The Lord hath gid to me ale my dezire,

In letting me go to Hes ouse of pray'r,  
Zure nuff, He be kind—be He ;  
I ant a mess'd once more nor zèxty yer,  
And I pray'th that while he still doo me spare,  
That he'll gieve me strength to come ;  
Vor et woud be wish'd and most crewil ard,  
To zee tha vokes go to tha ouse of tha Lord,  
An I zet pining at whome :  
When I be buried I'd like et to be  
Near the wicket gate, 'neath the helmin tree,  
Where the burds doo zing and beeld ;  
The grass vull a daizies tap a my grave—  
That's ale that I lack, but that I doo crave,  
Ef zo hes onner be will'd ;”  
But a mighty sl out arose from the throng,  
And with loud hurrahs the echoes now rung,  
“Bless her,” said many a voice,  
And Allen, he look'd so happy and proud,  
As he wav'd his hat to the cheering crowd,  
His heart truly sung—rejoice.  
All Hazeldale went thro' the gate, except incapables,  
Who staid at home (no help for it) longing for miracles ;  
A stainless sheet was o'er the park, except beneath the  
trees ;  
And where the fallow deer were group'd, the snow was  
to their knees ;  
The tempted boys resisted much for half-a-mile or more,  
Then came a solitary crash and then a scatter'd fire ;  
Now one by one, but soon a host, dash in amongst the  
snow,  
At it they go with school-boy zest, and throw responds  
to throw ;

Slow marching on behind the horse, a phalanx deep and wide,

The men kept on their steady course, tho' they the sport enjoy'd,

'Til balls began to fall 'mong them, and hats 'gan tumbling off,

Still on they march'd tho' looking grim and also *quantum suff*;

But flesh and blood at last rebell'd, a gen'ral rush was made,

And snowballers were well snowball'd, or made their escapade;

Never before was such a scene, women, and boys, and girls,

Striplings, and stalwart, and old men, each now his missile whirls;

Nearly a thousand warriors were fighting hand to hand,

The snow broke down all barriers, e'en fathers lost command;

No doubt excitement led to it, a sort of boiling o'er,

Of spirits which so boiled up—they boil'd into the fire;

They quite forgot their loyalty, their wherefore and their when,

The old as much absorb'd in play,—as if their leaf was green;

We left them there firing away, ignoring all the past,

And ammunition round them lay, defying ev'ry waste;

So towards Hazeldean we went, the carriages and horse,

And left the foot amongst the snow, for better and for worse;

Arrived there we made no stay, except for parting grasp,

And usual kissings, for the day was getting dim quite  
fast;  
The battle field when we got back, bore not a trace of  
war,  
Oblivion in form of snow, had cover'd it quite o'er;  
So many battles have been fought, and time's deep snow  
has come,  
And as with ours so 'tis with those, complete oblivion;  
Time marches on with silent step, and o'er his shoulder  
throws,  
The debris of mortality, as on, still on he goes;  
The beggar is the same to him as crowned king or queen,  
Death and decay knocks them away, as he cries out

LE FIN.







OUTLINE  
OF  
THE SEASONS.

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AN ALLEGORY

BY  
W. D. HUMPHREY.

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WHICH WILL BE FILLED UP AND PUBLISHED WITH  
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## AN OUTLINE OF THE SEASONS.

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**T**HERE'S a mirror known to some,  
Where fair pictures oft will come,  
As a mirage—as a dream,  
Shade of flow'rs in crystal stream;  
Which such forms of beauty wear,  
As in vision they appear,  
That the captivated mind  
Is by them entranc'd and chain'd,  
And would shut out world and sense,  
Such their magic influence;  
For it shews them hidden things,  
Often secret kept from kings,  
Pictures of such beautiful,  
That the fascinated will,  
Visionary tho' they be,  
Fain would make reality;  
Gold can't buy or labour gain,  
Strength of arm or pow'r attain,  
Nature only does it show  
To those where her love does glow;  
Over it a veil is thrown,  
Which is fitfully withdrawn;  
Weeks and months may pass away,

Life and landscape dim and grey,  
Then a change unheralded,  
Nothing done and nothing said,  
And the shade is from it rais'd,  
And the raptur'd mind amaz'd,  
By the glory and delight  
That's reveal'd to spirit sight,  
Almost wishes to be free  
From that stern captivity,  
World and its complexity;  
And would make itself a home  
Where no evil thing can come,  
And there stay and meditate,  
'Til the final consummate;  
And the harvest day await——  
Tares with tares, and wheat with wheat:  
Fancy, fascinating dame,  
Unto me last ev'ning came,  
And from 'neath her eagle wing,  
Took the mirror:—glistening,  
That at first a mingled mass  
'Fore my vision seem'd to pass;  
But soon came a gentle gleam,  
Morning's ray on silv'ry stream;  
First, a figure, wond'rous fair,  
With white vi'lets in her hair,  
Pictur'd on it did appear;  
Houri—peri—angel form,  
As a flow'r of summer morn,  
With long tresses curling down  
O'er her shoulders, past her zone,

And a blue and sparkling eye,  
Fring'd by lash of deepest dye ;  
Roses on her cheek and lip,  
Where the bee would almost sip ;  
And upon her head were set,  
Form'd in shape of coronet ;  
Singing as a joyous bird,  
(For sweet voices now I heard) :  
Light and gladsome are her steps,  
As she 'mongst the daisies trips,  
Throwing primroses about,  
Daffodils and buttercup ;  
Flow' red mantle o'er her dress,  
Which is as the greenest grass,  
On she goes, the lovely one,  
Smiling as she only can,  
With a folded quiv'ring wing,  
Fair and bright and glorious Spring ;  
I well knew her by her smile,  
Which will sorrow's self beguile ;  
Sparkling eye and sunny cheek,  
We amongst the blossoms seek,  
Life's dear blossoms which adorn,  
Not as poppies 'mongst the corn,  
But as rose d'amour in bloom,  
British hearth and British home ;  
But tho' as the flow'rs of May,  
Their sweet smile is starry ray,  
To the golden gleam of day,  
When compared to Spring's bright joy :  
On her shoulder was a dove ;—

By one hand she led young love,  
And the happy, happy pair,  
With their singing fill'd the air;  
Melody was ev'rywhere:  
E'en the bach'lor in his lair,  
Said no longer—*laissez faire*;  
But began to think—to dare:  
A fairer vision now came on,  
Beauty, the daughter of the sun;  
Bright as the morn of Egypt's skies,  
"Fair as the moon" o'er bridge of sighs;  
White is her robe with golden stars—  
Now crimson, purple it appears,  
Now spangled o'er with buds and flow'rs,  
So exquisite, that those of ours,  
Which we dwell on with pleas'd delight,  
Are as to day the summer night;  
A tiara's upon her head,  
Of precious stones of ev'ry shade,  
Sapphire and jade and emerald,  
And chrysophrase in chased gold;  
Jasper and diamonds between,  
And gems which I had never seen,  
Or read or heard of—but their ray  
Was as a concentrated day;  
But to describe her would be vain,  
As 'twould to grasp the lightening.  
There is a song which comes untaught,  
There is a pearl which comes unbought,  
There is a light which sometimes dawns,  
More gentle than the breath of fawns,

Yet clear as that of ev'ning star,  
To gaze of Shinar's wanderer,  
Upon the mirror of that mind,  
Where nature's signet stamp is found :  
And such, compar'd to earth and sense,  
Was the pure radiant influence,  
Of that fair presence, which, as light,  
Now flash'd upon my wond'ring sight :  
On they went, the joyous band,  
Beauty with her magic wand,  
Waving it o'er hill and dale,  
Smiling plain and bosky dell ;  
Streams of gold make rich the air,  
Streams of silv'ry waters pour,  
Forth from fountains and cascades,  
Leaping, laughing, thro' the meads ;  
Flow'rs are rising from their tomb,  
Buds are bursting into bloom,  
Brown and bare of yestereen,  
Soon are clad in mantle green,  
Lambs 'gan play and birds to sing,  
And to make the woodlands ring ;  
Sparkling joy was as the light—  
Sorrow melted into night :  
On they go, the joyous band,  
Love and Spring still hand in hand,  
And the well match'd happy pair  
Laugh'd and jeer'd at threadbare care,  
Who came by and shook his stick,  
But they bid him daisies pick,  
Or to come another day,

When the sun was gone away :  
Thus they made the woodlands ring,  
Thus sang beauty, love, and Spring :  
“ Get thee gone, old care, thou’rt not wanted here,  
Thou hast nought in common with us ;  
The flow’rs do not toil, nor do the birds moil,  
The butterflies blossoms caress ;  
Thy proverbs and saws, and thy musty laws,  
Go tell to the yellow and sere ;  
The youth of the year knows nothing of care,  
Its life is the bird and the flow’r ;  
Take warning, old care, if thou again dare,  
To turn e’en thy face towards us,  
We’ll give thee some pap, and in a fool’s cap,  
Will make thee thy dotage confess ;  
We will laugh and sing, and with joy make ring,  
The dells and the fields and the grove,  
For winter is gone and the time is come,  
For spring, and for beauty and love, old care,  
For spring, and for beauty and love ; ”  
Now came Hymen of the torch,  
And they danc’d the wedding march,  
March or waltz seem’d all the same,  
Dance was ev’ry thing with them ;  
Spring and beauty a duet,  
Sang, then ’gan a canzonet ;  
Gentle lovers sigh no more,  
Doctor Hymen is a cure,  
He will physic you for nothing,  
Turn your sighing into laughing,  
And on love the door, shut for evermore ;



No, no, no, said both the others,  
How can that be when we're brothers?  
Shut him in, you foolish fellows,  
Make him blow the doctor's bellows,  
    Keep the flame aglow;  
Any thing for Doctor Hymen,  
Any thing for darling woman,  
    And her sunny brow;  
And make happy his disciples,  
Help them fight with life their battles,  
    See them safely thro';  
I can be a refuge tower,  
Quite as well as myrtle bower,  
    Solace for their woes;  
Let them only make me Captain,  
Ev'ry sail I'll make adapting,  
    To each wind that blows;  
But I must be king, of the wedding ring,  
    And their chosen bosom friend,  
And time 'til he goes, shall be as a rose,  
    And a jewel'd golden band;  
Care at last went away,  
But kept grumbling that May,  
    Would witness the end of their fun;  
No, no, said they all, Hymen's always at call,  
And beauty's a child of the sun, old care,  
    And beauty's a child of the sun;  
Wherever he shines, are beauty's own lines,  
    And o'er them she's absolute queen;  
And dear smiling spring, will birds again bring,  
To sing 'mongst her flow'rs and her green, old care,

To sing 'mongst her flow'rs and her green ;  
Don't be a kill joy, then said the bright boy,  
You will never get rid of me ;  
Why bless your cold heart, if we were to part,  
You'd ever be looking for day, old care,  
You'd ever be looking for day :  
Care look'd very grim, and call'd him a whim,  
But love look'd into his eyes,  
Then the pinch'd one smil'd, and said my dear child,  
I fear you will never get wise, young love,  
I fear you will never get wise ;  
Love shook his gold curls, tell that to the girls,  
Then lay you head on the block ;  
Wise enough to bend, and mould to my hand,  
The wisest and best of your flock, old care,  
The wisest and best of your flock ;  
You impudent boy, you're nought but a toy,  
You could take my wisest, could you ?  
Take care of your own, they're most of them prone,  
To be mine as older they grow, young love,  
To be mine as older they grow ;  
A trial of skill, as soon as you will,  
Then said love ; either young or grey,  
In palace or hall, in cottage or cell,  
I challenge you, name your own day ;  
So choose your own man, keep him if you can,  
After that my arrow I've shot,  
If you do, I'll own, that a wrinkled crone  
Is fairer than Pysche my own pet, old care,  
Is fairer than Pysche my own pet ;  
*The trial and love's victory, in the enlarged edition ;*

Fair young spring is a bright and lovely queen,  
She does bring gladness and health in her train,  
The birds and the flow'rs, and the sunny hours,  
Are links in her golden chain ;  
Streams of gold make rich the quivering air,  
Young and old now revel in all that's fair,  
For beauty's hand has cover'd the land,  
With bud and blossom and flow'r :  
Honey bees are gathering nectar sweet ;  
'Mongst the trees, William and Caroline meet,  
And love's standing by, with a merry eye,  
For he is the cause of it ;  
Glowworms light their lamps on side of the road,  
Moonbeams bright now dance in the copse and wood,  
As the green leaves stir, and across the mere,  
Are making metallic lode ;  
Dulcet sounds now float on the perfum'd air,  
Little hands amongst the daisies appear,  
Making cowslip strings, and daffodil rings,  
And blue-bell caronals wear ;  
Poor and rich are all alike unto her,  
E'en the ditch has a mantle green and fair,  
The beggar and king are the same to spring,  
Her smile's as free as the air ;  
Nightingales now sing in the hedge and grove,  
Hills and dales are ringing with songs of love,  
As the dew does fall, so gladness o'er all,  
Does with the bright sunshine move ;  
Lambs at play, are 'mongst the cowslips and grass,  
Don't say nay, says James, to his blooming lass,  
Young love and young spring together make ring,

The bells for Hymen to bless ;  
Down the hills, and leaping from ledge to ledge,  
Glist'ning rills dash over the rocky edge.  
Making waterfalls, and then to the vales,

Bright'ning the oxlips and sedge :  
'Mongst the dells sweet spring is saunt'ring in May,  
Summer calls, and she must hasten away,  
For her seed is sown, and her work is done,  
Away, away, o'er the sea.

Now did fancy shift the scene,  
And there came a dazzling queen,  
Gorgeous as Cleopatra,  
Beautiful as Helena ;  
How her glances burn and scorch,  
Making dim poor Hymen's torch,  
Sending love into the shade,  
Of the bow'r or woodland glade ;  
I well knew the sunny one,  
Who seem'd come from torrid zone,  
To be summer of the flow'rs,  
Summer of the shady bow'rs,  
Summer of the bees sweet loot,  
Summer of the apricot,  
Summer of the sun and light,  
Summer of the silv'ry night,  
Summer of the perfum'd hay,  
Summer of the butterfly,  
Summer of the holiday,  
Summer of the newly shorn,  
Summer of the rustling corn,  
Summer of the new-fledg'd brood,

Summer of the vocal wood ;  
Summer morning bright and clear,  
Gemmed flow'rs and perfum'd air,  
Golden censer'd summer eve,  
Smile before the king takes leave ;  
Summer twilight sweet and calm,  
Hour of meditations balm ;  
Summer moonlight's silv'ry light,  
What more fair than summer night ;  
Summer's treasury, quite full,  
Of the rich and beautiful ;  
With her love and beauty were,  
Beauty's eye flash'd more and more,  
As she cull'd a wreath of flow'rs,  
White and golden jasmine stars,  
Moss-rose and its infant bud,  
And some wild ones from the wood,  
Interwoven with a host,  
Of those which she lov'd the best,  
'Tho she seemed to love them all,  
Specially the lily-bell ;  
When her wreath she'd finished,  
With a kiss and smile she laid,  
It as crown on summer's head.  
Hymen now came passing by,  
But he seemed rather shy,  
Said that spring had been too gay,  
And he wanted holiday ;  
Never mind, we'll have a song,  
There we never can go wrong  
He replied — always singing

And for me — ever ringing ;  
But I'll join you, now young love,  
Sing a song about your dove,  
Tell us why she likes to rove ;  
You had better look at home,  
Tell your own doves not to roam,  
Flesh of flesh and bone of bone,  
Oft occasion sigh and groan.

The shades of ev'ning fast were coming on,  
And this their song, chaunted in low sweet tone ;  
The waves are singing now their lullaby,  
As southern breezes gently sigh o'er them ;  
Fled is the sun's bright gold from forest tree,  
From lofty pinnacle and mountain rim ;  
The hour of twilight, hour of peace and love,  
Over the landscape broods, as wing of dove :  
The nightingale is singing in the bow'r,  
Amongst the jessamine and myrtle stars,  
A flood of melody is his to pour  
Out from his covert 'til the morn appears,  
And slumb'ring nature wakes again to life,  
And love and beauty are in gladness rife :  
Their guardian angels, we'll our vigils keep,  
While Luna " walks in beauty " thro' the skies,  
And tired mortals rest in balmy sleep,  
'Til Chanticleer's shrill clarion bids them rise,  
When we will be their guardian angels still,  
Moulding their ruggedness unto our will.

Suddenly their voices ceas'd,  
And the lovely vision pass'd ;  
Then came clad in cloth of gold,

Woven from the emerald,  
By her own transmuting hands,  
Who the third grand scene commands ;  
Autumn of the harvest moon,  
Autumn of the harvest boon,  
Autumn of the golden sheaf,  
Autumn of the tinted leaf,  
Autumn of the grape and nut,  
And the orchard's juicy fruit ;  
Autumn of the harvest home,  
Autumn of the honeycomb,  
Autumn of the stubble field,  
Autumn of the newly till'd,  
Autumn of the hunt and horn,  
Fox from cover, hare from form,  
—— Beard the lion in his den,  
That's the sport for noble men ;  
Cruel, coward, worrying  
Down to death, defenceless thing ;  
Sunburnt cheek of Indian dye,  
O'er which flitting smiles do play,  
Like to sunbeams o'er parterre,  
Of her fav'rite aster flow'r ;  
Spring and summers flow'rs are gone,  
But the few she calls her own ;  
Deepest shades of richest dyes,  
With the woodlands harmonise ;  
They have chang'd their robes of green,  
For the rainbow and its sheen,  
Tapestried as never loom,  
Weft with warp since time begun ;

Cunning hand and skilful eye,  
Never can with nature vie;  
Spring and summer birds are mute,  
All except the robin's flute,  
And a thrush which now and then  
Sings a pœan to the sun :  
Autumn morning, fresh and cool,  
Film of ice upon the pool,  
Autumn of the trav'lers joy,  
Clust'ring o'er the blackberry,  
Autumn of the second bloom,  
Of the gorse in armed home,  
Autumn when the springing wheat  
From the ruddy earth does creep,  
Autumn of the evergreens,  
Newly rob'd for winter gleams,  
Autumn lady bountiful,  
Generous as beautiful ;  
Love and Hymen now again,  
Looking both a little vain,  
With their darling beauty came,  
Laughing gaily all of them  
At old care, who going along,  
Call'd to them to sing a song ;  
Glad to see the dancings past,  
And that Hymen's not so fast ;  
You remember long ago,  
The advice I gave to you,  
Sure and stedfast is the slow ;  
Never mind him, beauty said,  
Hymen laugh'd and shook his head ;



What think you my pretty maid ?  
To a passing belle he said,  
Oh I'll tell you when I'm wed ;  
Love seem'd rather care inclin'd,  
But he quickly chang'd his mind,  
Told him he would think of it ;  
Care responded not a bit,  
You are but a giddy set,  
Pity that you ever met ;  
Hymen is the best of ye,  
Still he's rather ricketty ;  
He ask'd for a song, let us give him one,  
The song about Hymen and time,  
Which love and me made when the leaves were green,  
And summer was in her prime :  
Move gently my valued friend,  
Said Hymen to Time on his way,  
And stay for a moment your sand,  
And tell me why lovers are gay,  
And why they are smiling and sweet,  
As rose of the midsummer morn,  
And why that that the sound of their feet,  
Is as the low rustle of corn,  
Or song of the bird to the ear,  
Of William, or Minnie or Bell,  
But married he oft is a bear,  
And she is a vixen or fool ;  
Time answer'd I've work to be done,  
Which must be done quickly if well,  
I'm bound to be right with the sun ;—  
He keeps my account on his dial :

Make those of your fold who'd be wise,  
Be specially careful of love;  
Neglected he speedily flies,  
But cherish'd he's wings of the dove:  
I have not a moment to spare,  
I can't at all slacken my pace,  
But bid them beware of old care,  
Who creeps about giving advice,  
And if he should knock at their door,  
Enquire if 'twas he kill'd the cat,  
For he is a terrible bore,  
If once he an entrance does get:  
Salute him with laughter and jest,  
The pestilent heretic knave,  
And tell him that love is a guest,  
And ask if a song he will have:  
He'll soon make himself rather scarce,  
The scarcer the better for love,  
Except that he wants a wet nurse,  
Which care with his tears would soon prove.  
Tell them not for a moment believe,  
If he says he's call'd for their good,  
He soon would his web round them weave,  
To harbour his cankerous brood,  
His children suspicion and fear,  
And jealousy, anger and doubt,  
No use then to cry out oh, dear!  
And blame for it nature and fate;  
A very convenient hack,  
Is fate to put evil upon,  
But white will not come out of black,

The evil they get is their own :  
Chat'ring 'neath an orange tree, beauty love and Hymen  
were,  
When behind came stealthily, slowly creeping, crafty  
care,  
Shook a shower of golden balls, on the three especial  
friends,  
Bonbons out he loudly calls, Pysche to darling Cupid  
sends ;  
Laughing merrily the three, picking up the mellow fruit,  
Pelted him abundantly, which he quickly made a loot,  
Put them in an empty sack, that somehow beside him  
lay,  
Plac'd the treasure on his back, grimly smil'd and walk'd  
away ;  
Calculating crafty care, knew the temper of the friends,  
So he made the branches bare, to ensure his selfish ends ;  
Now as a dissolving view,  
Faint the passing picture grew,  
'Til it faded quite away,  
Then a mist came cold and grey,  
And a portion of a man,  
Which appear'd but as a span,  
As a vision part conceal'd,  
Part withheld, and part reveal'd ;  
Seem'd to loom as thing of fear,  
From the mystic evermore ;  
Slowly now arose the mist,  
And as eagle near his nest,  
Seated on a snow girt block,  
Of the mountains rugged rock,

Outline sharp, distinct and bold,  
Was a form of giant mould,  
Looking down with piercing eye  
On the valley as it lay,  
With its golden robes yet on,  
And its carpet fresh and green ;  
Figure of a man of old,  
Tho' of form erect and bold ;  
Hale and ruddy are his cheeks,  
White as snow his flowing locks,  
Forehead bold, and broad, and high,  
As the light'ning in his eye ;  
Rob'd in ermine as a king,  
From some throne of Arctic ring ;  
Now he's down the mountain side,  
Long and rapid is his stride,  
Firm his step and as he nears,  
Larger, stronger he appears ;  
In his hand he had a brand,  
Which he waved as a wand,  
And the brightly yellow leaves,  
Cover o'er the woodland paths,  
And the flow'rs which yesterday,  
Were almost as sunny May,  
Hang their blacken'd heads in death,  
Or are shrivell'd by his breath :  
The three friends are here again,  
Beauty as a golden gleam,  
Love with slightly drooping plume :  
Hymen's torch was burnt quite low ;  
Care came by, I told ye so,

Now you all will have to go ;  
Beauty answer'd no, no, no :  
I help in the snow-flake as well as the flow'r,  
And tho' on my fav'rites he closes the door,  
Old Winter and me are allies ;  
I'm with him in moulding his icicles,  
And hanging them up by the waterfalls,  
As a sparkling, glittering frieze ;  
I help him to crystal and scatter his frost,  
O'er the fields and the woodlands and mountain's crest,  
As myriads of sparkling gems,  
I'm with him above 'mongst the flocculent clouds,  
And we form the snow flakes, and send them in crowds,  
And curve the branches and stems,  
And cover the earth with a spotless sheet,  
Protecting my plants from the cold wind and sleet,  
As a bird with her newly born :  
I'm with him in roll of the water flood,  
In his voice 'mongst the trees of the hedgerow and wood,  
And his light'ning, and clouds, and storm :  
He strips the leaves from my beautiful trees,  
But the network of tracery which he leaves,  
I with my own fingers wove ;  
I help him his silvery mists to curl,  
When he drives them before him, or up with a whirl,  
As if he to rival me strove :  
I'm at home with him in his glorious nights,  
When his violet sky is spangled with lights,  
The lamps of the portals of space,  
Sparkling as gems ; and the queen of the bow,  
In her brightness glides over the mountain's brow,  
As lovely as glorious :

We form the aurora of northern skies,  
We clothe the birds in more brilliant dyes,  
We thicken the fur and hair;  
We deepen the dye of the holly berries,  
And with love we indite the Christmas stories  
And light up the Christmas fire :  
Together we crystal the slumberer's breath,  
And from it and sleep, form a glistening wreath  
Which we sketch on the window glass ;  
His snowdrops and aconite, silver and gold,  
I formed myself ; and sometimes unfold,  
My daisies as both 'mongst my grass :  
I love darling spring, with her birds and her flow'rs,  
And bright happy summer, her long sunny hours,  
And autumn her jewels and gold,  
And winter ; altho' he looks rugged and stern ;  
But the rose is produc'd from the prickly thorn,  
And the rock does the waters hold :  
Spring's sweet smile, and summer's heat,  
Brought the flow'rs, the fruits, the wheat,  
Autumn with her golden horn,  
Full of ripen'd fruit and corn,  
Gives to man his winter store,—  
Lavish bounty ev'ry where :  
Winter is a rugged sire,  
(Heap the coals and stir the fire),  
But as waters from the rock,  
Which the Jewish ruler struck,  
So the streams of good pour forth,  
Lines of beauty o'er the earth ;  
From the hard, and bleak, and cold,  
Come the diamond,—the gold.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

---

Now love in a strain as sweet  
As when you and cara meet,  
Or as bird the leaves among,  
Carol'd out his joyous song ;  
I shall never go while the vi'lets blow,  
Nor while the nightingale sings,  
Nor while the doves coo, or the riv'lets flow,  
Nor while the wedding bell rings ;  
While young hearts are rife with boundings  
of life,  
And hearts warm, tho' heads may be grey,  
My seed I shall sow and sing as I go,  
That man without me is but clay :  
My place will be here while lovers are dear,  
And while there are blossoms in spring,  
And while there's a tear or trouble or fear,  
That I may the remedy bring :  
I'm the balm of life and healer of strife,  
I'm a bird of the sunny May,  
Amongst hawthorn pearls and my own dear  
girls,

Whose hearts are my laurel and bay ;  
Then let the winds blow : while I'm at the  
prow,

We'll skim o'er the swelling waves,  
And sing as we go, whether high or low,

That care is only for slaves ;

And as we sail on to the setting sun,

And the harbour that 'yond it lies,

We'll crown ev'ry year as to it we near,

With the garland that never dies ;

The blossoms and flow'rs of innocent hours,

The roses of virtue and truth ;

'Til the bounding soul from the golden bow

Is fled to the fountain of youth :

And in that, old care, thou hast got no share

Thou art nought but a bird of night,

The car which will bear th' emancipate there

Will be as an arrow of light :

But I shall be there in my native air,

And beauty—queen beauty indeed,

O'er a land as fair as the peepul flow'r,

Or a spirit from evil freed, &c., &c.



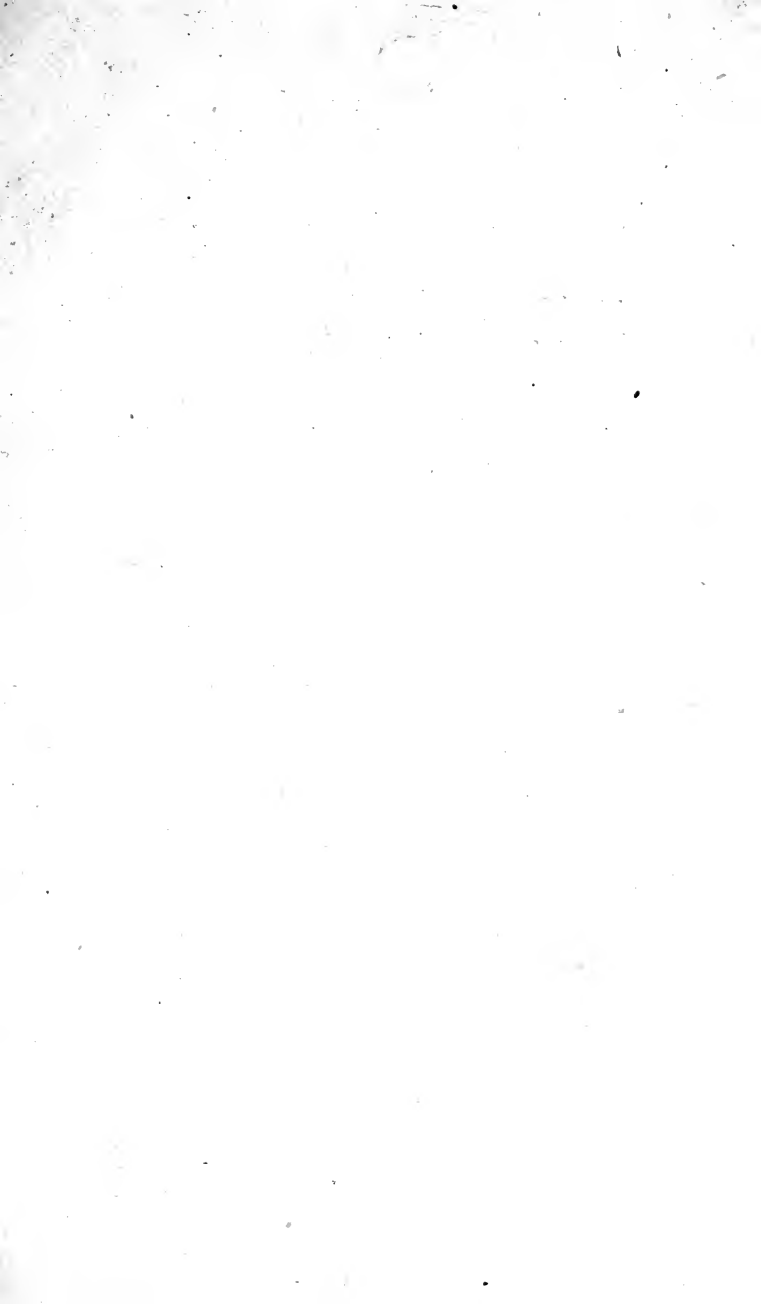


## ERRATA.



- 6th page, 12th line, read *seem* for *seems*.
- 13th „ 9th „ leave out *And*.
- 16th „ 24th „ read *ancient*.
- 66th „ 21st „ for *He* read *We*.
- 78th „ 25th „ for *poles* read *holes*.
- 91st „ 25th „ for *if* read *in*.
- 101st „ 13th „ for *hey* read *key*.
- 126th „ 25th „ for *mellist* read *melliliot*.
- 128th „ 25th „ leave out *and*.
- 130th „ 15th „ for *browm* read *brown*.
- 150th „ for *Packletow* read *Tackletow*.
- 168th „ 23rd „ read *But pic-nic, &c*.
- 207th „ 12th „ read *Darn thee buttons, thee fule  
twcad, &c*.
- 210th 24th „ leave out *the*.
- 215th „ 22nd „ for *crown* read *crowd*.







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